The WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

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Winnipeg, Man. July, 1918

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The Western Home Monthly

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The Subscription Price of The Western Home Monthly is $1.00 a year, or three years for $2.00, to any address in Canada or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is $1.50 a year, and within the city of Winnipeg limits and in the United States $1.25 a year.

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Chat With Our Readers

For The Young Men

The page entitled, "The Young Man and His Problem," for many years so ably conducted by the Rev. J. L. Gordon, passed over some months ago to other hands, when that gentleman took up his residence in Washington. The mantle has fallen on another worthy and capable westerner, Prof. W. F. Osborne, of the University of Manitoba, and no name is more favorably known in the west as a writer and speaker. Whenever Professor Osborne writes a letter or an article, everybody reads it; because it is certain to be interesting and to contain something of merit. Whenever he speaks, whether in his lecture room or on the public platform, he commands the attention of interested listeners. In the field of public morals, Professor Osborne is a frank and fearless champion of all that stands for righteousness and justice. He is thoroughly democratic; he believes in a square deal for all, and equality of opportunity, and is an optimist among optimists. The publishers of the "Monthly" have great pleasure in commending this page to the young men of Western Canada. Its writer is a comparatively young man, whose chosen work in life is teaching young men, and he has, through this magazine, the opportunity of reaching thousands who, we feel sure, will be glad to welcome his message from month to month. Nor will his words apply only to young men, they will be welcomed by old and young. They will ring true and contain wisdom and inspiration.

Wynyard, Sask., May 25, 1918.

Dear Sirs:—I like the W. H. M. very much. I always send my copy overseas and it gets great praise "over there." I like the stories. They are wholesome and genuine. Would like to see the correspondence column extended to grown-ups, so that helpful advice and knowledge could be gained by young mothers with children of ages from babyhood to six years. There are so many who are alone, like myself. I am a soldier's wife and would appreciate any helpful suggestions which might appear in the W. H. M. Of course it would be impossible to please everybody, but when I have read letters over, from the younger boys and girls, also bachelors who have termed themselves "lonely," I have often thought about the lonely mothers and wives who have their loved ones "Over There." How they, too, would gain much pleasure by having nice talks to one another, through your columns. I do not mean this suggestion for soldiers' wives and mothers exclusively. There are plenty of lonely ones who have not many friends, and who would appreciate this. I hope I have not taken too much of your valuable time, and wishing you every success to your interesting journal, I am, a reader, Mrs. T. G. B.

Ottawa, Ont., June 7, 1918.

Dear Sir:—Your magazine has a splendid tone, and I am sure must be a valuable paper in the west. I like your articles and fiction. We need much inspiration of that sort just now, and there is so much the periodicals can do in educating the public along those lines of thought.

Wishing you every success, I am, yours very truly, Miss M. L.

Saskatoon, June 14, 1918.

Editor, W. H. M., Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Editor:—My set of dishes has arrived safely and they are simply splendid and the admiration of everybody in our home. It only took me half an hour to get the three brand new subscribers that you asked for. I saw one of them to-day and she is as pleased with the "Monthly" as I am with my dainty set of dishes. With good wishes, yours truly, Mrs. L. McG.

We believe that our magazine stands at the top as a magazine for the home, with its valuable and interesting departments, the high quality of its fiction, surpassing both as to quality and numbers.

You cannot afford to lose the magazine's earnest, helpful, inspiring influence. You have come to depend upon it. Its articles are like chapters in the lives of real friends. Its departments have saved you money, given you food for thought, made the daily task lighter and more cheery. Its short stories have made you interested, and set you thinking along right lines.

For your convenience we append a subscription blank in case your subscription has expired. Please note that we have not yet advanced our rates—many other publications have. Our rates are still $1.00 a year, or $2.00 for three years.

The Western Home Monthly,
Winnipeg,

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Yours truly,

.....

.....

.....

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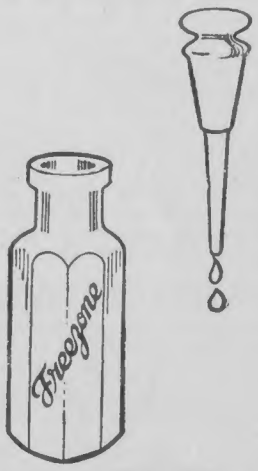

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If your Dealer does not yet stock "Mattamacs" we supply direct. Send measurement around chest over waist-coat, state height, color, model, and enclose remittance.

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The Cat---Alias Cupid

Written for The Western Home Monthly. By Evelyn Gowan Murphy

IT was a wet cheerless night and the girl, curled up on the couch heaped high with cushions, straightened up from her reading, yawned with sheer boredom and threw the book into a far corner.

"If only," she thought, "things would happen the way they do in novels where the girl always meets the hero just the minute she wants to and every thing in the garden is lovely,"

Rumpling up her dark fluffy hair she reached for a hand mirror and surveyed herself. Wide-open grey eyes looked back from the glass. The girl in the novel had possessed "twinkling grey eyes." Her's only looked wistful. A small nose "tiptilted as a flower" and a mouth that might have been the gift of a fairy godmother. No doubt the fairy prince could have found no possible fault with the face reflected in the glass, but that was just the trouble, there was no fairy prince.

Presently, above the sound of rain, driving in sheets against the window, she heard "Meou—meou-ow" outside, in the hallway. Dropping the mirror among the cushions, she ran to the door, opened it, and in walked a large yellow cat. Doris, with a little laugh of delight, picked up the visitor and carried him back to the couch. Settling herself in the cushions again and stroking pussy's soft fur, she confided to him what a tiresome, lonesome life a stenographer has who leaves a little town where she has known everyone, and comes to earn her "bread and keep" in the city where she didn't know a soul and even envied the shop-girls going home, two by two, at nights. How her time was divided between a stuffy office all day and a cheerless room to return to each night. And pussy purred and purred in complete understanding. Then the confidences were interrupted by a firm step coming down the hall, and a deep voice: "Kitty, kitty, Bobby, now where the deuce?" and in one bounce pussy was at the door making his presence known as loudly as he knew how.

The girl followed more slowly as the man came to a standstill outside and called, "Kitty." "Meou," answers Bobby and the girl swung open the door.

"Oh, I say," stammered the six foot one inch outside, taking his pipe from his mouth and stepping back as he sees the pretty flushed face opposite him.

"I really wasn't stealing him," said Doris, "he was crying outside my door and I was so lon— I do so like cats so I called him in. Is he yours?"

"Well, I'm his guardian," answered the man. "My sister has shut up her house and shunted Bobby onto me to keep while she's away. I've lost him three times already, and he's no end of a nuisance. Stepped in my ink bottle to-day, most awful mess, and I scrubbed at his paw for ten minutes without improving it a little bit. You couldn't suggest any way of getting the ink off, could you?"

Turning his brown eyes resolutely away from the girl silhouetted in the doorway, he regarded Bobby who was circling about her and rubbing against her skirts.

"I take ink spots off my handkerchiefs with milk, soak them in it," she said.

The man shook his head. "Bobby'd drink it before it had time to even wet his meddlesome paw. The ink will just have to wear off I expect. It was awfully good of you to take him in, and I say, if it isn't troubling you too much, if you should come across him wandering around, could you just drop him inside my door? I'm in the suite at the end of the hall. Marsden's my name, Lorne Marsden. My card is stuck on the door."

"Oh," ventured Doris. "Oh, do you think I could have him till your sister comes back if you really don't like him. I'd be ever so grateful. He's such a cheerful looking cat." She stopped, her cheeks the color of a rose and eyes that shone exactly like the heroine in the novel, and the man looking down at her felt a queer happy little thrill run through him.

"Do you really mean you'd like to be bothered with him, honestly now? If I had the responsibility of that cat off my hands I'd feel about ten years younger. Could you have him! Well, rather. Only you would have to let me make good for the milk and things he eats, the hungriest beast I ever—"

"You mustn't call the dear thing a beast," cried the girl, stooping to pick up Bobby and tucking him up against her soft cheek. "He's the loveliest, wooliest cat. I just can't tell you how I'll appreciate the loan of him."

"Well, Bobby, surely seems willing to stay with you from the row he is making."

"That's purring, not a row," corrected Doris. "Say good-night to your late guardian, pussy."

Bobby meou'd loudly and the girl backed into the lighted room.

"Good-night, Mr. Marsden," said she with a little double nod that the man thought vastly attractive.

"Good-night, Miss er—er?" but the door was closed gently and he retreated to his room where he sat the remainder of the evening, puffing away at a favorite pipe, his mind full of the girl, hearing again her soft voice, and thinking of all the things he might have said, and hadn't.

And the girl, down on her knees beside Bobby who was lapping up a saucer of milk with his inky paw firmly implanted in the dish, she espied the discarded novel in the corner, picked it up and straightened out the crumpled pages. "He's ever so much nicer looking than that chap in the story," she said. "Oh, Bobby, I do think yellow cats are lucky things to have around the place."

Next day and the next and the next, Doris went to the office without seeing Bobby's late guardian. On the fourth day, wending her way homeward she was caught in a sudden storm, without an umbrella and took hasty refuge in an area-way to save her hat from ruin. It was a particularly becoming little hat, and the dark hair peeped from under the close-fitting brim in little curling tendrils to which the raindrops still clung, jewel-like and shining. And then she saw him coming toward her, the rain splashing against the long mackintosh and dripping from his umbrella. Would he recognize her or should she call to him? No—, she couldn't do that. But for once Dan Cupid was not neglecting his business, the man turned his head in her direction and the next instant was beside her.

"Marooned?" said he. "Do you think I'd do for a friend in need?"

"Is it big enough to cover two?" queried the girl.

"Suppose we try," he answered.

So out into the rain they went, joining the home going throngs, and splashed along talking of Bobby. The man by degrees drawing from Doris the story of her uneventful life, and finding how nearly it tallied with his own experience, for he, too, knew what it meant to be isolated and friendless among the thousands around him. And all unnoticed and unenvied the shop girls, two by two, chatting happily, tripped past the pair under the big umbrella.

It was a very happy girl with two shining grey eyes who lifted the yellow pussy up from a cushion as she entered and planted a kiss between his ears. "Oh, Bobby," she whispered. "Everything in the garden is just lovely."

And the man, equally happy, eyes shining, too, strode down the hall singing in soft tones to himself: "Listen Bobby."

"I'll be your rain—beau,
I'll beam for you."

Innocent Youth

After her third day at school, says Everybody's Magazine, Pauline was retailing stories of her classmates' naughtiness.

"That's bad," commented her mother. "Didn't the teacher have to correct you?"

"No," Pauline assured her. "She had to speak to all the class except me this afternoon."

"That's queer," remarked her father somewhat suspiciously. "What did she say?"

"She said," reported Pauline, " 'Now, children, we will all wait till Pauline is in order.' "

Editorial

Still Troubled

THIS is a time of testing for individuals for governments. It is interesting and profitable to consider how Canadians have endured the test.

The whole world knows how nobly the young men of Canada have acquitted themselves on the field of battle. God alone knows how bravely their wives and mothers have worked and suffered at home. So far all is well.

Yet when one looks closely into business affairs particularly when he examines the treatment of the rank and file by the few who are in a position to exercise control, his heart is filled with misgivings. Matters are no better because it seems impossible to place the blame for many of the injustices which are being practised in the name of trade.

The published market quotations of prices in Minneapolis and Winnipeg are enough to make men wonder if we have a government at all, or if the duty of a government does not extend to such trifles as the regulation of the cost of food. For most of us, these trifles are the very worry of our lives. We have a feeling that if a government cannot find a way of protecting the people, it had better give way to men who can. A war government does not of necessity limit its activities to raising an army and equipping it for active service. To prevent injustice and extortion at home is equally imperative. It is all very well for a food controller to control the distribution and consumption of foods. There is no reason why he or some one else should not be vested with full authority to regulate the price of necessities at such a time as this. The story so far has been one of colossal blundering, and there is evidently no sign that things are about to improve. Must it be that just as it has been necessary time after time to alter the composition of the governments in Britain, France and Italy, it must be equally necessary to do the same here? There is undeniably a feeling that some members are in league with the Ethiopian. The Ethiopian in this case is not of the common people. He is richly clad and lives in a mansion, and he sits on the board of many directorates. To put it very plainly, there is something wholly indefensible in food prices and there is a growing feeling that the matter could be remedied if the right men were in control.

Why We Are at War

"THERE is not a single selfish element—so far as I can see—in the cause we are fighting for. We are fighting for what we believe and wish to be the rights of mankind and for the future peace and security of the world. To do this great thing worthily, successfully, we must devote ourselves to the service without regard to profit or material advantage, and with an energy and intelligence that will rise to the level of the enterprise itself."—President Wilson.

The Fuel Problem

THE American mines were short on anthracite. The Western mine owners were quick to seize their opportunity. They went directly to American headquarters and said they could take care of Western Canada. The government at Ottawa was in turn informed that there was no anthracite for Western Canada. Then the Canadian fuel controller sent out his instructions to Western Canadians to send in their orders early for Western coal. The mine-owners of Alberta would not play unless they had a sure thing. Their programme was this: Let the people give their orders to local dealers; let the local dealers send in their orders; then the mines will begin to produce in plenty. Western mine-owners do not live on faith. Neither do local dealers in coal. They wait for definite orders from the people. It was not so with the mine-owners of Pennsylvania, but we have another breed out here. They play a sure game.

Now this whole programme was spoiled by the foolish people. They refused to send in their orders to local dealers and this for two or three good reasons. They had no ready money. They were not accustomed to buying in the spring and summer. They did not feel like paying as much for soft coal as for good anthracite. In other words they felt they were being unfairly treated. It took two weeks to get any explanation from the fuel controller, and then the explanation was far from satisfactory and convincing.

There is a simple way of getting out of this trouble. Let us know definitely how much or how little we can get out of the Canadian apportionment of anthracite, and then let the municipalities on behalf of the people order the supply of Western coal that is necessary. When fall comes, the people will buy, because they must. In the meantime let our councils with the aid of the fuel controllers, get busy on the matter of prices. If it is true, as rumor has it, that in these war times, one man is getting fifty cents royalty on every ton produced by two or three of the Western mines, let us run him out of the country as an enemy. If any one else is extortionate let him be dealt with similarly. But let every worker and distributor and every railway get fair return for services rendered. If necessary let municipalities erect store-houses. But let us not freeze. It is a disgrace to us as a people to have so little ability to manage in a matter of this kind.

Now we are told that the statement in the opening paragraph is untruthful, but it was the only statement that the writer could get from any source that appeared to have any meaning. If any one can give a clearer and surer explanation let him supply it. The Western Home Monthly is anxious to give accurate information, but when those in authority have a charming reticence as if they were afraid or ashamed to tell the whole truth, a journal has to do its best to get information through other sources. Here is something quoted from a paper which speaks with authority:

"Spokane, Washington, is supplied with bituminous coal in lumps and egg sizes at a cost at the mine of $3.85 and $3.45, respectively. Bituminous coal in Western Canada costs from $3.85 to $4.20, mine run—that is, of no specified size. Special lignite mined in Lewis county, Washington, which is on a par with Alberta coal, is sold at the mine for $3.85 for lump, as against $4.25, $4.96, $5.00 and $5.40 in Alberta. In the latter cases, it must be pointed out, there is greater ease of mining—and should therefore be less cost—than in the south. The Drumheller mines, in particular, are gravity workings. The shafts run horizontally above the loading level and no expensive lifting machinery is needed, while the labor of extraction is proportionately lightened."

Does this help us towards a decision?

The Cause

LET but the cause seem beautiful, dear God,
If we must die! Make us believe, in truth,
It is for all mankind we give our youth—
To stay till end of time the oppressor's rod;
That but for us, harsh power would ride rough-shod
Through freedom's delicate gardens, and the tooth
Of hatred rend our people without ruth:
So may we sleep content beneath the sod.
But else—; Who knows what gladness here on earth
Was destined us, what high and sweet employ?
O hard it is that youth should cease to be!
For now came love, with a great glad rebirth,
To company our way, and now came joy!
Not death we fear, but death's futility.

—Paul Scott Mowrer.

How Goes the War?

SINCE last issue there has been a further effort of the German troops to force a road to Paris. At great cost they have gained some ground, but they have lost heavily in men, and in other cases have had to yield positions taken. It is impossible to state just when the conflict in its present form will end. At worst it might mean the fall of Paris, at best it may soon mean a terrific counter-stroke which will recover all that has been lost since the big drive began. Neither of these is likely. Paris is too well defended to yield suddenly, and the allied commanders are too careful of their men to launch an offensive before the enemy has been worn down to the point of exhaustion. The policy of presenting a gradually yielding front will be pursued until it is felt a great counter attack can be successfully carried out without the slightest danger of failure. There is nothing discouraging in the situation. On land and sea things are going well. Only let it be remembered that the war is to be won right here at home. We can beat the Hun at the war game, but we cannot fight profiteers and plunderers that live in our very midst.

The Holidays

IT is a good and wise custom this which gives the children a vacation at midsummer. Education is given all the year round and not merely during the months at school, and in many cases the most profitable education is given out-of-doors during the vacation period. Physical power is as necessary as intellectual attainment. Moral character is developed in the fields as well as in the class room. Only let parents see to it that there is proper supervision. The rest is easy and natural.

An Optimistic View

ONE of our newspapers editorially gives expression to a sentiment that will command respect:

"It is now becoming apparent that the Allied forces were quite as numerous as those of the enemy; all the patter about being outnumbered was camouflage of a very superior brand. The front line—designedly weak—was outnumbered, but had it been best to put all the Allied troops in battle array the forces would have been equal. Then the German rush would have been held, but our losses might have been about as heavy as his, hence, in the end, two exhausted antagonists would have faced each other, a stalemate have existed, to be followed, possibly, by an inconclusive peace. This would have pre-intimated another struggle within a few years.

"Foch realized there was but one way to defeat the Hun. By holding his lines somewhat weakly, in front of such tempting prizes as the Channel ports or Paris, he foresaw that the greedy foe, hard-pressed for a spectacular victory that should put new heart into the starving masses of the Fatherland, would bring up his reserves and stake all on the hazard of battle.

"Everything has so far happened in accordance with the plans of the great French soldier. The German came on, took towns, carried positions, captured prisoners—and leaves the Allies practically as powerfully effective as ever, while he himself has lost several hundred thousand of his picked troops. His Brandenburgers and Bavarians lie in windrows upon the devastated, useless wreck of a countryside. He has not reached the Channel ports; he has not taken Paris."

Steam Ahead in Education

WINNIPEGGERS are to the fore in leading off a new movement in education. A committee of citizens, headed by Lieutenant-Governor Aikins, has embarked on the task of arousing interest in the idea of a national conference on the character and citizenship aspects of education. The meeting at which the undertaking was inaugurated was presided over by His Grace Archbishop Matheson. At this meeting, among other clergymen present were General Superintendent Chown of the Methodist Church, and Rev. Dr. Baird of the Presbyterian Church. Educational organizations were represented by men like Dr. Daniel McIntyre, Dr. W. A. McIntyre, and President J. A. Maclean. The majority of those present, however, were simply outstanding business and professional citizens eager to signalize the new national importance of education.

These gentlemen decided to organize themselves into a group with a view to working for the assembling of a Canadian National Conference of Education. The intention is to make this conference notable by the presence, in addition to Canadian educators, of distinguished educational leaders from Great Britain and the United States. The keynote of the conference, which it is hoped to hold, will be: How to make education in Canada minister most powerfully to the production of efficiency and character, to the advantage at once of the individual and the nation. The order is a large one, but the contact of bright minds and disinterested spirits may easily produce notable results.

The Winnipeg group has entrusted Prof. W. F. Osborne of the University of Manitoba with the task of arousing interest in this project from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Having visited the principal centres of the Maritime Provinces, Professor Osborne is now at work on this mission in Ontario. It is probable that he will go right through to the coast on the same errand.

Canada is so vast in extent, and so varied in the interests of her people, that a special effort must be made to energize with great common ideals the schools of our various provinces. The administrative direction of Canada's schools will always be in the hands of the provinces, so that there is all the more reason why the national ideals should be made to permeate the life of the school-room. There must be a conscious attempt to develop an informed and responsible patriotism. During this war a French boy of about eighteen was found dead near where some severe fighting had taken place. On his person was found a note addressed to his parents, in which he said: "Oh, can it be that I shall have the honor of dying for beloved France?" The schools of Canada must be consciously energized with such ideas and ideals that the children of our foreign-born compatriots will be brought as speedily as may be to feel something of this same glowing pride in Canada. Such great results are not achieved by accident. No nation is strong unless it is morally united in the pursuit of high and consciously entertained ideals.

It is much to be desired that the interest already evinced in this undertaking may spread throughout the country, and that a great national gathering of citizens may result. It is hardly to be doubted that if such a meeting does take place, measures may be hit upon that will count for the advantage of the nation.

Kultur at Home

FOR a quarter of a century before Germany commenced the war which she confidently looked upon to give her world domination, she imposed on other nations by a false showing of the great advantages and comforts enjoyed by her own people. The actual truth, as now proven from records, is that the German masses have been miserably housed, overdriven and underfed, and that the aged poor have been made outcasts.

For oily skins—*How to correct them*

FIRST cleanse your skin thoroughly by washing it in your usual way with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Wipe off the surplus moisture but leave the skin slightly damp.

Now work up with warm water a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap in your hands. Apply it to your face and rub it into the pores thoroughly—always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice.

This treatment will make your skin fresher and clearer the first time you use it. Make it a nightly habit and before long you will see a marked improvement—a promise of that lovelier complexion which the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

Enlarged pores

How to make your skin fine in texture

Dip your washcloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water and rub *the cake itself* over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, rub the face with a *piece of ice*. Always dry carefully.

Use this treatment persistently. You can feel the difference the very first time you use it. Within ten days your skin will show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater smoothness and finer texture that the *steady* use of Woodbury's always brings.

Your skin is what *you* make it

HAVE you ever wondered why it is that some girls are blessed with naturally lovely complexions—the charm of clear, fresh color?

The truth is that your skin, too, can be clear and radiant. Your skin is what *you* make it.

If your skin is *not* fresh and clear, if it has been gradually growing coarser, it is because you have not been giving it the proper care for its needs.

Find out just what is the matter with your skin—then give it the proper treatment

Your skin is being renewed every day. As old skin dies, new forms to take its place. Begin at once to give this new skin the proper treatment to keep it clear and lovely. You will be surprised to see how quickly it improves.

Three of the famous Woodbury treatments are given on this page. Begin to-night to use the one which your skin needs. Use it every night. The very first time you try it you will feel the difference in your skin—a promise of the greater clearness and freshness that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings to the skin. Within ten days or two weeks you will notice the improvement in your skin.

You will find treatments for the various other troubles of the skin in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake to-day, and begin at once the treatment for your particular trouble. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of any Woodbury Facial treatment and for general cleansing use for that time. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder

Send 5 cents for a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12 cents we will send you samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address **The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 2407 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.**

Skin blemishes

How to get rid of them

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap and then dry your face. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this soap cream and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully with clear, hot water; then with cold.

Use Woodbury's regularly in your daily toilet. This will make your skin so firm and active that it will resist the frequent cause of blemishes and keep your complexion free from them.

MADE IN CANADA

The Holocaust

Written for The Western Home Monthly. By H. Mortimer Batten

"WELL," expectantly queried Joe, Barry's clerk, as the latter entered the cabin and threw off his furs. "What's hap pened?"

"Same thing," replied Barry, impatiently, tossing his mitts into a corner. "Been on the spree again. We found him asleep on the sled, dogs nearly frozen, harness tangled, no end of a mess! Wonder he didn't freeze to death before we got to him, silly blighter!"

A short laugh broke from Joe's lips. "Just what I expected," said he. "Going to report him?"

Barry looked his companion squarely in the face. "Yes, I am," he said firmly. "It isn't good enough. Five hundred dollars in that packet all in five dollar bills! Anyone might have swiped the lot for all he knew."

Joe sucked hard at his pipe. "You'd have reported him long ago if you'd taken my advice," he said with a sniff. "Now you've got to. If the same thing happened again and the Super got to know about it, he'd play Hamlet with you for keeping mum."

Barry pulled off his moccasins and seated himself by the stove. "I know that, old son," he agreed mildly. "I hate reporting a man, and, of course, it means the sack for Culwood. He'll be hard put to find another job this time of year, and expect he'll hate me like poison. Anyway, it can't be helped, so let's have some supper."

Hal Culwood was the messenger between Great Dome Mine and the outlying prospect of Cranberry Creek, of which Barry had charge. Every Thursday Culwood left Cranberry for headquarters at Great Dome, travelling by canoe in summer and dog team in winter, returning with mail, wages and such business communications as were necessary between the two camps. He was due to arrive back at 3 o'clock Friday afternoon, but to-day five had arrived and still no Culwood. At six Barry and two of the boys had set out to meet him, finding him as described between the two camps.

Next morning Barry went across to the bunkhouse while the boys were at breakfast, and stooping over Culwood he whispered: "You'd best get your kit together, Hal. I'm going to Great Dome, and I want you to come along with me. Bring all your gear."

Telling Culwood to bring his gear was as good as telling him he wouldn't return, and the big man's eyes flashed angrily. He was in an evil mood that morning, and knew now that his excellent winter post was lost.

"Ya—ya—college boy!" he shouted out, loud enough for everyone to hear. "Say, boys, ain't it a dream bein' ordered round by these yer honkeydory tenderfeet!"

Barry flushed angrily, but he knew the folly of arguing with an angry man who has lost his job, and, therefore, has nothing further to lose. Barry was popular, and Culwood was ignored by the rest of the boys, which annoyed him still further.

"Say you," he yelled insolently, "I'll pack out when I get orders from the Super, not until. You can go to—"

This was more than Barry could stand. He must at any rate retain his authority in his own camp. He approached the big man with clenched fists, looking him in the eyes. "You'll pack out this morning, Culwood, so don't be a blame idiot," he said firmly. "You've done a foolish thing and you know it. No one will like you any the better for kicking up a shine."

Then he turned and strode from the cookhouse, leaving the remainder of the boys favorably impressed.

So Culwood got the sack in midwinter. He and Barry trudged in silence to Great Dome, where the young engineer made his report, and Culwood got his check. This, of course, spoilt his further chances of obtaining a messengership in the locality, and being a man of the trails, with a faint streak of Indian blood in his veins, he was more or less on his beam ends. The remainder of the winter he spent at Porcupine City, the central mining camp twelve miles by water from Great Dome, chopping boiler wood for the steamer which spring would bring, like a bird of passage, from the civilized waters of the south.

With the opening of the creeks Culwood invested his worldly possessions in an old motor boat with which, that spring, to earn a living conveying passengers, towing freight, etc., between the various camps which dotted the creeks. At about the same time Barry was promoted, and joined the central staff at Great Dome.

The young engineer had almost forgotten the unpleasant affair above related when one morning he left Porcupine by canoe for Great Dome. The water ran heavily against him all the way, and it was a stiff day's pull, therefore, he was much relieved when, two hours on his way, he heard a motor boat coming up behind him. It is customary for the launches to offer to take any canoes they pass in tow on such occasions, the lift being, of course, paid for, therefore, as the launch hove in sight Barry made the customary signal by raising his paddle. A moment later he saw that it was Culwood's launch with Culwood alone in it, but even then it never occurred to him that after this lapse of time the man would bear him any malice. He forgot that Culwood had Indian blood in his veins, and was, therefore, not of a forgetful nature.

"Take me in tow, Culwood?"

"Sure," came the quiet response.

Culwood heaved out a line, and Barry made fast. He then prepared to draw in and climb aboard the launch, but to his surprise Culwood let in the clutch, and the launch swung forward, the rope tearing through Barry's hands. Almost instinctively Barry threw his weight to the right, but how he missed being capsized he never knew. The canoe jerked round, shipped a bucketful of water, and began to ricochet after the launch. Then Barry saw that the line was directly over the propeller, so that if he tried to pull in his keel would be struck by the propeller ere he could grip the gunwale of the launch.

An hour later they hove in sight of Great Dome. Barry could see the Super and the Surveyor standing at the landing stage, and he waited for Culwood to pull in.

But nothing of the sort. Culwood held the centre of the creek, and Barry yelled to him to stop. The shout did no more than attract the attention of the two engineers on the landing stage. They took in the situation at a glance, and broad grins began to overspread their faces. Culwood turned and grinned triumphantly at the helpless Barry. Then both the Super and the engineer shouted and waved to him to pull in, at which Culwood blew them kisses, and a minute later the whole outfit, with the canoe still in tow, disappeared round a corner of the creek.

They travelled non-stop for a solid two hours, when finally Culwood pulled in at the very last camp on the creek. Stopping his engine he turned round and looked at Barry. "Say," he shouted, "you'll let me know where you want me to put you off, won't you?"

Barry nodded. As he did so his wrist came in contact with the hilt of his sheath knife.

Well, unutterable fool that he had been! Why in the name of all that was wonderful hadn't he thought to cut the rope? During the excitement and humiliation of it all such a way of escape had never occurred to him, and now he saw himself not only the laughing stock of Culwood, but of his colleagues and the entire country side.

"I intended getting off at Great Dome," he answered, as the launch bumped the floating stage, "but guessed you were heading for this camp, so thought I'd come along." Then to the men waiting at the stage he added, "Say, is Billy Flint, the assayer, still here?"

"No, sor," came back in a broad Scottish accent. "He left us last fall. He's working along at the Great Dome now."

Barry looked crestfallen. He seemed to be wallowing deeper into the mire! He had not the faintest notion that his old friend, Billy, was at his own mine for the Great Dome was a big place, and this fact entirely knocked the stuffing out of the little yarn he had invented on the spur of the moment about having come to see Billy on business. Culwood was grinning widely.

"Then I guess I'll have to go back with you, Culwood," he added, realizing that the less said the better.

"Ain't hitting out till to-morrow noon," Culwood replied briefly.

Barry saw that he was done. He unhitched, reversed his canoe, and set off down the creek in silence. When fifty yards distant he heard loud guffaws behind him, but did not condescend to look round. An hour later Culwood's empty launch again overtook him.

"Want a tow?" shouted Culwood, but the young engineer merely scowled and looked away.

Naturally Culwood made the best of his story, and everywhere Barry went during the succeeding weeks of spring he was greeted by broad grins and broader hints about joy-riding in the wake of a gasoline launch. He bore it all in good part, but secretly he swore that sooner or later he would get even with Culwood.

His chance came sooner than he expected. In these days Barry spent a good deal of his time at Porcupine, and he was there that fatal morning of July 11th, when the sun rose a sickly brown, with the air stifling with cedar smoke. For weeks no rain had fallen, and for weeks bush fires had simmered in every direction. Porcupine, at the lake margin, was fairly safe, but many of the outlying camps were recognized as veritable death traps in case of forest fire. Also there was Porcupine Landing across the lake, where scores of women and children would be burnt to death unless they were conveyed to this, the south, side.

At about eight o'clock a roaring hurricane set in, and even before anyone had time to realize it a gigantic horseshoe of fire, fifty miles in width, was bearing down upon the camp from the unsurveyed areas of the northwest. A hot, brown gas hung in the atmosphere, so that objects at thirty yards looked weird and unearthly, and Barry, realizing the danger, telephoned through to Great Dome.

"Yes," answered the Super, "I guess we shall be all right here. I've got the men working back fires, and we've water galore. You look out for yourself, boy."

Barry had some of the company's papers with him, and it occurred to him to bury these in the moist sand at the lake margin, together with his money. Making his way down to the water he found dozens of men at the same game, each marking his site with a stump bearing his own initials, and laughing and jesting while they were at it, little guessing what they were in for.

"There's a mean swipe for you!" said one of them to Barry, pointing out across the lake. "Going to scuttle his launch in shallow water so as to save her."

Barry looked out. He could discern the outline of a motor boat, with someone moving about aboard it.

"Who is it?" he queried, and as he spoke one of the other two launches landed quite near to them with a batch of women and children from the perilous settlement across the water.

"Why, Culwood, of course," came the answer. "Do you reckon anyone but a drunken breed would do such a thing while there are still scores across the lake waiting to be brought this side?"

In a flash Barry realized the truth. The despicable wretch in the launch, thinking only of saving his own property, was prepared to allow scores of his fellow creatures across the lake to suffer hardship or perhaps miserably.

"Say, I'm not standing for that," cried the young engineer. "I've got pals across the lake, and I daresay you have. Come along and lend me a hand?"

The man shrugged his shoulders and sauntered off. It was no affair of his. Barry, alone, hurried to a canoe at the lake margin, pushed off, and a minute later boarded the launch just as Culwood took up an axe to stow in the floor. Instantly Barry pushed off Culwood's canoe and his own, and, caught by the wind, they drifted shorewards.

"What are you up to, Culwood?" he demanded, as the man turned on him savagely.

"What in thunder is that to do with

Admiral Sir Rosslyn Wemyss, First Sea Lord of the British Admiralty, on the left, and Capt. Pringle, U.S.N., who commands an American tender overseas, are standing together on the deck of the American ship. Admiral Wemyss paid a visit on this occasion to part of the American naval forces in European waters. He examined a new type of gun, a destroyer, and visited and inspected the men on a U.S. tender.

you?" roared Culwood, shaking his fist. "Get out of it, or I'll throw you overboard."

Barry did not mince matters. He knew that now, if ever, the law of might was the only law. Straight and true his fist shot out, and Culwood staggered back, saving himself by clutching at the wheel. He recovered with a snarl, and a long bladed knife flashed in his hand.

Then for the first time Barry was thankful for the little automatic pistol he had carried for years. Culwood found himself looking into the barrel of it, and a gleam of fear came into his dark eyes. During the lull that followed a dull roar sounded above the wind, dull, yet of immense volume. It shook the very earth.

"Hear that!" yelled Barry, pointing across the lake. "That's fire, bearing down on the Landing, and you know what it means for the women and children unless someone gets them out. Start up that engine or by heaven I'll drill a hole in you and do it myself."

The savage intentness of the young man's voice, the threatening manner in which he held the little pistol, clearly indicated that he meant what he said, and Culwood, if he valued his life, had no course but to obey. Thirty seconds later they were cutting across the mile of water which lay between the two camps, guided chiefly by their sense of direction, for black, billowy clouds of smoke now obscured the sky.

Nearing the landing stage they ran into a scene of chaos. Canoes and rafts littered the water thronged with men and women. Some had already capsized owing to the wind and overloading, and desperate creatures were hanging on to them, while the wind bore them further and further across deep water. Nearer in terrified horses could be seen wallowing about among those who already had sought the water, and wondering at this panic while the fire was still some miles distant, Barry suddenly recalled that tons of dynamite were stocked at this camp for distribution among outlying prospects. At any moment, then, the whole place might blow up, one explosion, caused by a spark, creating another.

As they ran alongside the landing stage a crowd of foreign miners leapt aboard the launch, then Barry began to throw his heart into it. He shot one man through the shoulder by way of example, and snatching up Culwood's axe transformed himself into a fiend, charging the mob and dealing blows impartially. In ten seconds he had cleared the stage, revealing a little cluster of women and children pushed into the background by the terrified foreigners.

No man dared to approach while the women and children climbed aboard the launch. Had one attempted Barry would have shot him dead, and well the cowardly group knew it. The fire was now perilously near. Wisps of lighted birchbark flew through the air, settling upon their skin and clothing. The air was rapidly becoming unbreathable, and clear it was that in a few minutes this side of the lake would be a veritable hell-pit.

One or two men threw in their lot with Barry in maintaining order while the women and children were got aboard, and when the launch was packed there were still many more to come. Barry scrambled aboard, starting up the engine, scarcely noticing that Culwood had taken his departure.

That journey was a nightmare, for now the air was full of flying embers, and at any moment the launch might take fire, in which case there would be no chance for them. Barry landed the first load amidst many earnest blessings, and returned for the next. By now the other launches were scuttled, and men called him a fool for returning. He knew that the fire had now reached the Landing, and that he was going back to a veritable hell. In all probability the launch would catch fire, and all things considered, it was a toss-up whether or not he would ever return.

Nor was he far wrong. Nearing the Landing his scarf tied about his mouth, the fumes and the heat forced him to seek refuge in the bottom of the boat, clinging to the wheel with knotted fingers.

By now the citizens had taken to the water, herded like cattle along the shallow stretch, some of them crowded out of their depth by the stifled mob behind. Barry ran in among them. A man helped a woman aboard and tried to follow, but was unceremoniously pushed back. Someone handed up a crying infant, and Barry gave it to the woman already rescued, noting her instinctive motherhood, even in her terror, to hold it to her and protect it. Others and still others were taken in, huddling on the floorboards and gasping for breath, praying in terrified groans, while Barry doused his smouldering clothing, his mind a nightmare of ghastly sounds and horrible scenes.

Again he set out across the lake and again made a safe landing. The fire was now on every side, the noise of it defying all description, and Porcupine itself was in danger. Strong men moved like creatures in a dream, unable to comprehend what had befallen them, stunned and bewildered by the magnitude of it all, doing the most heroic or the most cowardly things with no knowledge of what they did.

A young girl clung to Barry's arm and entreated him not to go back. "It's absolute hell over there!" she muttered shuddering. Barry shook himself free, and all sense of proportion dead within him again faced the burning blast.

He did not land this time. To approach the shore was impossible. He scarcely knew what he did. Months after fragments came floating back to him like glimpes from a dim and unearthly dream. He recalled rescuing several people, men and women, from a raft which was going to pieces. He recalled seeing entreating arms stretched out to him, and one bearded Frenchman kissed him profusely. Then he remembered running down a canoe in the darkness, and dimly realizing that he could save none of its many occupants, for his boat was full.

Ninety yards from the other side the launch caught fire, and they ran ashore just as the flames reached the petrol tank. Headlong they plunged into the water, one after another struggling up, and wearily, painfully dragging themselves waist deep towards the shore. The city lay away to the right under an unearthly glimmer, and here, beyond the beach the timber was partly cleared, but the very muskeg that covered the earth was red and quivering.

As Barry fell in at the tail of the pathetic little procession, leaving the burning launch on the surface behind, he heard the sound of human groans almost at his shoulder. Looking round he saw the shadowy figure of a man, clinging to the gunwale with one hand, his face, ghastly in the firelight, turned upwards in an expression of extremity. At once the young engineer knew that this was one of the crew he had run down in the darkness, and that the man, his arm almost torn from the sockets, had clung to the launch, and thus been towed across the lake. He went back to help him, it was Culwood!

Three hours later two exhausted men lay at the water's edge staring at the simmering inferno ahead, too chilled to stir, too exhausted to make the effort. For three hours one had kept the other afloat, shielding his face with a scrap of blanket, cursing him, entreating him, begging him to keep his end up. The very clothing had fallen from their shoulders, which now lay bare and blistered, their eyes burnt like living coals, their nerveless fingers were hooked into the sand as though afraid that earth itself would fall from under them. Yet the worst was now over, and one incredible fact remained, they were alive!

Thus they looked into each other's faces, and each nodded gravely.

"Geewizz!" muttered the elder. "I thought it was whisky!" Then after a space he added, "How did we get here?"

The boy looked away, and the shadow of a smile flitted across his handsome face. "I guess I towed you!" was his simple comment.

First official photographs of the great battle. Germans taken prisoner by the British waiting to be interrogated

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TRY IT FOR EVERY GOOD REASON

Their Training Didn't Harmonize

Mrs. Newlywed (in tears)—"I just don't care! I'm going to give up housekeeping!" Her Dearest Friend—"What! When you took a special course at college in domestic science?" Mrs. Newlywed (sobbing)—"I—I know, but—but I can't find a butcher that did!"

Waterways and Empire

(By C. J. Aubertin, in the "Daily News and Leader," London.)

Everybody knows by this time that the Germans have reached Odessa. Few have noticed—or in these days of small papers have had a chance of noticing—that, according to several German newspapers, the coming commercial agreement with Russia will contain a plan for the construction of a great canal from the Baltic to the Black Sea. A very pretty scheme, it will be said, which will develop in about twenty years. Quite so, but taken in conjunction with what we already know of Germany's belief in waterways for political purposes, it is a fact of great significance. It means that, even if Germany does not hope to remain physically in Russia, she hopes to remain there economically. Just as "Mitteleuropa" is to be secured by the Main-Danube Canal so "Osteuropa"—if one may coin a word—is to be secured by the new project.

Perhaps this sounds fanciful to those who know only the toy waterways of this country with their 30-ton barges. The reply to this is that Germany has for the last forty years spent millions on the improvement of her own island waterways, with the result—to name only a few instances—that the waterborne traffic of Ruhrort increased 97 per cent in eleven years, that of Mannheim 156 per cent in ten years, of Frankfurt 153 per cent in ten years, and of the River Main 102 per cent in fifteen years. And this traffic was not filched from the railways, as the railways in England have filched the canal traffic, for during these years the railway traffic of Germany increased by 57 per cent. The canals in Eastern Germany are standardized for boats of 400 tons, those in Western Germany for boats of 600, and the former before the war were being brought up to the 600 standard, which is about eighteen times that of England.

Mittel-europa

Improved waterways having brought such prosperity to internal Germany (I speak, of course, of prosperity before the war, though doubtless her water system has played a noble part in the actual conduct of the war), she is prepared to push the policy further, in agreement, naturally, with Austria. What she expects to accomplish in Middle Europe cannot be better summed up than in a statement made just a year ago by the Austro-Hungarian Minister in Switzerland, who declared that the Danube and the Rhine, if united by canals, would create an organic and united Central Europe. And he added that the commerce of Germany, which might be rendered precarious by the results of the present war, possibly prolonged by an economic war, would be replaced up to a certain point by the navigation and river commerce of Mittel-europa with the near East.

The credit for the Main-Danube Canal has already been passed, which is not the same thing, it is true, as the actual provision of the money. Nevertheless, the plans have been long prepared, and over a year ago the King of Bavaria stated that the work would be begun by the labor of war prisoners. Perhaps that has already been done. The canal is to be 440 miles in length, and to cost £33,000,000. It is to be electrically worked by means of a great power station on the Upper Danube, and it is to accommodate boats of 1,200 tons.

Perhaps the phrase "Main-Danube" does not convey much to English ears. It means, however, that in eight years, if the Germans are not too optimistic, there will be a waterway for boats of 1,200 tons from the North Sea to the Black Sea. A scheme is also on foot for the junction of the Danube and the Elbe. Hamburg is crying out for it on the ground that she is the true German port which has suffered so much during the war, and that the Rhine traffic benefits only Antwerp and Holland. Vienna has prepared plans for a great inland harbor where a canal from the Oder is to join the Danube. The harbor, it has been officially stated in the "Nieues Wiener Journal," is "destined for the transport of German coal towards the East, where a vast market awaits it in place of British coal."

(Continued on page 17)

Algernon Does His Bit

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Edith G. Bayne

"PUT out your tongue," said the doctor. "H'm—just as I thought. Liver. Now, young man, come this way. I want to sound you."

"I say, doctor, you don't think—"

"Strip."

(Business of stripping.)

"Hold still. What are you shivering for?"

He spoke in his usual brisk, somewhat testy tones and continued to move the bally stethoscope about over the upper portion of my anatomy, bending a listening ear and giving vent only to grunts and monosyllabic exclamations. Finally he lifted his head and fixed a severe glance on me.

"Exactly as I suspected young sir!" he remarked.

"What—how—"

"You have valvular trouble."

"My word!" I exclaimed in affright.

"And not only that." he went on. "You have pari-tubercular symptoms—"

"Good Gad!"

"—and incipient diabetes—"

"Great Scott!"

"—due to lack of exercise; also tic-doloreux in a slight form, and a touch of very nearly everything except house-maid's knee. I suspect angina pectoris, but am not certain—"

He paused as he saw me drop weakly into a chair, but continued again, relentlessly:

"—and if you do not call a halt directly, my young man, I shall not answer for the consequences."

"But doc—"

"Enlist? Tut-tut. Never take you. Never in the world."

I groaned.

Take a long breath. - - - now whereabouts does that hurt? Another . . . Aha!" and he smiled with cold-blooded professional satisfaction. "Now my best advice to you, my lad, is to go to work at something out-of-doors—say farming—at once, to immediately slough off this flabbiness of muscle; stop the cough by cutting out this smoking of coffin-nails, go to bed at ten o'clock, omit the last two courses at dinner, and get right up on the top seat of the water-wagon."

"Is it as bad as all that, doc?"

He pretended not to hear.

"I would strongly suggest a change of climate too—say Canada."

"Canada!" I cried, blankly.

"Yes, Canada."

"I say, it's a deucedly cold place to send a chap—"

"Just what you require. Climate there is bracing. Get right out there and lead the simple life for a year."

"Most difficult proposition, by Jove." I murmured.

He smiled rather kindly upon me.

"Never did a day's work in your life, did you?"

"I admit the soft impeachment, doc."

"Well, try my prescription. It will be hard at first, I have not the slightest doubt, but after six months of life in Canada you will be a different man. Then we'll begin to talk about enlisting. There isn't another doctor who would not agree with my finding. Your system is in a greatly debilitated state and you wouldn't survive the ordinary hardships of trench life for more than a few days, in your present condition even if you could find a medical man foolish enough to pass you. Know anyone out in Canada?"

"Only Billy Smith."

"Who's he?"

"Oh, an old pal of mine who lived near us at Ballingham-on-Sea some years ago. He's been in Canada some time now—on a ranch in or near a place called Alberta."

"I should fancy that would be quite all right," said the good old physician, who knew just about as much regarding Canada, geographically, as I did myself at that time. "I have heard of Alberta—a few hours' run from Montreal I believe. The very thing . . . This way out my lad."

So that is how it came about that instead of going to fight for King and

Two British signallers found a little French child abandoned or forgotten in the flight from the Germens. They took it with them into a barn, where they placed it for warmth and safety between them. In the night a German bomb from an aeroplane fell on the barn, killing both men, but the child was found in the morning peacefully asleep and unharmed.

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country I found myself, a fortnight later, standing upon Canadian soil—I mean to say upon the dock at Quebec you know. I had learned with amazement that it would require five days to reach Alberta from this point. However I was fairly well supplied with cash though the pater had said at parting that he would allow me just six pounds per month.

"And remember, you need not write for more money."

He had added this with a severity that seemed odd in so kindly a man. But I have since learned that he meant to make me stand on my own legs for the first time in my life, and that he intended to play Papa Spartan up to the hilt in order to see me back in England within the year a well man.

"Dad, never fear!" I had replied loftily. "Out on the rolling plains new health and strength await me. I shall wrest a living from the soil if need be. I shall cavort about, near to Nature's heart, shall drink in gallons of the pure ozone—"

The pater had chuckled.

"That's the way to talk! Ozone won't give you a morning headache."

And so we had shaken hands and parted. The mater, it is true, wept a little, and Sis had slipped into my portmanteau a book at the very last moment, the title of which as I found later, was: "The Philosophy of Agriculture."

So here we were in the promised land, by Jove—I and my man (for of course I had brought Boggs along)—and filled with a number of bewildering, new impressions. The spring air was like wine, the sunshine was dazzling, the sky was a perfect turquoise blue and although I would like to speak of the magnificent pine woods, the majestic rivers, the rich valleys and orchards and the fields of clover and springing wheat, I shall skip all that and get on with the story proper.

Boggs is a tremendously fine chap and much above his class. We get along like twin brothers; unfortunately though, he, too, was ineligible for military service owing to the Creator's having formed him on the Lilliputian principle. The poor little blighter has been turned down repeatedly even by the bantam battalions. I besought him to drop the slightly deferential air he wore in my company and to treat me quite as an equal. I daresay the natives took us for a couple of young tradesmen come out to settle, for I wore a suit of the head-gardener's. We were resolved from the start to dress the part, you understand.

Now part of Billy Smith's last letter written six months previously, had run something like this: "These prairies are almost as difficult to navigate as an unchartered sea, so if ever you should find yourself out in this part of the world, remember that I am on quarter-section number x, west-by-south of Calgary. Any livery in the town will bring you out, if you are unable to notify me. I should warn you though that the 'atmosphere' here is rather different, don't you know, from that of Mayfair."

I had this letter along and consulted it from time to time, but we had decided not to tell Billy of our coming. We would take the dear old chap by surprise, by Jove! Apropos of his warning I seemed to recall something I had once read, to the effect that no one should venture beyond the Great Lakes who was not possessed of both a strong constitution and a strong sense of humour. Later events proved the subtle wisdom of this. But I do not wish to appear pessimistic so early in the chapter.

As a matter of fact, the pessimism was merely a passing phase. We were keyed up for great and glorious adventures and nothing at that time could damp our enthusiasm. To be sure we had our adventures—but I am getting ahead.

I felt most conspicuous in the cosmopolitan atmosphere of the aisle-up-the-middle carriage, or car as they call it here in Canada. There were two Chinamen in the next section to ours and above us slept a Galician family, while across the aisle were several full-blooded Indians. Fancy removing one's collar, shoes and waistcoat with such an audience looking on!

Well, the morning of the sixth day found us enroute to Billy's ranch in a vehicle known as a prairie schooner, driven by a Yankee chap who was more than half-seas over. The trail was rough and as there was a lady present I undertook to administer a quiet lecture to the blighter on the sins of intemperance. As I thus improved the shining hour Boggs grinned continuously in an irritating manner. I fancy he was thinking how many a time and oft he and the pater's butler had assisted me to bed after a party.

The lady I have referred to was a school-teacher from the eastern part of Canada who had come out only the day before to take the Lone Pine school after the Easter holidays. She was a very dainty little person with the suspicion of a twinkle in deep, blue eyes, and sunny brown hair and a dimple and quite the most entrancing voice I had ever heard. Everybody speaks to everybody else without an introduction in this country—a habit I had thought positively horrible until this day. Miss Elliott and I got along famously from the start. The other passengers were all strangers to the country too.

It was a beautiful morning and so clear was the air one could easily discern the faint outlines of the distant Rockies. All along the trail young gophers thrust inquiring noses up from their burrows and grass-birds rose flutteringly at the squeak of our approaching wheels. The blood raced in one's veins and it was good to be alive. I fancied that already the pain in my lung was quite gone.

"There's the caboose," said our driver suddenly, pointing with his whip to some spot in the distant offing to our left.

"The what?" I asked, staring hard.

He rolled the quid of tobacco in his mouth to the other side, spat and said:

"It's the shack you blokes are headed for—Smith's."

"How extraordinary!" I exclaimed, for the building looked about the size of a cracker-box. "But it must be one of the outbuildings of course. My friend is the possessor of some means."

"Oh, well, of course we're four miles away yet your lawdship. But that's Smith's joint all right, all right."

Our amiable jehu now put the whip to the team and very soon we had covered about three miles, and then he drew up in the sagebrush with a loud "Whoa!"

"Look here," he said turning. "You guys don't mind hoofing it up the rise to the house I s'pose? Y'see I'm kinda late as it is and I gotta get this lady over to Lone Pine by noon."

"Not at all, since you put it that way." I made haste to assure him.

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I had understood his colloquialisms but poor Boggs was still in the dark.

"I say, why is the blighter unloading us out here?" he demanded, irritably, for his feet were asleep.

"Jump down," I ordered briskly "We're going to do a constitutional up to the house."

"And don't waste time knocking on the door," advised the driver. "Just walk right in."

The schooner went on, and I stood gazing after it till it was lost to sight among the poplars. Miss Elliott waved her handkerchief to me—is—all the way.

Well, we reached the odd little house within half an hour. It was a good mile's walk and the path was beastly. And when we got there we walked in without knocking as we had been told to do. A good thing too for we might have worn our knuckles off; there was absolutely nobody about, either in the house or around the farm.

"Most extraordinary thing. Surely, Billy and the servants cannot be all away."

"Servants!" jeered Boggs. "There aren't any such people in this land they say. You will find that Mr. Smith, who is very probably in the town on business, does his own chores."

"I shan't contradict you my dear fellow," I remarked with a glance about the single room. "My word, it looks like it! He seems to have acquired some slovenly habits since I saw him last. I say, are you hungry?"

"Am I?" and my companion's tone was eloquent.

"Well, I suppose we shall have to rustle the grub as they say out here. Can you cook eggs, Boggs? I see half a dozen up there on that dirty shelf."

Boggs shook his head dubiously.

"When I was butler for Lady Rilchester I occasionally made egg souffle," he observed, "but I have forgotten the knack."

"Oh well, I'll see if I can fry them. What is this utensil—a fry-pan or a skillet?"

"A skillet, I believe. Shall I kindle a fire? And you can look in the pantry, sir, for more edibles. I think I see some tinned goods."

I got out some of the rude crockery and tinware and we scouted about and found stale bread, oleo, and a canister partly full of tea—a cheap brand but better than none. Somehow we made a meal but it was rather awful you know.

It was mid-afternoon when we returned from a ramble about the estate, having seen not a living soul anywhere and how the time passed from then on till dark I cannot recall. But it was with mingled feelings we watched night come down over the great lone foothill land. Here were we, two utter strangers to the country, stranded in this remote spot and without a weapon of any kind except an old muzzle-loader which I had noticed hanging on the wall. Indians, bears, wolves, wild buffalo—all these terrors loomed up in the imagination with oppressive insistency and it was with difficulty we made up our minds to go to bed. But we did, finally, after another cheerless meal.

I don't know what wakened me so suddenly. It may have been premonition. At any rate I started up broad awake some time in the night. Raising myself upon an elbow I listened intently, but at first could hear nothing except the regular breathing of Boggs in the bunk above. The light of a full moon streamed in at one of the dirty little casements and the few articles of furniture in the room could be faintly distinguished in their rude setting. So convinced was I that something was wrong I found myself unable to go asleep again, but presently I wrapped myself in my greatcoat once more and lay back to watch for dawn. I closed my eyes once and no doubt might have succeeded after a time in falling asleep again had not the unmistakable sound of human footsteps fallen on my ear.

"Ah, it's dear old Billy returning." I said to myself.

Feeling much relieved I rose to a sitting posture and commenced to hunt about for my waistcoat in a pocket of which reposed my matchcase. But almost at the moment, and giving me scarcely a second to drop down again, the owner of the steps or whatever you would call him, began to open the door very cautiously. It was this intense care on his part that warned me to be on my guard. (Billy would have been whistling or singing as he returned home.)

Watching from my corner I saw the door creak open slowly, very slowly, and then something blotted out the shaft of light that lay athwart the doorsill. It resolved itself into a human form.

But this hardly surprised me. What did amaze me was the man himself, a tall chap with spurs, a revolver holster, and knee boots. Billy is short and rotund and seldom goes armed as I understand it is against the law even in this country. Well, my midnight prowler stood there for fully three minutes apparently listening intently. Then very quickly he disappeared and had he not left the door open I might have fancied I had been the victim of a nightmare.

"Boggs, I say Boggs!" I called softly to the bunk overhead.

"Hello," came faintly back.

"Look sharp! There's a thief or an Indian or something prowling about. I saw him not a moment ago."

"A dream, possibly sir,—"

"I tell you I saw him, and very distinctly. Keep perfectly still like a good fellow. I shall get that old gun and be ready for his next appearance."

"Perhaps it was a ghost, sir," Boggs remarked with a quite audible yawn.

But I told him to hush up, and crawling carefully across the room, bumping into two chairs and the table on my return, I succeeded in my design and was no sooner back in the bunk with the muzzle-loader than the footsteps again became audible. Next we heard voices.

"Two of them!" I muttered, and crouched lower.

"He's here all right, I heard his snores," said the voice that evidently belonged to the man I had seen.

"Be ready then," said the other.

Then the dull ray from a dark-lantern bobbed about and presently he who held it pushed back the shutter and swept the room. It searched me out and remained fixed. I dodged and it followed me. I tried to skip aside but it trailed me about as though I were a bally operatic star you know.

"Ho! He's drawing a bead on us," said the first. "Put that gun down!"

"Here, let me get the bracelets on him before he starts something," said the other. "Stay right where you are Fred, and keep the door covered."

"Come forward at your peril!" I cried.

Boggs, at this point saw fit to put in his oar.

"I say, we expect the owner of this place to return at any moment and he will make it jolly hot for you!"

The visitors both started and for a second the searchlight left me and travelled higher.

"Who's that?" demanded the man who held the lantern.

"Must be an accomplice," hazarded the other one.

And up came the cover of the lantern and the room was flooded with light.

"My word!" I gasped, letting my gun drop with a clang. "It's the Mounted Police!"

For our visitors wore the scarlet tunics

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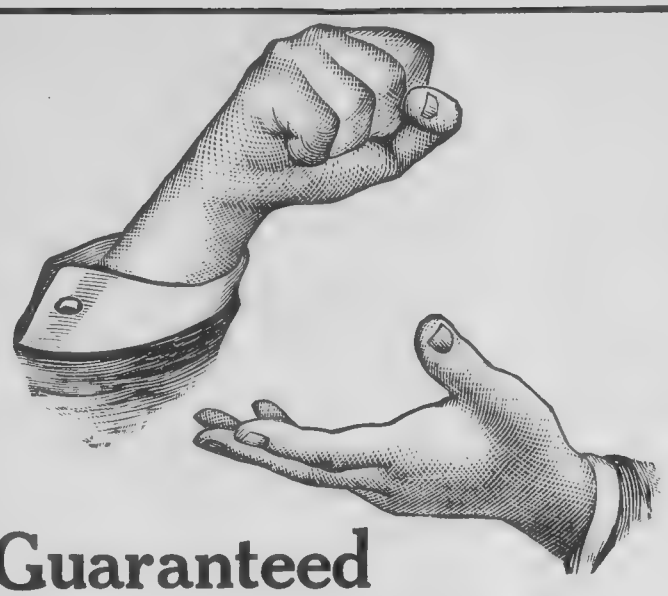

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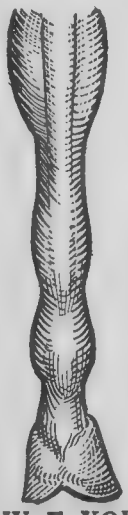

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and other accoutrements of the Riders of the Plains!

"Well, who did you think we were?" demanded the one who had the light. "Come along quietly now, and let us have no more trouble."

"And you up there, whoever you are, jump down till we get a look at you!"

Boggs looked like nothing so much as a Piute Indian as he sat sulkily on the bunk-edge wrapped in a red blanket. But he descended when he found one of the Police unceremoniously jerking at his feet.

"I say, you chaps, this is all a beastly mistake you know!" I interposed with some heat. "Or is it a wheeze of some kind, that you are trying out on us? We only arrived from—"

"Got the cuffs on Jack?"

"We are just out from England—"

"Hold still can't you?"

"But what—"

"Truss up the little fellow too, Fred. I never saw his mug before, but he looks like a Mexican. Ready?"

"He's my valet." I said with all the composure I was able to summon.

The policemen laughed.

"Some accent, bo," said one to me with a grin at his companion.

"Come on! Left-right it down to the wagon you two," ordered the other, impatiently. "It's nearly morning."

"Where are you taking us and why, pray?" I demanded as we all set forth, finally.

"You are going to be the guests of the Province, old chap," replied the one who had handcuffed me, with an atrocious imitation of the English accent.

These men are the survivors of the schooner, Edward H. Cole, which was sunk off the American coast by a raiding enemy U-boat.

I was fairly trembling with indignation at this outrage, but endeavored to restrain myself for I could see it was of no avail to argue with these fellows. It was quite daybreak when the democrat-wagon into which we had been bundled at last began to rumble off up the trail in the direction from which we had arrived on the previous day. One of our captors did the driving while his mate sat with drawn weapon in the evident expectation that we would cut up rough. Once or twice I tried to ascertain the reason for this most unaccountable arrest, to learn what it was we could possibly be charged with under the law, but the sergeant only laughed sardonically.

"You can't pull that innocent ruse on us," he said. "Nice slick guy you are, old top! But it's the cooler for yours this time."

"If you would endeavor to speak in a language I could understand—"

"I'm scarcely in the mood for witticisms," he returned.

"Rather not," agreed the other, whose title was Inspector. "We've been watching you my man, ever since yesterday afternoon and without a bite to eat. Don't try to get funny or we may hurt you."

I ignored his threat but lapsed into silence presently, nursing my anger and vowing vengeance on the instigator of the outrage. The bounder should get all that was coming to him, as they say. Well, we had journeyed for perhaps fourteen miles and the sun had risen and was pricking out dew-beads on the prairie grass when we noticed a lone horseman approaching in the distance. We had just passed a fork in the road—I had remarked it the day before—and had come upon a little rise covered with the wild roses for which the country is noted in early June. But needless to say our spirits were scarcely attuned to the bird-songs this morning, nor had we eyes for the beauties of Nature. I was feeling horribly hungry and so was poor Boggs, who sat huddled up across from me and looking like a plucked pheasant.

Rather indifferently we both watched the approaching rider as he drew nearer. At length he had come right up and seeing, I suppose, that the Policemen had made a capture, he reined in his horse and cried in a hearty voice:

"Who've you got there, officers?"

"We've got Emmilmann," replied the Inspector, a note of conscious pride in his voice.

"You don't say!" exclaimed the newcomer and trotted his beast round to procure a closer look at us. Our team had pulled up, and the officers were regarding the horseman with no little respect.

I turned to give the latter a haughty stare—when all of a sudden he made an incoherent sound, something between a gasp and a gargle, and peered closer at me.

I gazed at him with equal interest, my mouth, I fear, falling wide open, for the recognition was instant and mutual.

"Why, Algy Stonehurst!" he roared. "How on earth did—"

"Billy! Dear old Billy!" I cried joyfully.

"But—"

"Oh, it's all a horrible mistake, old top!" I commenced. "You see I—we—"

"Officers, what is the meaning of this?" demanded Billy.

"Don't fall for his bluff, Mr. Smith."

"But I say you know that's not Emmilmann. He's a friend—"

"Not Emmilmann! Then who—"

"He must be guilty of something," put in the other officer with a baleful glance at me. "He was pointing the butt-end of a muzzle-loading gun at us."

"Algy couldn't hit a barn door, officer. He was an awful rotter with a fowling-piece, as I remember him."

Both the Policemen stared at Billy.

"Oh, he's a friend of yours?" said the Inspector, disappointedly.

"Then you're not the guy that's been rustling the 'L' cattle and making an 'E' brand over the original?" inquired the Sergeant turning to me in bewilderment.

"Most certainly not." I returned warmly. "And if you had listened to me in the first place—"

Well, the upshot of the matter was that dear old Billy who was a deeply respected member of the community, succeeded in getting us out of the bally predicament, and he invited us all to go and have breakfast at his house where he had a Jap cook-and-general-factotum. But the Policemen, who no doubt felt much chagrined at their error, declined to partake of his hospitality, though they drove us right up to Billy's front gate.

I was still a bit mystified over the affair when we finally sat down to the tasty breakfast in Billy's comfortable kitchen. You remember my mention of the fork in

the trail? Well that is where our Yankee driver ought to have turned, for it appeared that just fourteen miles up that fork line lived Billy, and though the driver was correct as to distance he slipped up on direction. And Billy's real house was a marvel of neatness and cosiness—that is to say, considering that Bill is a bachelor.

"But I say, you know, this business of the German," I began somewhat resentfully. "Do I look so awfully like a mucker as all that?"

"You do resemble him my dear Algernon in the way of general build, and coloring too."

"I shall go out to the barn and hang myself!"

"My dear chap, that is as far as it goes. And these excellent fellows—by the way I had Okoko put a small hamper of food in their wagon since they would not come in—these boys are quite new to this part of the province, having been only recently transferred from a post in the north. So it is probable that neither had ever laid eyes on this German and were trusting to description only. Then the fact that you were in Emmilmann's bed—"

"You know I came out here to lead the simple life," I interposed, ruefully, "and the first experience I encounter is extremely complicated, by Jove! If this is to be a criterion of what is to follow—"

"Give him some more hot flapjacks, Okoko, and pass him the syrup-jug. And the same with Mr. Boggs here."

"I suppose I shall have to forgive them for calling me a Mexican," remarked Boggs. "But you know it was a beastly bore take it altogether. I hope however that they catch this cattle thief or whatever he is."

"Well, I fear they won't," said Billy shortly.

"How is that? It won't be from lack of zeal," I observed.

"When I was down at the Bar W this morning I learned that he had skipped across the border. So our friends the Police were a little late in getting out here to hide in the lee of his strawstack. And the doctors won't pass you Algy, what?"

"Not they. So I have got to do my bit agriculturally."

"You're a godsend my boy. I shall turn over my homestead to you and Boggs. I am leaving for France in a fortnight."

"What!"

"Oh yes, I got in at last. Too fat they said at first. Also too short. Then one doctor found I had a murmur, but the next one said it was due to indigestion and could easily be corrected, but that he feared I had astigmatism coming on. At last I joined up with some fellows going over in a forestry batallion. It only goes to show what one may accomplish if they will."

Shall I pass over the intervening weeks? They were filled with work, and also glaring mistakes, some quite reprehensible others merely amusing. One does not learn to be a farmer at the drop of the hat. The first time I hitched a horse—but no, I shall spare you the account! The first furrow I plowed, the first lariat I swung, the first time I monkeyed with the buzz-saw, the first cow I tried to milk, the first cream-separating I engaged in, the first lesson in hog-tying and branding, the first threshing, the first sowing, the first roundup—I shall eliminate all these premier, painful matters and get on with what was to me the climax of my new career. I refer to my meeting again with Miss Elliott, which took place at a school picnic. The whole countryside had heard of my arrest and for many months thereafter I was the laughing-stock of the neighborhood. The only person who did not laugh at me was the little school teacher of Lone Pine.

And when upon one memorable evening I asked her for the reason she told me that one seldom ridicules the person one loves.

This, of course was partly in response to a very ardent declaration of mine, for I had carried her image in my heart all these weeks. She is now Mrs. Stonehurst and we are going to buy Emmilmann's ranch, which is for sale—the bounder had not reached the State of Montana and was captured after all—and then we intend to produce food for the Allies. My wife makes the best butter in the province and I might add in all modesty that I have had a few agricultural triumphs myself, having won several prizes for grain at the Fair.

I should like to put a few Boches permanently out of business. Therefore I am holding secret and very earnest rehearsals each afternoon out in the toolshed with a gun and a mark—but the former isn't the muzzle-loading kind, and the latter is a real bull's-eye and not a valued member of the Mounted Police!

Needed

At the top of the stairs the boarder paused for a moment, with her hand on her own door. She was listening to the sounds of the house—the whirring of the machine in the sewing room, where Mrs. Holden was finishing a little dress for Marjory; Nancy and Billy, up in the playroom, arguing excitedly; Janet, stepping about her room and calling across to her mother; old Mary downstairs, pounding heavily about the dining room as she set the table; Kent whistling and hammering up in the attic. The boarder did not realize it, but she had fallen into the habit of listening for a moment, wistfully, before she stepped into the solitude of the room that was hers. The Holdens had their ups and downs, like everyone else, but they were a family—they belonged to one another, warmly and loyally.

The boarder did not notice—she was thinking so hard—that she had not latched her door, and it quietly swung open. That was why Janet happened to stop in the doorway a moment, with her arms full of tan and black stockings.

"If I were rich," she said, "I'd spend half my fortune to get a mechanical stocking darner."

"If you were rich," the boarder replied smiling, "you could accomplish your end much more easily and less expensively. You could employ a human darner. Won't you let me help? I'd love to!"

"Don't expect me to refuse an offer like that, even if it did sound as if I was hinting," Janet retorted. "Of course you can help. Take Billy's! I recommend Billy's to anyone who wishes to 'acquire merit' or do penance. But you don't understand. Mending is the bane of my life. I never want to go over to Freda's or go out skating, or settle down to a book or a magazine, that there isn't mending to be done. That's why I want to invent a mending machine, that I may cheer life for scores of other girls. I might have a law passed compelling boys to mend their own stockings, too. Also, I'd give all elder sisters six months' vacation each year with full pay."

"Child!" the boarder cried impetuously.

"Oh, did I say something dreadful? I'm sorry, Miss Pritchard. I was only joking, you know."

The boarder was herself again; she smiled at the girl. "You didn't say anything dreadful. Only, Janet, I hope you will never know what it is not to be needed."

Janet ran across to the boarder's chair and put her young hands over the busy fingers. "Oh, please!" she cried. "Dear Miss Pritchard, I need you, to make me see straight and big when I see crooked and small. There are—so many kinds of needs, Miss Pritchard!"

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A Story for Fathers

MY boy is sixteen years old. He was born in Chicago, and has lived in that city practically his entire life. He was in second year at high school. His cousin Fred, fifteen years old, lived on a farm near a small city in Ohio, and attends high school there. Both boys have been guarded and trained as carefully as the understanding and the circumstances of their parents have permitted.

Next fall we will leave Chicago and take up our residence on the farm on which I spent my boyhood which adjoins my brother Fred's place. We have been asked repeatedly by friends and neighbors why we are willing to leave our comfortable home in one of the most beautiful residential districts and desert, practically, a paying and growing business to "bury ourselves" in the country. A few evenings ago I explained the reasons in detail to an old neighbor, a father who has raised three sons and a daughter and seen two of the boys "go wrong." For a long time after I had finished he sat gazing into the fire. Then he said simply:

"I think you are right, and I'll pray you are in time. Billy, what you ought to do is to write the things you have told me. There must be thousands of parents situated exactly as you are—and as I was."

Therefore: We are going into the country because of our boy. We have found out what he knows, and that he learned it of the city. Only recently my wife and I discovered that, no matter how carefully and conscientiously parents may strive, it is practically impossible to rear a boy in a large city and bring him to be a clean, broad-minded, wholesome young man. The fault lies not with the boy, nor entirely with the parents. I do not say that the city-bred boy is doomed to criminality, but I am fully convinced that if he escapes becoming morally oblique and tending toward degeneracy it will be luck as much as anything else.

I am going to write as plainly, almost, as I spoke with my old neighbor. If there are fathers and mothers who think they know their boys, I want them to read. For the great trouble is that we all think we know our boys and that they are "all right." Until last autumn we were smugly satisfied with ourselves and with our boy. We felt rather sorry that Brother Fred's boy could not have similar "advantages." It was through the bringing of the two boys together that we were awakened to see the truth.

We decided to spend our vacation in a long-deferred visit to Fred on the farm. It was understood that when we returned to the city Fred's boy should come with us and remain a month or more during the winter to "give him a chance to see a little of life and broaden out." We reached Fred's place after an all-night ride, and the boys spent the morning getting acquainted with each other. I walked with the boys over the farm. Fred showed my boy, George, his traps for mink, weasel and muskrat, that he had set in the creek; he pointed out the cover where the quail were, explained the silos, took us through the dairy barn, started the cream-separator, explained the milking-machine. I was much interested to see the development of the old place, and so interested that I did not observe for some time that George appeared bored and kept winking at me while Fred talked of the rotation of crops and the success and failure of some experiments he had tried. The only thing I observed that day was that our boy did not compare favorably, physically, with his sturdy, self-reliant cousin. He was better dressed, but I felt a pang of regret to think his younger cousin could beat him at anything requiring strength or endurance. It was not until night, when we retired to our rooms, that I began to see light. George hardly could wait until we were alone.

"Oh, aren't they rubes, though?" he laughed. "Honestly, mother, I hardly could keep my face straight when Fred was showing me round. But, cracky, I wish I could handle a machine the way he does! He knows all about autos, and his father lets him go anywhere in it. But he's green as grass. He talked as if I cared about cows and sheep and chopping up corn and stuff.

"Momsy, I nearly snorted out loud at dinner and supper. What the dickens do they want to pray for that kind of grub for? I never saw such service. If Jane cut bread into chunks like that, and piled things on to plates, and shoveled it at you the way these hayseeds do—"

"That will do," I said angrily. "It seems to me you have a poor sense of politeness to speak that way of your relations who also are your hosts. It's a poor return for their hospitality."

"Oh, I forgot you used to be a Jasper too!" he laughed, not in the least abashed. "I'll bet you had to wash in cold water and eat ham gravy, too. This simple life isn't any hit with me."

I was losing my temper when the wife said: "Don't scold him, Billy; it's all new to him, and he doesn't mean to be rude or impolite, do you, George?"

"Why, these Reubens back here in the high grass don't know what politeness is, Dad," he argued. "Fred don't know how to tie his neck-scarf. He told me himself he never had a dress suit in his life. What do you think of that? When he goes to a party, he wears what he calls his Sunday suit. And he's never been to the theatre except to 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and the 'Drummer Boy of Shiloh.' He thinks that's great. Wait till I get him into town, and I'll teach him something."

After George had gone to his room, I could not sleep, but kept thinking over and over his words and his manner; and observing that my wife also was sleepless, I said:

"I'm worrying about George. If we do not change him some way, he is likely to develop into a cheap snob."

"Why, Billy, what do you mean?" exclaimed the wife, rousing in an instant to the defense of her only child.

"Just that," I answered. "I did not notice it until tonight. The things that brings it home to me is that when I first went to the city the one thing that angered me more than anything else was the arrogant assumption of every person I met that they were a superior class, just because I came from the country. George has that same assumption."

"I don't believe he is that way at all," protested my wife, blind in her devotion to the boy. "It is just because everything here is so new and different."

We talked until far into the night: I bitter because of the boy's words and manner, and she warm in his defense.

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"Well," I finally remarked, "I will not permit him to insult or affront Fred's family. We'll study the boy, and I will not speak of it again until you do, or until I am certain of our ground."

Fortunately, we always had treated the boy as an equal and invited his confidences, so there was little difficulty in learning his views and thoughts on various subjects. The discoveries I made were a revelation to me. They made me realize that, closely as we had watched and guarded the lad, our study of him had been superficial; but now that I studied him with a definite purpose, little was concealed. For more than a week I associated with him and his cousin as much as possible without arousing their suspicions, and drew them out on various subjects. The saving feature of my boy was that he showed little hesitation in speaking openly to me and giving me his opinions on the most delicate subjects—subjects indeed that caused his cousin to blush and stammer, and of which he knew little or nothing. I was doing much thinking, and I studied my wife closely to see whether she was observing the boy or not; for, after our rather heated curtain argument on the night of our arrival, neither had mentioned the subject. More than a week passed before she opened the subject. She waited until George had gone to his bedroom, and then remarked:

"Billy, I want to talk with you about George. I have been watching him, and I'm beginning to be ashamed of him. You'll have to take him in hand and talk to him. I'll not have him showing his contempt for Brother Fred's family and for the people around here the way he does."

"What has he been doing?" I asked. "What kind of a boy have you found him to be?"

"I'm ashamed to say it," she said, "but if you and I do not make him change his ways he'll soon be the kind of boy I wouldn't allow a daughter of mine associate with."

"I felt that way myself, at first," I told her; "but I have changed my views somewhat. What has he done to make you ashamed?"

"He considers himself a superior being," she answered. "He has low views regarding women. He scoffs at everything. To-day Fred's mother gave him a beautifully bound copy of the Declaration of Independence as a birthday gift, and when Fred started to read it George said: 'Cut out that George M. Cohan stuff. It's a hundred years behind the times'. He ought to be thrashed."

"It will not help to thrash him," I remarked. "It isn't his fault; it's ours."

"Ours?" she exclaimed indignantly. "We never taught him to laugh at religion and patriotism and look at a fresh young country girl as if he were staring at some Broadway walker."

"No," I admitted; "we didn't. Neither did we keep him from doing those things, nor show him wherein they were wrong. He is merely reflecting the things he sees and hears every day in the city, the things you and I and our friends say and do, the things he hears on the stage, sees on the street, and reads in the newspapers. He's a city boy—"

"But he knows right from wrong. We've taught him; we've sent him to the best schools, and to church and Sunday school."

"Yes, and slept late Sunday morning ourselves," I argued. "The whole thing is that he sees so much bad that is accepted as a matter of course, and without protest, that bad and good are all alike to him."

We talked it over again until far into the night, and we decided to maintain silence, to correct him when a good object-lesson arose, to show him that there are things outside his own narrow life and views worth while—and why they are worth while. The one thing I feared, was arousing a spirit of resentment. I wanted him to see of his own accord. We agreed to adhere to the original program and bring the boys back to the city together. The next day I casually picked up the Declaration of Independence as we all sat in the living-room, and opened a discussion with Fred, intending to confine the conversation to the grown folks and have the boys as auditors. I spoke of the lofty sentiments and thoughts embodied in the Declaration, and asked Fred if he thought the same spirit existed among Americans of to-day as among those who signed that famous document. To my delight Fred took up the argument at once, voicing his view that everywhere except in the great cities, the spirit of the signers was unchanged, except by modernization, and that even in the cities, although submerged under the veneer of false living, it was to be found. I observed that the boys, who had been playing some game, stopped and listened intently to our argument. In the midst of it my boy interrupted, saying freshly:

"Aw, say, Uncle Fred, that's old stuff! We aren't free and equal. We aren't even free. There aren't any United States: the Jews own it."

"It isn't the Jew, nor the money power, that threatens the United States," said his uncle; "it's boys like you, who think it's smart to repeat glib, fresh sayings like that, things they don't know nor understand, that threaten this country."

The rebuke stung. George turned scarlet, and pretty soon went to bed, shamed and set back, and I believed my first step toward bringing him to see himself as others saw him had been a longer one than I hoped.

The evening before we returned to Chicago I held a long talk with Fred and his wife, and explained to them the entire situation, asking their co-operation.

"I have noticed," I remarked, "that your boy at first seemed in danger of imitating his cousin, or rather of following his example, but that within a week he ceased doing so. I do not think there is any danger, so if you are willing to take the risk of having your boy contaminated by a month in the city with my boy and his friends, we'll try this thing out."

"The boy who never knows temptation isn't any good anyhow," said Fred. "I've faith in mine, not so much because he is any stronger morally than yours or any one else's, but because he seems to see things better."

"How do you account for it?" I inquired.

"It's perspective, I think," remarked Fred. "We here in the country see the evils in city life that you are too close to see at all."

The month in the country had shown me much, but the revelation was nothing compared with that brought about by four weeks in Chicago. My wife and I were with the boys as much as we possibly could be. The eager expectancy of the country boy, his interest in everything he saw, his quickness in learning from observation, and his instinctive recoiling from evil interested us both. The attitude of my own son toward the things his cousin shrank from filled me with heartsickness.

I do not desire to convey the idea that our boy was a wicked boy. He wasn't. He was just the average type of what we call the "upper middle-class" boy. He was merely tuned to the low moral tone of the city. Vice, to him, was not a monster of hideous mien. He had seen it from childhood, and, although he had not done so, he was arriving at the embracing stage. He scoffed at the idea of visiting the Lincoln Park Zoo when his cousin proposed it, declaring "only rubes go there." He sneered at the proposal to go to the University of Chicago, which, he calmly stated, was "only a Jew-and-jay school where no one went. All the real folks go to Yale or Harvard." He admitted that he never had gone through the stock-yards, or the city hall, or the art museum. He didn't know where Armour Institute and Hull House are. In fact, in one week his country cousin knew more about the city, its condition, its institutions, and government than mine did. He read the papers, discussed happenings, made inquiries about various parts of the city, and one day went unattended to the public library, then to the Crerar, to look up some historical records and being unable to find them was directed to the Historical Society, and came late to dinner full of enthusiasm. Thinking it a good opportunity, I laughed and asked George where the Historical Society was. He did not know. Nor did he know where the Crerar was, but said the public library was that big building near the Illinois Central terminal. He never had been in it, nor seen its fine decorations and marbles.

"You two," I said to the boys, "show me the truth about a thing that has puzzled me for years, and that is why there are so few Chicago boys holding Chicago jobs. In our office there are seventy men, and I do not think two of them are natives. The evident reason is that the Chicago boy knows so much less about his own city than the country boy does that the country boy gets the job."

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I thought such examples, brought to his attention at the moment when the proof was self-evident, would awaken him to the serious view of life. The process, however, was slow, and most of the time it seemed as if we were not making headway at all. It was discouraging at times, and irritating. For example, one morning Fred said:

"Let's go down to the Field Museum to-day."

"Aw, what's the use?" protested George. "That won't get you anything. Say, Dad, there's a bully matinee at the Illinois to-day, take us to it."

I took them. Leaving the theatre with the boys, I observed a flabby-faced, loose-lipped, young-old man, overdressed, weary-looking, and worn out at perhaps twenty-five, loitering in the lobby. He was a type—a type of the cane-carrying, cigarette-smoking, loose-moraled youth that is becoming more prevalent, and so strong was my disgust, I called the attention of the boys to him as another object-lesson.

"That's a product of idleness and viciousness," I remarked, never thinking but that both would be as disgusted with the sight of this semi-degenerate as I was. "A boy who wastes his time and money as he does soon degenerates into that sort of travesty on manhood."

How to bring home the truth to the boy who never had seen anything but city life, and therefore had no means of contrasting it with other standards, worried me. One evening in the early winter I stopped at the club for dinner, and fell in with a man I shall call Ned. I had known him, and known his father. He was perhaps thirty years of age, and I recall vividly that as a boy of seventeen or eighteen I had regarded him as the wildest young scapegrace I knew. Suddenly he had dropped all his wild ways, steadied down, and, although still a bachelor, was rated as one of the soundest of the younger generation of business men, a leader in civic affairs, a thinker, and a clean, straight fellow. I asked Ned to dine with me. After dinner I said:

"Ned, I want to ask you some close—impertinent, perhaps—questions about yourself."

Then I told him in detail of the boy, his actions, how much he knew, and how much of the fruit of the tree of evil he already had tasted, and concluded:

"I want to make him see it himself. I remember you when you seemed to be going the same way. I want you to tell me what it was that set you to thinking and caused you to change."

He was thoughtful for some time, and then said: "I know just what changed me. Maybe it will help in your case. At least, it can not do any harm."

Then he told me some secrets of his own boyhood; how, for one long period he skirted the brink of ruin, physically and morally, and how an accident had confined him to his room for weeks and altered the course of his life. We agreed to try the same experiment on my boy.

The following day Ned brought me a list of books that he asked me to procure. That evening after dinner I was in the library, and I summoned my son.

"George," I remarked, "I have decided to take you out of school, for a time at least. This will not change our plans for a college course for you, but probably help more. I want you to do some special reading and studying here at home I shall insist upon serious work. Every morning at nine o'clock go to your room and work on the books I shall give you, until luncheon-time. After that you are free for the day."

I gave him the five books I had purchased that day, with a list showing the order in which I desired him to study them. He glanced through one after another, plainly puzzled, and striving to guess what the object was. The manner in which he fumed and fretted for three or four days was annoying, and he was at it every evening when I came home from dinner.

"I don't see any sense in this stuff," he complained. "What's it all about?"

"In good time I'll tell you, if you can't see for yourself," I replied rather sharply.

At the end of the first week I asked him to hand me a written review of what he had read, together with some deductions of his own. His report showed that his reading had been careless and slipshod, and I rebuked him for his failure to think of what he was reading, and set him to reading the books over again.

To tell the truth, it is small wonder he was puzzled over the object of the work: there was a history of money and its uses, a work on the sex relation, and a history of civilization in France. Then there were two novels: one historical, dealing with Polish history; one with the degeneracy of modern Rome.

For a month Ned and I selected books, varied in subject and in material. George was reading much better—that is, more intelligently— and he scarcely grumbled. A dozen times, perhaps, he inquired what I was "driving at," but he was off in his auto, or with friends in the afternoons, and I frequently took him with me to the theatres in the evenings.

It was five weeks after the start of the experiment that I began to notice a subtle change, one perhaps he did not realize himself. He was more silent, and appeared to be thinking. I observed, too, that frequently in the evenings at home he would read books from our own library, which were not on my lists, but which, in every instance, were referred to in some of the books I had set him to reading. I gave him a book on the Modern Drama, and for days afterward he referred constantly to Shakespeare, tracing plots and ideas, looking up references, and when we went to the theatre he took a great interest in the construction of the piece, criticizing rather shallowly and flippantly with his newly acquired knowledge.

If the theatre had been partly responsible for his moral blindness, it also helped to open his eyes. It was rather a cheap, tawdry, and essentially nasty French farce that finally turned the tide. We went together, and before the middle of the first act I saw something had happened. My son seemed oddly excited, almost disgusted. The character was effeminate and disgusting, and he was a burlesque on the ultra-modern young man. We were leaving the theatre when in the lobby we encountered a youth who had been one of my son's oldest chums at the private school. George cut him dead as he bowed and raised his hat.

"Why did you cut him?" I inquired.

"Why—you see," he stammered, "I don't want to associate with that kind of fellow again." Then he burst out, "Oh, Dad, I just saw tonight why you wanted me to read those books and why you take me to these plays! I've been so slow."

"They didn't teach you to snub that boy because he does not see things as you do—now?"

"No-o, I'm sorry I did."

He sat silent, looking out the window all the way home. We went into the house together, and as I started upstairs he said, more timidly than he had spoken to me in years:

"Dad, tomorrow is Saturday. If you're not busy I'd like to have a long talk with you."

I knew the turning-point had come. The talk we had lasted for hours, and the boy laid his heart open to me.

"You can go back to school now," I said. "And you'll be an influence for good among the fellows. You might try to help them by a word or act."

"Dad, don't ask that of me!" he implored. "When I began to see what you were driving at, to see things right, almost a week ago, I had that idea. I want to help them, but I'm afraid, yet. Father, I'd like to go to the farm—just for a year or two; and maybe, when we come back, I'll be strong enough to be sure of myself and to help them."

I called my wife. In that little family council we confessed to each other, and when we parted for the night it was understood we were to build on part of the old home place, near Fred's, and live there rightly. And as he started for bed my boy kissed his mother, which he always had done, and then kissed me, a thing he had not done for years; and I felt he was saved. —From "The American."

Correct?

A good story is being told of a reply given by a student to a question set in an examination paper:

"If twenty men reap a field in eight hours," ran the question, "how long will it take fifteen men to reap the same field?"

The student thought long and carefully before setting down the answer, and when he handed in his paper this is what the examiner read:

"The field having already been reaped by the twenty men could not be reaped by the fifteen."

Letters from Laddie---Homegoing Hopes Aroused

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Bonnycastle Dale

APRIL 9th—"Up at 4.30 this a.m., everybody is happy and smiling at the thoughts of Canada being so near—that is all except a few poor fellows who have to wait over for the next sailing, they look extra glum. It didn't take the boys long to get washed and shaved and get blankets rolled and the haversacks packed for the last time, then out to line up in front of the garage for the last breakfast of war bread, bacon, porridge and coffee, and to hand in our much punched meal tickets. Then back to our room on the third floor, grab our things and get out to the Drive for the last muster roll call.

It's a damp dark morning with a fine drizzle, but who minds that. At last everybody has answered their names and formed up on the road outside—and we spend five minutes listening to the farewell speech by the Colonel—the band strikes up a lively tune and we are away.

I wonder if we peeve the sleepy inhabitants who reisde in the houses on the streets we traverse to the station, we make enough noise with the band and the cheering, who cares though, we're going home. At last we reach the station and we again have to tell the Sergeant what our name, number and initials are, and receive our ticket. When we are all comfortably settled in the carriages the good English ladies come around with cigarettes for us, Canadian cigarettes too. We also have a visit from the Padre who gives us a photograph of the home we had in ——. At last we hear the guard's whistle and a 'toot, toot' and we are off for the landing station of our two-year ago arrival, now our last port in the home land—an hour's run. It is our last look at the beautiful English countryside too, but lovely a country as it is we are not sorry to leave it, all our thoughts are already in Canada—days in advance of the arrival there of the great ocean greyhound we are to go on."

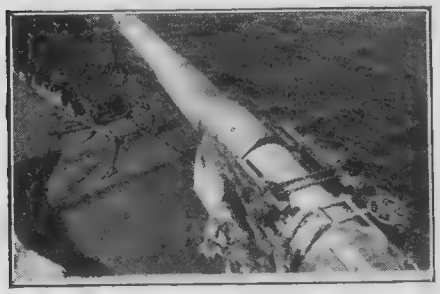
(Note by B.D.—I want my dear readers of The Western Home magazine, to note also that this great steamship which is to bear Laddie, Sr., home, has made an immense number of trips across the ocean and back since 1914, heavily laden with our precious troops and, returning; bringing our dear wounded ones back, so take heart and have great courage, if this huge modern target can so long and so safely run to England and back through sub infested waters—we have got the sub beaten—also give great credit to the U.S. navy that so ably assists the British navy in this most difficult task of guarding troopships)—to resume Laddie's Diary:

"We pass right through the big city and stop at the dockside and in a few minutes we are lined up on the great floating dock—with our eyes searching

Laddie, Sr., on boat deck of transport.

the waters for our boat—there are all sorts of boats there, we are told it will be fifteen minutes before she comes alongside to take on her load of broken but happy warriors, women and children and heaps of baggage—no supplies are taken from this side, all ready stored for the return trip while still in U.S. or Canadian waters. I wish I dare tell you how this boat came across and you would agree with me that Lloyd George is right when he says 'we have the subs held.' There is much speculation as to whether we will land at Halifax or New York, we all hope it is to be New York as most of us have never been there.

The great steel sides of our ship slip alongside—we are getting very hungry by now—the huge gangway opens and we start to go aboard. I am lucky to get a comfortable bunk in a cabin, some of the men have to sleep in hammocks and I wouldn't like that a bit with my bothersome chest and back. We are soon settled and in an incredibly short space of time everybody has found the dining saloon and we are served with a lunch—and we taste our first bit of white bread—and are not so wild about it as I imagined we would be, there is no taste to it as there is to the nearly black bread of the C.D.D. at —— and the war bread of England generally—we don't need to have a meal-ticket either; although the dock and England are only a few feet away, everything on board savours of Canada and we are pleased.



One of the guns on board the transport.

Being wounded, sick and furlough men; there is only one parade each day for us when the Captain of the ship makes his tour of inspection, that doesn't take long, there are a few men picked out for fatigues, pickets and armed lifeboat guards, but I escape all duty.

About three in the afternoon all the luggage was in the hold and the boat pulled out to anchorage—for how long we did not know, all that afternoon was spent by us in exploring the ship and hunting up friends—she's an immense ship and well armed, and other modern things besides cannon are here that I must not picture even in words and, as cameras are verbotem, perhaps the censor will like me all the better. There are all sorts of rumors flying about, some say we are not going to sail for several days, but an A.B. told me we are going to sail tonight after dark.

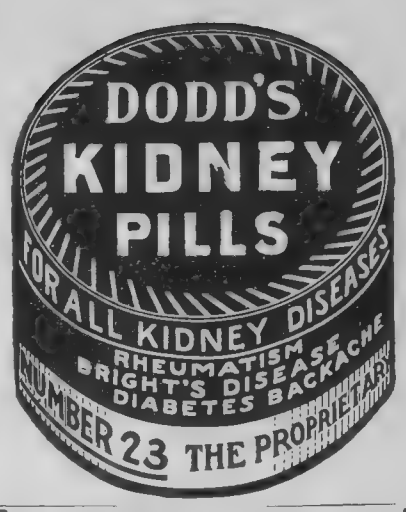
At last we are away, the anchor is up and the ship is slowly picking her way out through the mine fields, not a light to be seen, even smoking is strictly forbidden on deck, and I believe punishment is heavy for those who might be foolish enough to light up. Everybody is up watching the lights of England fade away in the distance, it is the last look we have of land on this side of the ocean; unless we get torpedoed within the next twenty-four hours, all the crew are alert on duty; everything manned, gunners standing to, and will stand to until we are far beyond any danger zone, we all wear lifebelts, while on board. It is a comical thing to see children, wee tots, with lifebelts on as big as themselves—there are so many women and children on that it will go hard with them if we get into trouble, but there are many more life boats that will hold all the passengers and the crew. Eastward bound this huge ship is crowded—and she made it safely every time yet.

It's turned quite cold up on deck. England has passed from view and its misty out. 'I'm tired so will soon turn in—It's quite a trick to makes one's bed upon the top bunk, I was hot and nearly out of patience when I got it done. I'm sure I banged my head twenty times on that big steel beam before I learned it was there for keeps—having all the portholes closed makes it hot and stuffy. Well! I'm going to bed, and am trusting in the Lord and the Captain to get us safely through these sub-infested waters. For the sake of the women and children I hope we come in contact with none of 'Von Turnips' parasites, as for myself I'd like to see one of them. I have faith in the hooded men who are even now standing by the guns, watching always even though the night is black—Good night."

As this is all of Laddie's manuscript I have received at present I will close by giving you an underseaman's account of a bit of his work, as we hear so much of the army, so little of the navy and almost nothing about our subs.

"What's your greatest danger?" I asked the Sub's man.

"Letting the British navy spot you or



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hitting our own mines. There's not much danger of an enemy ship seeing you, there's only been two of the biggest dare to show themselves outside Kiel since Jutland fight, and we got them both. I've seen some odd things in my work, you know we always protect life, even if it be a murderous Hun or a greasy Turk. Well one day we rose beside a brigantine, there was quite a bit of a swell on so we couldn't snub her and we wanted to ship her crew off in her own boats and sink her pretty quietly as there were others about. 'Keep her covered!' sang out an order and our officer leapt into the sea, swam over, coolly climbed aboard, shipped that crew off in ship-shape order in their own boats, hunted up matches and oil, set her ablaze and, when she was full afire; dived off the low rail and swam back just as if he was doing a stunt in fleet drill. Now mark it down against the Huns that they pot poor defenceless women and children, as well as men, when the crews leave the torpoeded ships. We always either put them in boats near shore; if at all possible, see that they have food and water, or else tranship them to some boat all on to go Scot free. I've been in the "tin Lizzies." If I dared tell you the size of the mosquito fleet fighting against the subs Germany might well throw up her hands."

"Thousands," I put in.

"Guess again," he said. "The biggest fleet that ever sailed the seas, you ought to see us after an underwater chase. With our destroyers lifting a fair wall of water outside, and the "tin Lizzies" scittering along like dolphins, and a few hydros dropping depth bombs, I tell you it ain't none too healthy for that sub, you see the hydros can usually keep in sight of them on their current, and we ain't publishing all the troop and freight bottoms we put down either, and never a word to the Germans about the subs we sink—'Number so-and-so' just fails to make home port—and they have been wondering for three years now about some of them. I've been down when our wireless was out, when we ran slap bang into three obstructions one after another, when our periscope was scored, our guard most cut off, when we were thrown off our course many points and we had to come up and down like the sinker on a restless urchins' fishing line, and I remember the time we went full tilt into the nets that had been stretched since we went in—say! we did come up fast that time, talk about falling down stairs you landsmen, you want to fall up fifty feet in a sub to learn motion. We had over ten thousand miles recorded when we bumped the home dockyard, with never a mite of outside help or repairs all the time. If you want to get your nerves working full time just sit down on the shallow bottom and let a fleet of trawlers sweep right over you—they do tell, but I don't vouch for this—that one of ours anchored in a little calm western bay in British waters, there was an enemy sub sitting on the bottom waiting for night, over the side goes the commander in a diving suit and pretty soon he was tapping Morse signals on the hull of that squatting Hun. "Rise—to—the—surface—there's—a—bomb—in — your — screw."

I hope to be able to give you some actual facts from Laddie's pen now that he is homeward bound, but just one thing I want all my readers to watch carefully for. There are, in this Canada of ours, certain men and families who, starting wrong and not helping at first, are so soured by their own acts that they are positively enemies to our cause at present. So much so that we are ashamed to have our returned boys meet them and know we were soft enough to allow them to live in our midst and act so, try by kind word and example to get them to understand their position. In a few years this country will be under the civil control of the very wounded men who are now returning, imagine the full half million men home again—I tell you homes will be marked with stars for the fighters and positions and preferments and honours heaped upon our returned heroes—What kind of a mark will the home of the slacker get?

During the hearing of a lawsuit, the judge reproved a man for making unnecessary noise. "Your Honor," was the reply, "I have lost my overcoat and I am looking about to find it." "Well, sir," said the judge, "people often lose whole suits here without making so much disturbance as that."

Going Out to Dinner

Mrs. Coburn had decided at the last minute to go to town in the morning with her husband. He fretted while she got ready, and together they rushed for the eight-fifteen, only to find themselves, much to Coburn's unacknowledged discomfiture, in plenty of time. His impatience he expressed in a tirade against the slowness of women in dressing, and the unnecessary fuss they made about their clothes. A writer in the Chicago News tells the story.

"My dress suit comes home from the tailor to-day," he said to his wife as they parted. "I'll get there at five-thirty, so we can start for that dinner in plenty of time. And, Bess, do start to dress before the last minute!"

At twenty-five minutes to six Coburn rang the bell furiously and long. The maid and Mrs. Coburn arrived at the door simultaneously.

"Thought you'd never come," he said, as he flung himself out of his overcoat and dropped it on the stairs. "I must have lost my latch key. Did the tailor send my suit—oh, there's the box. Looks all right, but you never can tell. Where on earth are my dress shirts? I haven't one in sight—"

He paused as his wife took his hands out of the bureau drawer, which he was frantically pawing from top to bottom.

"Not in there," she said. "That's the drawer your socks and handkerchiefs are kept in. Here they are!"

"Oh!" he exclaimed, slightly mollified. "Aren't you dressed yet, Bess? I wish you'd put in the links and buttons for me. And say, will you hunt up my ties?

"Ask Mary to see if the patent leather polish is downstairs, will you, and telephone Bill not to come out this evening. I forget to tell him we wouldn't be home!"

Mrs. Coburn, in her kimono, and with her hairpins in her hands, flew one way and Mary flew the other. The roar of running water and mighty splashings came from the bath-room.

"You've got those buttons in wrong?" he cried, presently. "Still in that kimono? You'll be late, sure as fate!"

He emptied the tailor's box and proceeded to don his new clothes. A groan brought Mrs. Coburn to find him twisting his head round perilously and staring into the mirror with an anguished face.

"Awful!" he moaned. "Give them away—burn them up—they don't fit!"

"Now, Harold," said his wife, restrainingly, "what is the trouble? Of course, the coat wrinkles when you twist yourself up like that!"

"Can't you see," he stormed, "the coat's ruined! It's cut too low in the neck! The shoulder hunches. Look at the sag here! And the trousers are too tight! That man a tailor? He ought to be breaking stones!"

"Let me hold the mirror and you stand still and take a look," commanded his wife.

He did so and then coughed.

"It'll have to do for to-night," he said. "Where's my hat? I'll bet it's still packed away in moth balls. Oh, did you get it down. It smells like a drug shop. Aren't you dressed yet? I'll go downstairs, and please hurry up. Wonder where my overcoat is—ugh!"

Coburn fell over the overcoat at the bottom of the stairs, and promptly examined his new suit and shirt front for possible damages. His eye caught the clock.

"Bess," he yelled, "it's quarter of seven! We've just fifteen minutes to drive four miles! You've had the whole afternoon to dress—"

"My dear boy," said his wife sweetly, "you sit down and be quiet. Now that I've got you dressed, I'm going to finish myself. That clock is half an hour fast. I set it ahead, and the one up here, too, for I knew just how it would be when you started getting ready."

Coburn sat down to wait without a word

When Slavery Began

The dull boy in the class unexpectedly distinguished himself in a recent history examination. The question ran: "How and when was slavery introduced into America?" To this he replied: "No woman had come over to the early Virginia colony. The planters wanted wives to help with the work. In 1619 the London company sent over a shipload of girls. The planters gladly married them, and slavery was introduced into America."

Mrs. Riley's Awakening

Written for The Western Home Monthly by C. M. Watson

NOW ain't she a shiftless woman though? Did you ever see her likes? She don't even wash her clothes, but puts 'em in some sort of round-a-bout thing and then she turns a handle once or twice and hangs 'em out 'thout hardly putting a 'and to 'em. Lors-a-me I've seen her readin' at eleven o'clock on a Monday mornin'," and Mrs. Riley settled down more comfortably in her arm chair which protested loudly under her ponderous weight.

She looked interrogatively at Mrs. Williams to see what that individual might have to say of the slothful way of their new neighbor who had bought the farm adjoining Mrs. Riley.

"I called on her on my way home from town yesterday," said Mrs. Williams in answer to the expected look of her neighbor "She is a nice person to talk with and we ought not to run down our neighbors, but I can't help saying she does have the most ridiculous furniture in that house. She hasn't what you would call a carpet on the floor of the parlor, even. She's had that painted and put down a bit of rag that don't touch any side by three feet. She hasn't any paper flower ornaments around, and she hasn't got no fancy things at all. Only a few pictures which are such dull things you wouldn't look at 'em twice, and when I asked her about the fancy things she says, 'Oh, Mrs. Williams, I really don't have time to do fancy work, besides they take so much time dusting,' and there she sat readin'! Sarah Riley, when I comes here with a clean white blouse that you or I'd think good enough to go to church in, she could sit there all alone in a clean white blouse a'reading a book, and she couldn't find time to decorate her parlor in a fitting manner. Gee! I wonder how her husband puts up with it."

This was only one of the many discussions that the Riley district had concerning their new neighbor. Any sign of thriftlessness on the part of a young wife in that section of the country was enough to ostracise her from the "Ladies' Aid" or any neighborly confabs in which the main topics of these meetings consisted of scurrilous talk.

Myra Smith, however, was all unconscious of the criticism and dislike she was creating among her neighbors, went happily upon her way doing her work in the easiest manner possible and devoting all her spare time to her books and music to which she was greatly attached, during the long hours she was obliged to spend in the house alone.

Occasionally a neighbor would call, but though she tried her best to receive such a caller as becomes a hostess, there seemed to be a wall of partition which she could not break through.

She was thinking of this one day as she was taking in the clothes when she heard a step behind and turning faced the ponderous form of Mrs. Riley.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Riley," was the gentle greeting. "Just step inside the parlor and I'll be with you in two minutes." Mrs. Riley, not unwilling to find shelter from the hot sun, stepped not into the parlor, but into the sitting room. An open book lay upon the table which plainly condemned the young housekeeper to the crime of reading on a washing day. Carefully adjusting her glasses and unscrupulously picking up the book, Mrs. Riley proceeded laboriously to spell the title.

"Ahem! M-e-d-i-c-a-l, that's medical, H-i-n-t-s, hints, Medical Hints. For goodness' sakes and on a wash-day, too."

Her lips curled in contempt. Just at that moment Mrs. Smith entered the room and received her visitor cordially.

"Oh, I am so pleased that you have found something to pass the time! It's my doctor book, is it not? I was just referring to the first aid applications in case of emergency. You know I have always lived in the city within easy call of some doctor, but I should like to know what to do in case of an accident, because even with the telephone in the house precious time might be lost."

"For goodness sakes! You ain't got one of them talking things, have you? I should call it a waste of money paying for them things, and wouldn't have one nohow."

The discovery of this "talking thing" that Mrs. Smith had had installed, and that she could talk to her mother in the town or even her friends in the city, was "food" which Mrs. Riley willingly shared with her cronies. Myra at last began to feel the coldness which her neighbors took no pains to conceal, and finally they ceased to call altogether.

To one with her sensitive nature this omission was keenly felt, for she had felt that perhaps she might share with them of her best, and also help to broaden their narrow lives. Instead, she found herself entirely shut out from all their interests. But "Every cloud has a silver lining" being her maxim, the brave little woman did her best, kept her own counsel, not even mentioning her trouble to her husband.

"It will come right in time," she would muse, for as Emerson said, "Persons and events may stand for a time between you and justice, but it is only postponement."

A full twelve months had passed since any of her neighbors had called on her, when, one bitter cold morning she saw the ponderous form of Mrs. Riley hurrying up the garden path as fast as proportions would allow.

At once Myra surmised that her neighbor was in trouble and was waiting at the door to receive her as she reached the house.

"Oh, Mrs. Smith, it's that brute of a horse that kicked my man and he's bleeding awful from his head where he struck when he fell. You've been reading doctor books, maybe you know what to do till the doctor comes. He can't be here for two hours yet. Our hired man is hitching up a team to go for him, but it will take him a good two hours' drive to town and the same for the doctor back again, and the poor man's a' bleedin' to death. Oh, Mrs. Smith, could ye have pity? If you read what to do, could ye come down?"

"Yes, yes, my dear Mrs. Riley," said Myra. "But first let me telephone for the doctor. There is no need of the hired man going to town. Why, he is only a boy, and will freeze in this weather. What doctor would you like, Mrs. Riley?"

"Oh, it's Doctor Brown we'll get. He's the good man that—"

But before Mrs. Riley could finish her eulogy of Dr. Brown, Myra found the number and was calling him up. Mrs. Riley listened open mouthed in astonishment.

"Dr. Brown," said Myra. "Not in? Can you tell me where he is, please? We must have him at once—Yes—Thank you so much."

Then Myra turned to seize the directory again, saying, "He's over at Jim Andrews, Mrs. Riley. That's not quite two miles, and if Mr. Andrews has a telephone we can get him in less than thirty minutes. Yes, he has." Myra then turned to the telephone again. "Is this Mr. Jim Andrews? Thanks! Is Dr. Brown there yet?—Yes—Will you kindly ask him to step to the 'phone a minute?" "Hello! Is that Dr. Brown?—Mr. Riley—Tom Riley—has had an accident and we want you as quickly as possible—" "Yes, he'll be here in less than half an hour, Mrs. Riley," said Myra as she replaced the receiver.

"He said he was just leaving Mr. Andrews, so we caught him nicely. Now let us hurry to Mr. Riley and see what we can do."

It took Mrs. Smith but a few minutes to place Mr. Riley's head in a more comfortable position. But to check the flow of blood was a more difficult task. But by using compresses she saw it gradually become less and less, so that by the time the doctor arrived, it had almost ceased to flow.

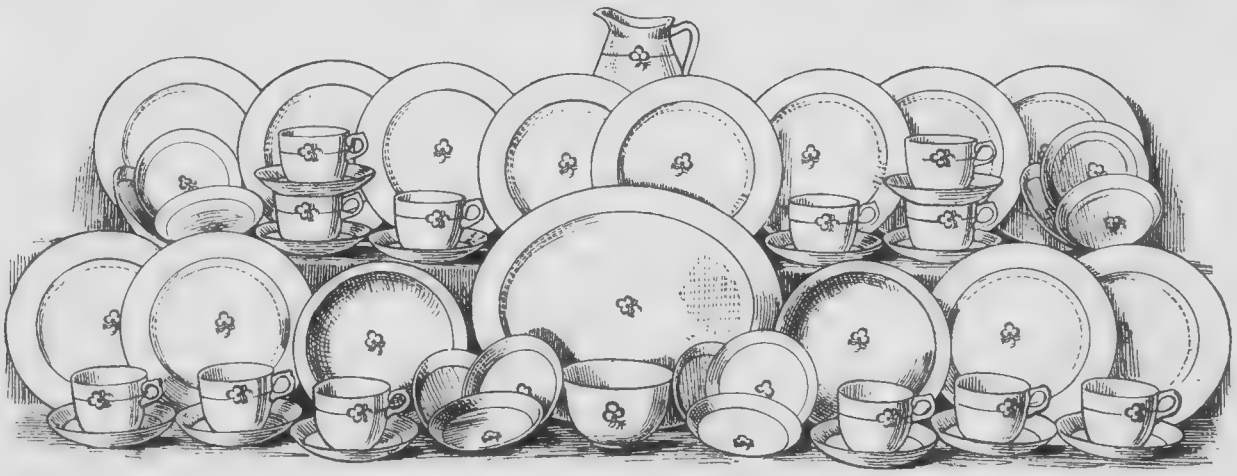
"A nasty cut," he said, "and if you had not done just as you have and got me here in a hurry there would not have been much use my coming at all. That young lady just about saved Mr. Riley's life." After the wound had been dressed and Mr. Riley sleeping quietly, Mrs. Smith turned to go.

But Mrs. Riley clung to her with tears in her eyes and said with trembling lips: "My dear Mrs. Smith, I've mistreated and slandered you shamefully, and the very things I have talked against you of

Continued on page 20

They're Getting Scarce—

Have *You* Got Yours?



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THE NOR'-WEST FARMER, Winnipeg

THE NOR'-WEST FARMER, WINNIPEG, CANADA. W. H. M., July

Enclosed please find the names and addresses of six farmers who are not now subscribers to The Nor'-West Farmer, also six dollars to pay for their subscriptions for one year. Please send me the 53-piece dinner set.

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A String of Pearls

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Erma Stocking

THE soldiers in training in Western Canada, the year of the big crop showed no hesitation in responding to the call to save the wheat. All of the grain was needed by the Empire in this time of her great trouble. Harvest help was at a premium and those soldiers who would do their bit for the West by saving her grain were given leave of absence.

Sewell Camp, as it was called that year, held no charms one of those bright days of autumn, for the boys in khaki who were eager to entrain for the harvest fields and forget the monotony of drilling. Dick Hurley was polishing buttons and packing his knapsack with a spirit that provoked sarcasm from two of his tentmates who were not leaving camp.

"Why the sudden burst of energy, Hurley," said a young Englishman. "What do you anticipate so pleasant about seeing your bally homestead again? If your piece of land is anything like mine, you wouldn't crave the privilege of seeing the place again."

"Say another word, old chap," answered Dick, "and I'll show you the kind of muscles homesteading gave me. Haven't I told you that I used to own the finest piece of land in Canada? Not a stone or bush was on it, except a dandy little bluff right near my shack. I nearly killed a half-breed that started to cut it down one day when he thought I wasn't there. Of course, I am going back, for there is something magnetic about the prairie when you have watched a quarter section of raw land evolve into a fine field of wheat."

"Good for you, Dick," laughed the cheery American boy, who had come North and enlisted for a reason that he never would tell. "You probably knew good land when you saw it, and I'll bet Fred here picked out a nice, sandy farm because it happened to be near a creek and had a few trees and a hill or two on it that reminded him of home. Say, if she writes a letter while you are away, shall we open it to see if it is important enough to send on, or are you going where you'll see her and not need writing?"

"One thing sure," said Dick, "if you want to know a thing, it doesn't take long for you to ask and find out. But the fact is I haven't an idea what it would be like to hear from a girl. They seemed to be scarce articles around my homestead. I sold my land before I enlisted and am going to a new part of the country, so you see there is no girl attracting me away from here."

"If you boys are going as far as Brandon with me, you had better get a hustle on you."

There was no part of Saskatchewan more favored by Nature that year than the district around Rosetown, the heart of the famous Goose Lake Country. Robert Dale was often heard to declare, much to the amusement of his daughter, Inna, that he had the most fertile and prettiest piece of land to be found in the province. Its fertility had yielded beyond his dreams this year, and had occasioned the need of more help during harvest.

The great train bearing its always heavy traffic between Saskatoon and Calgary seemed a miracle as it sped over the apparently trackless prairie. As it came suddenly to a stop, Mr. Dale's keen eyes caught sight of Dick Hurley, whose manly bearing seemed to suggest a desire to get into the thick of things. Dick was equally attracted and they were soon on the long road toward Mr. Dale's home.

With cheeks as pink as her beloved flower, the prairie rose, Inna flew from her work to the door to watch the road where her father would be visible for miles. "See Daddy too," said Tiny Tim as he coaxed to be held up so that he might look down the road with the field glasses that Inna had used. "Daddy's coming, Daddy's coming!" he assured her, as she put him down after his long look for his father, and he danced down the lane with an abandon of delight that Inna sorrowfully wished his mother were alive to see. "Wait honey," said Inna, "he is not as near as the glasses seem to tell you. Help me to get some roses for the table, for think how hungry he will be and we must have dinner all ready."

When Inna stepped through the door to greet her father, Dick thought that he had never before seen so sweet a sight. The dark blue of her eyes Dick knew was of a shade that could seem black from the depths that love or anger might give. But anger, except for a righteous cause, could never come to the possessor of that sweet face. Her hair caught the sunshine that turned its brown to bronze, as she lifted up Tiny Tim to his father to be kissed.

When the tired harvesters had finished their evening meal, by clever questionings Inna drew a description from Dick of life in the training camps. "It's not all sand in our beds, nor monotonous drilling, Miss Dale" he laughingly said, "we even have our Movies, and the boys of the 53rd have had moving pictures taken of them that we are rather proud of. There is fun about camp more often than you would think."

"Not long ago our Company's mascot, a bull-dog decided he didn't like the looks of Company D's daschund. The daschund had as much grit as length and didn't mind fighting it out. Of course, we banked on our dog and thought he would win out easy. That fight lasted longer than we thought it would, for the dashund was in fine trim and made of good stuff. But the bull dog hung on long after we thought he was down and out and he finally won. Poor Dutchy was minus both ears and his tail."

During the harvest in the Canadian Northwest, the sun can shine with an ardor that can not be excelled in a more southern country. Dick found that stooking wheat had its drawbacks when he was on the opposite side of the field to the jug of water. He had a ready welcome for Inna when he saw her coming through the stubble with a pail in her hand. With a laugh she showed him the Red Cross badge on her arm and offered him a drink of lemonade from the pail that she was carrying. "I always did want to do Red Cross work," she told him, "and I thought it well that I revive the exhausted soldier in my fields rather than wish I were in France."

"I'll make you a medal of gold from this wheat, Sister of the Red Cross," answered Dick. "May I have a pin? We will have the ceremony of decorating the hero who has saved a life. You can't imagine how hot I was." She did not know that the ceremony offered a delightful excuse to find how deep her eyes were.

"Thanks, Monsieur, for your gallantry. Allow me to place in monsieur's cap the insignia of the Order of the Rose," she replied with mock courtesy.

"Tell me, do many others belong to your Order," he asked her.

"Indeed, sir, you are not going to learn the number that I have decorated," and she laughingly left him; not noticing that the rose was removed from his cap and placed in a place of safety near his heart.

There are no busier days than the harvest time on the northern prairie. Wheat must be cut with all possible speed to save it from the frost that might any night appear, and from the winds that scatter the dry kernels far and wide. Two or three binders on every farm of the average size make a constant hum, and the several stookers busily gather up the sheaves that have fallen from the bundle carrier of the binder. Mile-long fields of grain suddenly become bewildering arrays of stooks. The stubble offers tempting feeding grounds for the wild duck and prairie chicken. The face of the farmer loses a few of the tense lines of worry, for his whole year's labor is either a success or a failure according to the yield of these fields.

A week of work in the wide wheat fields brought to Dick a return of the sense of all that is best in life. Training for war had for a time be-dimmed his knowledge of the true values of a well-lived life.

"Love and work, we must have after all," he thought, "to bring life to its best." Work, he never had feared to meet, but love had been to him as an unknown land. He was entering that land now, he knew; and he blessed his guardian angel that he had never frittered away by purposeless passions the love that he would not be

SAVE FOOD BY HOME

CANNING

"The Food Crisis is Grave and Urgent Beyond Possibility of Exaggeration"

SIR ROBERT BORDEN

Everyone now knows that the conservation of food is a very vital part of our war duties. "Food is Ammunition." We are asked to save it and to utilize the largest possible proportion of perishable food in our own land, sending exportable foods to our Soldiers and Allies overseas.

In our "War Gardens" we are now growing tons of vegetables that can best be saved for winter use by home canning. This will reduce the demands upon exportable tinned goods, and these will be available for shipment abroad.

To ensure success in home canning, the Manitoba Department of Agriculture is giving practical canning demonstrations by experts at 238 places within the Province during the summer months of 1918.

"More and more we must live on Garden Products. More and more we must give our commercial supplies to our Allies. It is only through the help of our Housewives we can accomplish this substitution."

CHAS. LATHROP PACK,

President National War Garden Commission, Washington.

238 Canning Demonstrations

Every Manitoba Woman Should Attend One of These

Home Canned Goods are Wholesome and Delicious. Apart from the War Needs, Home Canning is worthy of encouragement.

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V. WINKLER

Minister of Agriculture and Immigration.

ashamed to offer to this sweet wild rose of a girl.

With the rest that Sunday brought, came opportunity for closer companionship between Inna and the soldier Tiny Tim ran away with Dick's cap and made it a covering for his curls. He romped into the house with a stick for a horse and announced that he was "do-ing to war with Dick."

"Oh, honey-mine, don't say such things," said Inna, as she pictured her little brother grown to manhood, lying on the battlefield; his golden hair covered with blood.

"Here is my coat, young man, if you must have it. Sorry I can't dress you out in full uniform, but you are doing very well for your coat hits the ground," said Dick as he wrapped around Tiny Tim the coat with the shiny buttons that had charmed the baby's eyes.

Inna noticed with heightened interest in him, his gentle ways with Tiny Tim and the kindness of his looks as he talked to the laddie in his arms. His sudden glance upward surprised on Inna's face the look that told him that the picture was delightful to her.

"I can now better understand that fine old man in Dickens' 'Tale of Two Cities,' said Dick with a smile. "Do you remember how happy he was in being a friend of those who admitted him into a real home? The old chap looked forward to his Sunday dinner with the Manettes, but I shall look backward with as much pleasure to the two Sundays that I have spent in this happy home."

Inna, all unconscious of her charm, did not know that much of that pleasure was due to her presence, but she was delighted that he knew so intimately one of her favorite characters Together they discussed the fascination that Dickens held for them. Laughter and tears brought the sweetness of expression to Inna's face as they talked of the brothers Cheeryble, Madame Defarge, Little Nell and the well-loved Tiny Tim.

When they came indoors, after watching the beauty of the prairie sunset, Dick asked for music. Inna played the opening bars of Dixie, with a merry smile that changed to one of surprise as he joined in the spirited words of the chorus.

"I love it too, though I belong to Canada," he said. "It reminds me of the strength and vigor of the long-leaved pines of your Georgia State"

"But there is a song that has all the beauty of your favorite wild rose. Will you play 'The Rosary' for me?" She played it for him, nor dreamed that that hour would be one of her dearest memories. Before it was ended her heart had unfolded to the warmth of the tender tones of his voice and the fine honesty of his simple manners.

A month passed, and the threshing of the harvested grain was commencing. Robert Dale looked with relieved eyes at the mounds of grain lying on the ground where the threshing machine had stood. The yield had been even greater than he had anticipated and not enough granaries had been provided. From the time the gasoline engine began its irritating noise until the last bit of straw flew stackwards, the threshing scene was a mine of energy.

The long hauls to the grain elevators at Rosetown had commenced, when from camp headquarters came the call to the soldier-harvesters to report for overseas draft. With the desire to know the taste of real fighting, the Homeland seemed dearer and fairer to Dick Hurley for one that he loved would be left behind. A longing to return came to him, but first he must learn whether it would be worth while for him to come back. If Inna had no more than a friendly interest in him, death on the battlefield would be far better than life without her love through future years.

There was a touch of frost in the air when he asked Inna to walk with him that night. He wrapped around her his khaki great-coat, and a great heart-hunger came to him as the waves of her hair touched his cheek. Only the whirr of the wings of wild cranes flying low broke the stillness of the prairie evening.

Softly he spoke: "Dear Rose-girl, I must leave to-morrow and I know not what is ahead of me. It may be that I will experience the horror of seeing companions shot down beside me; I may fall myself in the same way. But, whatever my fate may be, if I knew that you loved me, there would be no suffering that I could not more easily bear."

With all the bravery that these days are bringing out in women of the warring lands, Inna forced back her tears and, standing proudly poised placed one hand on his shoulder and with the other bent his head until his lips touched hers.

The memory of each hour that she spent with him "makes a bliss of solitude." Her rosary does not end in a cross. In its place is a pearl of hope, a symbol of dreams of his return. She sees a little prairie home overflowing with happiness where her love fills every corner of it. She dreams that wild roses creep over its step and nod with approval at this home where reigns a purity and sweetness equal to theirs.

The Forgiveness of Sin

There are in the Bible nine terms for sin—Debts, Missing the mark, Lawlessness, Disobedience, Transgression, Fault (moral aberration), Defeat, Impiousness, Discord. These terms show the extent and depth of sin in human life. But we need forgiveness as wide as the sin. And we find in the Bible as many terms expressing forgiveness as we found for expressing sin—Forgive, Remit, Send away, Cover up, Blot out, Destroy, Wash away, Cleanse, Make them as if they had never been.

Forgiveness does not at once remove all the consequences of sin, either from ourselves or from those who have been injured by us. The experience of the exiles illustrates this for all time. They could not restore to life those who had been slain in battle or died on the exile journey. They could not for many years restore the country and city to its ancient glory. They must have an inferior Temple. They could not, for a long time, remove the bad influence of their conduct upon the heathen nations, or regain their power as servants of the Most High to be a light in the dark world around them.

At the same time Forgiveness of the repentant does remove many of the consequences of sin, both from the penitent himself and from those he has injured. The prodigal returned to his father's house may have many blessings which he could not have while indulging in riotous living, or dwelling with the swine.

Every man who knows anything knows that one law can be neutralized by another. There is a law of gravitation which keeps this Bible here upon the desk. That law cannot be altered, it cannot be stopped; it will draw, and draw, and draw, whatever you may say or do, but it can be neutralized by the law of my will. I can lift the Book and make the law of gravitation to appear as though it were not. That is exactly what we say about the pardon of sin and the arrest of its consequences.

Sin must be taken away by some means. It is ruining men and nations. Sin must be forgiven—its evil consequences removed, and the disposition to sin taken away. Free forgiveness, merely on condition of repentance, fails in satisfying the sense of justice; in showing the evil of sin; in satisfying the conscience of the sinner himself; in preventing sin in others. No ruler in a wicked world can make it a rule to forgive sin and remove its punishment on the mere condition of repentance, although it be sincere, without spreading and multiplying that sin. Wherever the penalty is thus relaxed the sins multiply.

The Big Job of Any Washer is to Save a Woman's Strength!

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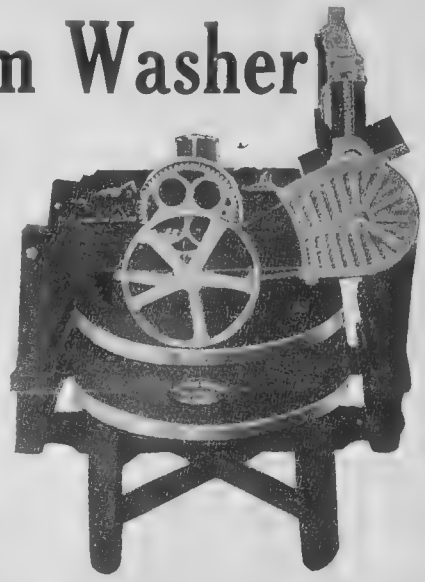

not only washes the clothes cleaner than by hand, but it does it in a fraction of the time, with much less wear and tear on the clothes — and it does away with all the hard work. Operated by hand, gas, or electric power. The Vacuum principle is much easier on the clothes than the ordinary dolly type of washer.

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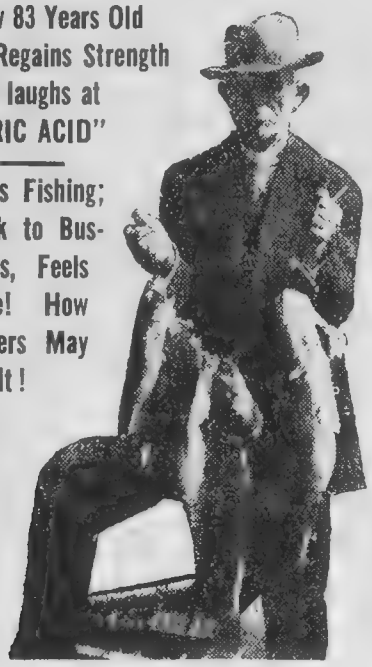

"I am eighty-three years old and I doctored for rheumatism ever since I came out of the army over fifty years ago. Like many others, I spent money freely for so-called 'cures,' and I have read about 'Uric Acid' until I could almost taste it. I could not sleep nights or walk without pain; my hands were so sore and stiff I could not hold a pen. But now I am again in active business and can walk with ease or write all day with comfort. Friends are surprised at the change."

HOW IT HAPPENED

Mr. Ashelman is only one of thousands who suffered for years, owing to the general belief in the old, false theory that "Uric Acid" causes rheumatism. This erroneous belief induced him and legions of unfortunate men and women to take wrong treatments. You might just as well attempt to put out a fire with oil as to try and get rid of your rheumatism, neuritis and like complaints, by taking treatment supposed to drive Uric Acid out of your blood and body. Many physicians and scientists now know that Uric Acid never did, never can and never will cause rheumatism; that it is a natural and necessary constituent of the blood; that it is found in every new-born babe, and that without it we could not live!

HOW OTHERS MAY BENEFIT FROM A GENEROUS GIFT

These statements may seem strange to some folks, because nearly all sufferers have all along been led to believe in the old "Uric Acid" humbug. It took Mr. Ashelman fifty years to find out this truth. He learned how to get rid of the true cause of his rheumatism, other disorders and recover his strength from "The Inner Mysteries," a remarkable book that is now being distributed free by an authority who devoted over twenty years to the scientific study of this particular trouble. If any reader of The Western Home Monthly wishes a copy of this book that reveals startling facts overlooked by doctors and scientists for centuries past, simply send a postcard or letter to H. P. Clearwater, 40-D, Water Street, Hallowell, Maine, and it will be sent by return mail without any charge whatever. Send now! You may never get this opportunity again. If not a sufferer yourself, hand this good news to some friend who may be afflicted.

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MRS. LYDIA W. LADD - Windsor, Ont

have turned out a benefit in the saving of my husband. I have been thinking I could learn some lessons from you, my dear, instead of setting myself up as a know-all. And I'll start to read and have a telephone put in this week."

From that time on Mrs. Smith found herself a heroine in the Riley District. The one who had done so much to set public opinion against her was now the loudest in her praise.

"No sensible person would be without a telephone, that's what you call a talking machine," said Mrs. Riley, "and if folks can enjoy readin' and can learn by it, the sooner they start the better. Now the first thing you reads, Maria, is the seventh chapter of St. Matthew, it's on'y short."

An imperceptible shadow of a smile crossed the careworn features of Mrs. Williams. Mrs. Riley continued her admonition. "And if they do use washing machines and puts their sheets away 'thout being ironed! 'deed, I'm getting one myself, and I advise you to do the same, for Mrs. Smith showed me her clothes, and they're as white as any I broke me back over."

"Yes," agreed Mrs. Williams, "I've thought so myself, for those spotless waists she wears just dazzle me eyes. They do beat me I own, but I never was much at turning out a good looking wash.

Near Gladstone, Man., where the big onions grow.

Mrs. Andrews was over last night and she showed me an advertisement for a washing machine in a farm paper she takes, it was cheap enough and guaranteed or your money back if it did not give satisfaction. So we are both getting one, for I sent the letter this morning. Oh, yes, I'm also thinking of painting my parlor floor and have the carpet made into a rug. Mrs. Smith knows where they do it and told me where to send it, she says it would make a fine one. She says it saves a lot of work, too. And she took my name as a subscriber for two of them papers she's so took up with."

"And I did the same," said Mrs. Riley, "Though sure I have to spell out most every word before I can sense it. But I might pick up some of her quick ways by doing it, and it will do me no harm if it do me no good."

The Clothing of Children

By Bessie Johnson

While much has been written and said on the very important subject of the moral and spiritual development and training of the child, I feel impressed to send out a little message on the clothing of children.

Our Canadian mothers are noble, bright women in the main. But I fear many for the sake of appearance, are sacrificing health and even lowering the moral tone of the child.

I saw, in the very early spring, on one of our streets, a mother and daughter. It was a bleak, chilly day and the mother wore a heavy suit and a fur boa, a quiet, sensible dress; but the daughter was clad in a dark skirt and white waist, elbow sleeves and the whole front of lace. The bare chest and blue arms made me shiver.

That girl was about fourteen years of age, that critical time in a young girl's life and I felt tempted to speak plainly to that foolish woman. She was but one of many. Is it any wonder that pneumonia and "quick consumption" claim its victims?

I meet sometimes young girls whose sailor blouses are opened in the neck quite too low for modest, refined young women. I am not "cranky" but do let our girls keep that precious modesty that if lost is not regained.

Again on a cold day I met two mothers, richly and warmly clad, dragging crying miserable little tots of three or five years of age wearing little half hose or socks and slippers, and their poor little limbs were blue with cold. Some business men stopped and stared and their faces indicated "swear words."

I find it wise to put on my children warm woolen underwear in winter, soft and not too heavy. As the spring opens up garments that have worn thin or else a set of soft cotton with high neck and short sleeves. Then for the warm days the low neck and short sleeves.

You are perhaps in very moderate circumstances like myself, but better the rubbers and rain coat, and warm underwear for winter than elaborate dresses.

My little daughter has made some little garments by hand very dainty and fine and I am proud of these.

Do not allow corsets on your young girl. A girl of fourteen came from a nearby city to visit friends. She was dressing; she squeezed, pulled, puffed, jerked. "My," she cried, "that was a job." This child with her delicate figure and precious vital organs squeezed out of place! Let us put on our girls the sensible waist and save their health. The rompers, the bloomers, the little overalls are excellent.

Although my children like slippers and "ties" and I allow them, I think the high soft shoes support the ankles better

All Bets Off

Miss Elder—"I'll bet you a hundred that I'll never marry."

Mr. Easy—"I'll take you."

Miss Elder (rapturously)—"Will you, really? Then I won't bet, after all."

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The Philosopher

The Meaning of Morale

It was a saying of Napoleon's that, in war, morale is to all other things as three to one. And within the past month General von Ludendorff—realizing, as all the other military masters of the German people now realize, the supreme and vital necessity of maintaining, if possible, the confidence of the German people in their power of achieving victory—has said, in an urgent appeal, which has been published broadcast throughout Germany, that "the war will not be won so much on the fighting lines, as by the resistance of the people back of the fighting lines against the influences which would disintegrate their solidarity and resolute determination." The importance of morale is plainly fundamental. This all-important quality in a people is hard to define adequately. It includes physical, moral and spiritual qualities. It involves bodily strength, moral strength, mental strength and spiritual strength—courage, training and discipline of the body and the mind and the soul. It requires conviction of the rightness of the cause for which one's country is making a life-and-death fight; and it produces confidence while fighting and assurance of the certainty that the right will triumph. In the maintenance and strengthening of morale every man at the front has his duty to himself and his country, in regard to his own personal physical, mental and moral health; and every person at home, for whom every man at the front is fighting, owes a supreme duty to do everything in his power towards aiding the man at the front in the maintenance and strengthening of his physical, moral and mental well-being, so that not only will he have all the material comforts it is possible to get to him, and every provision for binding up his wounds and caring for him if he is wounded, but also that he will have convincing reason to feel that he has the sympathy and the confidence of the people at home, and so can preserve his cheerful courage at top pitch. All this is what is meant by morale.

Another Waterloo Campaign

Last month brought the one hundred and third anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. The campaign of 1918 now being fought in Flanders and France is another Waterloo campaign, with numbers incomparably greater, but essentially like that campaign in many respects. In the beginning of the June of one hundred and three years ago Napoleon still believed that he could defeat Wellington; and in the great battle that ended his campaigning he came perilously near to success. But failure brought him swift and sure ruin. Months of acute anxiety are ahead of us. New and heavy blows must still be expected. But the German assault upon civilization will be repulsed.

Language and Citizenship

In the United States there is only one official language, namely, the English language. English is the only language spoken in the House of Representatives at Washington and in the United States; and English is the only language in which the official records, the statutes of the United States and the government publications of the United States are printed. And the same is true of each one of the States separately. Canada's history has been different from the history of the United States; hence it is that our country has two official languages. But in Canada, as in the United States, it is a fact manifest and undeniable that no child can have a fair chance in life who cannot speak English. In justice to the public welfare, as well as in justice to the individual, as Mr. Roosevelt has been pointing out, the teaching of English is necessary. It is necessary for the right understanding of the civic duties which are imposed on the individual by the fact of his citizenship. In this connection it is worthy of note that Bishop Harding, of Qu'Appelle, in his address to the Anglican Synod of that diocese, has made some sound and practical observations on this subject, which are of special application here in the West. It is a subject which every thoughtful Canadian, considering our national problems, must regard as of nothing short of vital importance to our country.

An Admission From Berlin

The London Times makes a practice of printing translations of extracts from leading German newspapers, which it obtains by way of Amsterdam. One of the most interesting and enlightening of these in the latest batch of issues of The Times which has come to The Philosopher's table is the rueful admission by the Berlin Lokal Anzeiger that the hopes which Germany built on the German-Americans in the United Staters have turned out to be completely illusory. "Our optimism regarding the part the German-Americans would play," laments the Berlin Lokal Anzeiger, in an outburst of bitterness, "was based on what is the greatest fault of us Germans, that is to say, our sentimentalism." The interest of this is greatly added to by the fact which The Philosopher has discovered by turning up the files of the London Times for 1915, that the Berlin Lokal Anzeiger in that year repeatedly dwelt upon the political power possessed by the German-Americans in the United States, and declared again and again that that power would show itself to be the dominant factor in the shaping of the foreign policy of the Washington government. The Lokal Anzeiger went even so far, in September, 1915, as to suggest to the leaders of pro-Germanism in the United States that they should inaugurate a movement for the discarding of English as the official language of the United States, and the substitution of German in its place! The Lokal Anzeiger has reason to realize now how grotesquely it misjudged the situation in the United States when it made that suggestion. As for the German "sentimentalism" it now has so much to say about, it is strange how that "sentimentalism" continues to regard outrages committed by Germans as heroism.

The Only Way

Every time a German "peace offensive" is attempted, it can be counted upon to be offensive, indeed, to every right conception of justice. The rulers of Germany have never yet said, or done, anything to indicate that they accept the fact that they must deal with Allies as a whole, standing solidly together. The German idea is to make terms with the different nations of the Allies separately. German hopes are based upon the possibility of dissension among the Allies. The German mind cannot conceive of it as possible that the Allies will stand faithfully together, both in fighting and in making terms, and so looks forward to being able to secure the best possible results for Germany from the war by playing upon the jealousies and treacheries which it confidently expects to develop among the Allies, and which every possible method will be used to start and to stimulate. In this the German purpose will get help from the few pacifists in the Allied countries who are still obsessed by the notion that peace can be secured by some sort of bargaining, without defeating Germany. These people imagine that the Allies should earnestly beg Germany to "state her terms of peace." No sane person cares what Germany's "terms of peace" may be. The terms of settlement must be laid down by the Allies, after conclusive military defeat has been administered to Germany. When an individual has committed such crimes as arson, rape and murder, we do not allow him to say how he shall be dealt with. He has first to be overpowered. The case is not otherwise with a criminal nation.

The Armor of Childhood

Sad reports come from France in regard to the children in zones near the front, who, it is said, no longer look like children at all. It has even been said that they no longer play. Those who have seen the children in such districts in France have looked into deeps of unlimited sadness. Every one of us has known, in time of peace, of cases of individual children suffering injury and deprivation and unhappiness. But this dreadful blighting of young lives in great areas of territory reaches a point beyond which it does not appear possible that desolation could go further. Some consolation, such as it is—if consolation it can be called—is derived from the reports that in the districts of France which are not near the front, as in Great Britain, the effect of the war upon the children is less serious. They do not fail to show traces of tragedy. The Hun has laid a burden upon them, as upon all others. Yet, in the districts which are not near the actual desolating destruction wrought at the front, even in such regions in France and England which have known visitations of destruction in repeated air raids, childhood which escapes the bombs dropped by the Hun from the sky is clothed with an armor which is, for the most part, too strong for him to pierce by what he calls the "moral effect" of his savageries. This protective armor of childhood consists chiefly of the qualities which make youth youthful—the qualities of elasticity, of growth and of young hopefulness, which provide the constant renewal of humanity, even spring brings its renewal of inanimate Nature every year.

A True Analogy

The elder of the Mayo brothers, the eminent surgeons, who is now Major Mayo, of the United States Army Medical Service, said in an address to an audience of physicians and surgeons at Toronto a couple of weeks ago that it might be said that each microscopic cell in the human body, each unit in the structure, has a brain of its own, to speak—an intelligence whose work is to encourage and guide it in co-operation with all the other cells in its neighborhood in doing its work as a part of the whole organization which is the physical being of each human individual. It sometimes happens that one cell fails not merely in that co-operation, but seeks to operate on its own account. Why it does this, and how, are matters which are, as yet, largely hidden from human knowledge. But when a cell that has thus started to work in the wrong way has got well started, a physician looks at the, results, and says, "cancer." In like manner, in the community, every individual human being has his duty of co-operation with his fellow-citizens for the furtherance of united and peaceful progress, which is community health. The same thing is true of the nation; and in any right view of the meaning of civilization, it is true of the nations considered as a whole. One nation, Germany, deliberately planned to violate its duty to civilization, and to surge ahead on its own account and at its own will, with absolute disregard of rights of others. And so the world is now suffering from a malignant cancer, which will have to be dealt with before world-health and well-being can be established.

The Obligations of Freedom

"In the veins of the fatherless children of France," wrote General Pershing, in an appeal on behalf of French children made orphans by the war, which is being widely circulated in the United States, "courses the blood of heroes. Theirs is a heritage worth cherishing—a heritage which appeals to the deepest sentiments of the soul. What France, through their fathers, has done for humanity, France, through them, will do again." These words of the general in command of the United States forces in France have been taken in some quarters as meaning that he expects that the evil thing which has wrought such savage destruction in France, with such murderous cruelty and such elaboration of outrage, may have to be fought down again before the lives of the French children it has orphaned are lived out. But surely General Pershing's meaning may well be that while the children of France may be counted upon to grow up to be men and women of the same unconquerable spirit as their parents have given proof of, their work for humanity in the years to come may not have to be done on the battlefield. All the free peoples can preserve their freedom and the true essentials of their democracy by constantly living up to the full measure of their obligations as citizens of free countries. It is the spirit of faithfulness to those obligations that animates the world's banded free peoples in their determination to make the autocratically controlled military might of Germany understand by force—since force is the only thing it understands—that it cannot make itself master of human destinies.

An Utterance of the Kaiser's

"The giant deeds of my brave troops," said the German Emperor, in one of his latest utterances to the German people, "will secure respect for the German name for all time." Never did a more grotesque utterance pass the lips of the Kaiser. The world outside Germany does not deny, nor does it at all underestimate the physical courage, usually mass courage of the German troops, nor the great bravery of which there are instances on record—though there are also on record cases of gunners chained to their guns, and riflemen shackled to trees, and bodies of spike-helmeted troops coming forward to the charge because their officers, with automatic revolvers in both hands drove them on. But granting a full measure of courage to the German troops, they can never be given respect. Soldiers who murder unarmed old men, who crucify nurses, who impale babies on their bayonets, who work nameless horrors of outrage upon women and girls and who inflict filthy, loathsome and barbarously savage cruelties upon prisoners who fell into their hands can never be respected. These may be "giant deeds," in the eyes of the Kaiser. It may well be that by "respect" the Kaiser meant "fear." If so, he is wrong again. The free peoples of the civilized world know now what German frightfulness is, but that knowledge has created in them only a cold, steel-hard determination to conquer and put an end to German frightfulness.

Typically Teutonic

Was there ever a more amazing official document conceived than the pamphlet which the German government is spreading broadcast in Spain, and of which a translation has been printed in the London Times? Four years ago it would have been inconceivable, but the world is learning more every day about the German mind. This pamphlet, which is in Spanish, is a warning to the Spanish people of what they will suffer if Spain enters the war against Germany. It boasts of the enormous amount of loot gathered in Belgium and in France, giving lists of the thousands of watches and pieces of jewelry and household belongings of all sor — totals running up into tens of thousands, and hundreds of thousands of articles. It gloats over the destruction of four cathedrals and scores of churches. It sets forth the huge money fines levied upon captured villages, towns and cities. And, most amazing of all, it dwells on the hardships suffered by prisoners of war in Germany, and of the number of these prisoners who have died. The only items omitted are the totals of outraged, of children tortured and mutilated, and individuals carried off into slavery. The pamphlet ends with these words: "If there are any still thinking of siding against Germany, let them take warning from the fate of those who have done so." The German mind is incurable in its belief that it can terrorize the world into submission by frightfulness.

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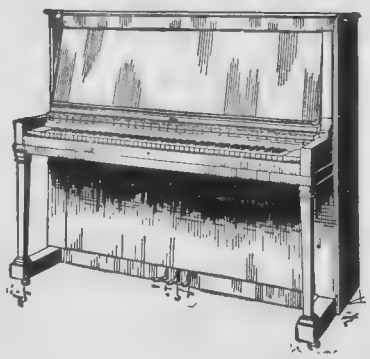

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Music in the Home

Ambulance Boys in France Music-Hungry

Anything Musical in Demand. A Phonograph With Broken Spring Kept Going With One Finger

Extracts fr m recent letters received from a college man who has been carrying "blesses" (wounded) in his ambulance for the past year, give an inkling as to the large part music is playing in making the perilous routine of the ambulance drivers' lives, endurable.

"I have heard my first band since coming to this town, for a regiment of Poilus stationed here march fôr exercise every other day headed by a wonderful big band. Can't begin to tell you what a treat it was to us all.

"We also have for entertainment a talking-machine, a small one which some wretched soul wound too tight and broke the spring, so now it will only work by pushing the turn-table around with the tip of the finger. Of course that makes the pitch vary according to the speed with which we whirl the turn-table.

"After supper last night, I nearly worked three fingers off, playing 'Havanola' through once, while th fellows sitting around looked into the fire and dreamed."

"Who wrote 'Shanewis d'Or,' I pray?"
"How much should a contralto weigh?'
"In what key is the A flat march?"
"Should singers eat more fat than starch?"
"Do concerts pay in Baraboo?"
"In 'Trovatore,' who is who?"
"I beg, where does Belle Canto live?
And does she still instruction give?"
"Will you please tell me where to try
A Galli-Curci seat to buy?"
"What was the first ton ever heard?"
"Is 'Gotterdammerung' a bad word?"
"Will Wagner's operas come back soon?"
"What kind of beast is a bassoon?"
"Are bustles worn at concerts much?"
"What pianist has the cutest touch?"
"Is potpourri cooked in a pot?"
"F. Choppin's German, is he not?"
"Of all the instruments and voice
The ukulele is my choice."
"How much does Muratore get?"
"Has Muzio sung Turiddu yet?"
"Fritz Kreisler's in an awful fix."
"Who sang Thais in '96?"
"Must students pay the war tax too?"
"Is John McCormack not a Jew?"
"The moths are in our piano case."
"Could you tell me if I'm a bass?"
"Do you think Heifetz is so great?"
"Don't I sing just as well as Teyte?"
"Oh, Bauer is my piano pet."
"Is Gounod writing music yet?"

A carload of Red Cross supplies ready to leave for France, and the ladies who packed the cases. All Red Cross supplies for overseas are packed in uniform cases, which can be carried to the front lines on the shoulders of a man. The goods never leave these cases in which they are placed, clean and sterilized, until they reach the casualty clearing stations at the front or the hospital to which they are sent.

Finds American Song Camouflaged by French Words

"A few nights ago, after I got off guard at 8, I was escorted to a little shop, back of which was a real piano—much the worse for wear and tear, but that made little difference to us.

"Sitting down, I started to play a supposedly French song which happened to be on the piano and then discovered I was playing 'I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now,' with French words. (In Paris we heard Irving Berlin's songs played at the Follies.) We certainly had a great musical evening and the boys sat down on the concrete floor of the little room while I sang 'Just a Wearyin' for You,' 'Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag' and all the other old favorites."

Are Bustles Worn at Concerts Much?

One of our popular novelists put in some time behind the counter as an ordinary salesman in order to secure certain human-interest material for his book. The editor of the Musical Courier really must have served behind the counter of a modern music store (incognito of course) to collect such a wealth of queries as the following which he records as being continuously hurled at the music editor:

The reason for his happy smile
Is that the phone rings all the while—
And breaking up his perfect ease
Come earnest questions such as these:
"How old is Nellie Melba now?"
"Did she and Farrar ever row?"
"What's in the cup that Tristan drains?"
"What gives Amfortas those queer pains?"
"Your paper no want print my face
You t'ink maybe eet ees disgrace'
Me big-a-man, ah! what de use?
Me shave de great Enric' Carus'?"

Looking Back

Do you know that the song "Annie Laurie," supposed by many to be an ancient folk song, is just eighty years old? It was written by Lady John Douglas Scott (Alice Ann Spottiswood) to whom "The Banks of Loch Lomond" is also attributed. Do you know that once Luigi Tarisio went from house to house in Italy during the early part of the last century as a poor carpenter? On his rounds he picked up what the peasants thought were old worn out fiddles. He would, Aladdin-like, give in exchange, bright new fiddles and take the old ones to Paris and London and sell them for fabulous prices. He died in miserably furnished quarters in Milan, leaving his relatives a fortune of 300,000 francs, made entirely from the sale of rare violins. Nowadays, so many fraudulent Stradivarius labels, are found in worthless violins that thousands are deceived into imagining that they have discovered a fortune when they turn up a three-dollar fiddle.

Do you know that the American historian, Alexander Wheelock Thayer (1817-1897) worked for fifty years collecting material for his great biography

of Beethoven? The first volume of the five volume work was published in Germany in 1866. Do you know that the price of sheet music, even in album form has gone down enormously during the last fifty years? In 1861 a famous collection of piano music published in Paris as the "Pianist's Treasury" and then represented as the cheapest in existence, sold for five dollars a volume. Similar books containing even more music better printing, can now be had for one-fifth that price.

Local Seasons of Opera

Why couldn't we have more opera in Canada? In Europe Municipal Opera is common and it is certain the people in the leading Canadian centres are not inferior in their love of music and the drama. How to make a start is outlined by Eleanora de Cisneros whose ideas were so practicably expressed to a Committee discussing ways and means in a similar movement that she was asked to incorporate them in an article for the Billboard.

"First" said Mme. de Cisneros, "it is necessary to find in the various cities, a number of well known people, socially and intellectually, who would support, by their presence and encouragement, a local season of opera. Make the local orchestra the musical pivot of this season, get a local chorus, have the musical director form a repertoire of a stipulated number of desired operas. Have them thoroughly rehearsed by orchestra and chorus. Let the minor roles be sung by local singers, possibly students in the conservatories of the city. The costumes and scenery should be made by the firms doing business in this same city. The theatre to employ machinists and electricians living in the city.

"In that way," Mme. de Cisneros sums up, "you have an immense amount of money being expended for the benefit of the local inhabitants. Here you have the foundation of a community institution, the benefits of which return directly to the city and its people, and there is to my mind no community that would not encourage and support such an institution. The only luxury necessary is the artists, and, with the enormous number of foreigners who flock yearly to America and the very important item of the American singers who would be only too glad to have an opportunity of singing here, there would be no dearth of talent." Even many of the foremost artists would according to Mme. de Cisneros' way of thinking, be delighted to give "guest" performances at such local Operas. She discusses also the question of admission rates. Make the galleries cheap, the stalls moderate the boxes expensive—as the fashionable element, too, is necessary, to make opera generally popular—and before all things, is Mme. de Cisneros' parting injunction, make the performances good.

Church Music

Religion without music is unthinkable. The quality of the music changes with the quality of the religion, but music in some form is the inevitable expression of the religious life. The noblest music has been inspired by the Christian religion, and this is as it ought to be. The Christian religion is preminently a religion of joy, and joy must find expression in song. In fact, joy is soul music. Every period of religious quickening has issued in a revival of song. Yet within the music inspired by the experience of the Christian religion there have been marked differences of quality, from the stately and awe-inspiring music of the masters to the lilting rhythm of the cake walk appropriated for sacred song. The latter has been the outgrowth of revival sentiment and has lingered when the conditions of which it was a more or less spontaneous expression have passed.

Nor is the quality of music unimportant, for music, whatever its quality, tends to produce the type of life of which it was the expression. These qualities should mark the music of the church. It should be set to noble and simple words; it should be appropriate to the words; it should have a strong, but not a degenerate rhythmical basis.

Music in the church is never to be regarded as an end in itself Music which is not an aid to worship should be avoided. Too frequently, the music used for our church hymns is best known by its association with words that do not inspire to worship. When such is the case, the music becomes a hindrance to worship.

"Where's your uncle, Tommy?"
"In France."
"What is he doing?"
"I think he has charge of the war.'

A group of British "Tommies" during a moment of leisure from the fighting that is going on along the Piave river on the Italian front. They are seen in rather a comfortable dug-out with three of them, not forgetting their mascot, kneeling on top.

He Forgot Himself

A veteran in a G. A. R. uinform was entertaining a crowd by relating his war experiences, says the Washington Post, but refrained from explaining how he got the bullet scar which marked his cheek. At last his hearers grew curious.

"Where did you receive the wound in your face?" asked one, at last.

"At Bull Run," said the veteran.

The questioner grinned. "Bull Run!" he exclaimed. "How could you have been hit in the face at Bull Run?"

"Well, sir," said the veteran, apologetically, "after I had run a mile nd a half or two miles, I got careless, and looked back."

The Value of Art

The managers of a certain evening newspaper that publishes a great many pictures found it necessary to cut exepnses. They dismissed a special writer and two reporters, and most of the other employees became nervous about their positions. There was one man, however, who was not uneasy. He worked in what was called the art department.

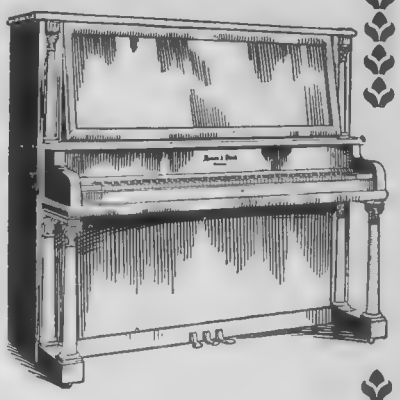
One of his friends said to him, "Why aren't you afraid of losing your job?"

"Oh, they can't fire me," he replied.

"Why not? They are cutting all along the line. Why do you feel safe?"

"Well, you see our paper cannot afford to make a cut in its art department. We have so many subscribers who can't read!"

The Piano



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Introduction to Y.M.C.A. Statement

The National Council of the Y.M.C.A. herewith presents a complete statement of its finances for the year 1917, covering its entire service Overseas and in Canada.

The Executive Committee of the Council arranged last November to have a complete statement for the year 1917 ready for publication before the recent Red Triangle Fund Campaign, but owing to conditions arising out of Military operations in France, this has been unavoidably delayed. It is presented now at the earliest date that existing conditions have permitted.

The portion of the following statement which concerns England and France has already been submitted to the Overseas Military authorities. Audited statements of the funds handled have been submitted to the Militia Department at Ottawa and for the past two years regular accounting has been made as well to the authorities in England and in France. In addition to the regular audit in France, the canteen business is checked every month by the Military Field cashiers, to determine the amount which is paid to Military units as indicated in the Expenditures. Printed copies of the audited statements are posted up in the huts for the information of the soldiers.

The *General Operation Account* shows on the one hand the entire receipts of the National Council; first, from the gross sales of its Military canteens in Canada, England and France, and second, from subscriptions received during the year. On the other hand, there is shown the entire expenditures for the year, including, first, the cost of the goods sold in the canteens and, second, the expenditures connected with the entire service which is carried on under the direction of the National Council.

The *Balance* represents the excess of receipts over expenditures. Of this the sum of $118,351.43 was the balance at the National Headquarters at Toronto, and the remainder was Overseas. This balance at the end of the calendar year represents the amount available to carry on operations until the time of the campaign in 1918. While the financial statement is drawn up on the basis of the calendar year, the receipts from the campaign of one year have to serve until the campaign of the next year. The above balance at the National Headquarters was by April 30th, just before the new campaign, not only used up but changed to a deficit of $237,930.13. This deficit was, however, offset by the balance overseas, which has to be maintained there as a working balance to carry on operations.

The item of $240,524.86 is a special amount which had to be expended for the purchase of canteen and other supplies in Canada for shipment to France. Beginning with June, 1917, on account of the scarcity of supplies in Great Britain, much of the purchasing formerly done there had to be transferred to Canada. The long period of time required for the shipment of these supplies to France involves the continuous employment of a large sum. The amount expended for this purpose, as at December 31st, has had to be treated as an expenditure and placed in a Reserve Account against the merchandise in hand. It is, however, a possible asset and will, when realized upon, be devoted to other forms of service to the soldiers, when it is no longer required to maintain the canteen service in France.

It was possible to provide for this expenditure only because the amount asked by the National Council in 1917 was oversubscribed by more than the amount required just at the time the Canadian Purchasing had to be undertaken. But for this it would have been necessary either to borrow this large amount or greatly curtail the service in France.

It is to be remembered that the goods at the front in France, where the greater part of the stock is carried, are subject to enormous risks. The English Y.M.C.A. in the German offensive of March and April suffered losses in huts and canteen supplies of nearly One Million Dollars. In the more recent offensive the American Y.M.C.A. has suffered losses nearly as large, and the National Executive have deemed it a matter of prudence to be prepared to meet a similar loss if it should fall on the Canadian Y.M.C.A.

The National Council has from the first declared the policy of devoting to the service of the soldiers whatever balance remains in the military fund at the close of the war. This policy has been made known to and accepted by the Overseas Military authorities. The need for the Y.M.C.A. service will continue all through the period of demobilization and the plan of the National Council is to use whatever balance then exists to keep up the efficiency of the service to the soldiers during that important period.

The National Council of the Y.M.C.A., under which the Military Work is conducted, is a representative body of the various Y.M.C.A.'s throughout Canada, but it has no authority over or financial responsibility for any local branch. The funds which it handles have no connection with those of any local branch of the regular Y.M.C.A. It wishes to make clear, therefore, that the funds which are acquired in or subscribed for the Y.M.C.A. Military Work have not been and will not be used in connection with the regular work of any of these branches, but will, according to the policy already announced, be kept in the Military Work and devoted exclusively to the service of soldiers.

The service represented in the expenditures of the accompanying statement covered at the opening of the present year, 96 centres of operation in France and 76 in England, including all regular camps and units, base camps, convalescent camps, hospitals, railway troops, cavalry, London and Paris, and forestry units from the north of Scotland to the South of France.

There were on the Overseas staff 133 Secretaries carrying honorary commissions, 50 of whom were at the expense of the Y.M.C.A. for pay and allowances and the remainder at the expense of the Government. There are also a considerable number of other ranks, non-commissioned officers and men, detailed to the Y.M.C.A. staff by the Military authorities. A number of these, who are given non-commissioned rank because of special responsibility, are at the expense of the Y.M.C.A. for the extra pay over that of their regular rank. Civilian help is also employed where required and where circumstances permit.

In Canada the soldiers are served in 38 centres, including camps, barracks, Red Triangle Clubs, hospitals, naval stations and on troop trains. This has required approximately 100 Secretaries, who work on a civilian basis and are entirely at Y.M.C.A. expense. There is also required a considerable staff of employed helpers, exclusive of the committees of ladies who render their service free.

The scope and variety of the entire service, in so far as expenditures can reveal them, are indicated in the statement on opposite page.

Signed on behalf of the National Council of the Y.M.C.A.

G. H. WOOD, Chairman.

CHAS. W. BISHOP, General Secretary.

F. L. RATCLIFF, Chairman of Finance Committee.

Consolidated Financial Statement of the

National Council, Y.M.C.A. of Canada

(CANADA - ENGLAND - FRANCE)

General Operations for the Year ended 31st December, 1917

RECEIPTS

Operating Balances brought forward from 1916:—		
(a) At National Headquarters	$ 6,730.22	
(b) In England and France	59,863.43	
		$ 66,593.65
Remittances from Canada in 1916 received Overseas in 1917		123,606.67
Gross Canteen Sales:		
In Canada	$ 153,544.03	
In England	594,263 21	
In France	2,233,990.09	
		2,981,797.33
Subscriptions received in Canada:		
Ontario and Quebec	$ 765,227.55	
Western Provinces	226,826.16	
Maritime Provinces	134,736 48	
Interest earned	4,601.42	
		1,131,391.61
Subscriptions received Overseas:		
France	$ 14,328 93	
England	3,821.42	
Interest earned	2,397.74	
		20,548.09
Adjustment of Exchange between Canada, England and France		5,716.62
		$ 4,329,653.97

EXPENDITURES

	Canada	England	France	Total
Cost of Goods sold in Canteens	$ 103,683.67	$ 462,890.46	$1,801,912.22	$2,368,486.35
Transportation and Transport Equipment for Canteen Goods	.....	7,753.96	13,168.72	20,922.68
Loss from Damaged Goods, Fire, Shell Fire and Submarines	.....	.....	33,386.01	33,386.01
Canteen Equipment	2,131.25	15,202.21	14,159.95	31,493.41
Administration of Canteen Service, including Warehouse expenses	7,214.45	2,340.44	8,058.12	17,613.01
Huts, Hut Equipment, Tents and Decorations	18,312.80	103,418.29	121,031.11	242,762.20
Percentage of Canteen Sales given in Cash to Military Units for Extra Rations, Comforts, etc.	.....	.....	71,587.28	71,587.28
Free Distribution of Drinks, etc., including Service to Wounded	.....	.....	84,807.08	84,807.08
Free Distribution of Athletic Supplies and Prizes	.....	12,179.31	39,509.20	51,688.51
Free Distribution of Stationery, Magazines, Religious and other Literature	9,009.45	24,103.92	37,061.81	70,175.18
Free Cinemas, Concerts, Lectures, Pianos, Music and Gramophones	5,100.36	35,019.24	60,254.23	100,373.83
Automobile and Transport Equipment and Maintenance	1,925.85	8,700.35	23,189.34	33,815.54
Supervision of Military Camps (Canadian figures include Salaries)	14,456.66	4,043.29	.....	18,499.95
Administration Headquarters, including Office Expenses (Canadian figures include Salaries)	14,106.52	8,777.40	4,544.82	27,428.74
Pay and allowances of Overseas Secretaries, not on Government pay; extra pay and rations of non-commissioned officers and men on Y.M.C.A. staff Overseas; wages and board of civilian help Overseas, and salaries of Secretaries in Military branches in Canada	40,976.68	47,640.03	33,509.54	122,126.25
Rents, Rates, Heating and Lighting	5,766.82	10,469.43	15,828.34	32,064.59
Office Equipment	.....	3,204.27	.....	3,204 27
General and Sundry Expenses, including Travelling, Postages, Telephones, etc.	16,913.78	7,333.03	2,731.65	26,978.46
Interest and Exchange	.....	.....	448.85	448 85
Information and Records	.....	874.41	.....	874 41
Educational Work	.....	7,532.69	.....	7,532 69
Hospitality League Work in London	.....	973.33	.....	973.33
Expenses of sending workers Overseas	5,327.60	.....	.....	5,327.60
Amount paid to the British Y.M.C.A. for work among Canadian Soldiers	.....	35,797.50	35,797.50	71,595.00
For work among troops in Mesopotamia	5,400.00	.....	.....	5,400.00
Cash paid in Canada for Purchases of Canteen and other supplies for France, still in transit	.....	.....	240,524.86	240,524.86
For work in Military Barracks, Hospitals, Discharge Depots, on Troop Trains, etc.:—				
In Ontario and Quebec	28,535.18	.....	.....	28,535.18
In Western Provinces	27,350.31	.....	.....	27,350.31
In Maritime Provinces	15,753.62	.....	.....	15,753.62
For work on Transports, in Munitions Plants and Internment Camps	14,463.25	.....	.....	14,463.25
Naval work at Halifax	9,640.04	.....	.....	9,640.04
For work with Boys on Farm Service	9,573.91	.....	.....	9,573.91
				$3,795,406.39
Advertising, Printing, Organization and Collection Expenses in connection with Financial Campaigns	.....	.....	.....	54,243.09
For General Work of National Council, part of which is Military Administration and the remainder National supervision of Territories, Boys' Work, Student, Industrial and Railroad Departments, funds for which were subscribed in conjunction with Military Funds by agreement of regular contributors	.....	.....	.....	64,155.62
Balance of Receipts and Expenditures carried forward to 1918, of which $118,351.43 was at National Headquarters, Toronto	.....	.....	.....	415,848 87
				$4,329,653.97

AUDITOR'S CERTIFICATE

We have audited the books, vouchers and accounts of the National Council Headquarters at Toronto, and of the Central Territorial Division, for the year ended 31st December, 1917, and have been furnished with the audited statements of the Maritime and Western Divisions of the National Council for the same period. We have also been furnished with the Annual Statement for England for 1917, duly audited, and the Annual Statement for France for 1917 with the auditor's Certified Statement for the six months to June 30th. Owing, we understand, to Military restriction on civilian travel between England and France, it was impossible for the auditor to go to France and complete the audit to 31st December, 1917. We have agreed the Canadian and Overseas statements with the above General Statement, which combines them, and, according to the books and statements furnished, the above statement in our opinion, correctly sets forth the operations of the National Council at home and overseas.

OSCAR HUDSON & COMPANY,
Chartered Accountants.

Toronto, July 3rd, 1918.

To the Young Men of Western Canada

Prof. W. F. Osborne, University of Manitoba

Keep Going

One of the essential things is to keep going. Keep the eye fixed outward. The shaping of objective reality, in pursuance of a sane social purpose, is the grand object of the individual. Beyond a rational evaluation of one's powers most forms of introspection are vicious. We are all endowed with a certain amount of primal energy. This must be used. If it is expended on ends that are truly social, all will be well. The trouble begins when this energy is banked up, finding no healthful outlet. No one of us should be an end in himself for himself. This is the grand reason why selfishness results in disintegration, indeed it is suicidal. We find ourselves only by losing ourselves. This is the basal idea, the tap-root of Christianity. The teachings of Jesus import no alien element into human life. Christianity coincides exactly with our best theories about human life. The 'Jesus' principle simply crowns human nature—or, in other words, makes it truly human.

"Let the Beast and Tigerus Die"

Each one of us carries about with a Beast. This is the deep root of animality in all of us. Each one of us bears in his own nature the traces of man's long ascent up the scale of being. The Titan or the Beast in us does not willingly die. It is greedy. It is always waiting to get the upper hand. It should be, not so much put to sleep or evaded, as faced and displaced by a rational regard for the higher ends of life. Don't leave energy lying about unused to be directed by the infant, the animal in you. Remember, the energy in you is bound to express itself, just as the river is bound to run down-hill. The stream may be harnessed, directed, and made to run mills and many kinds of creative and productive agencies. It may be blocked, and then it will submerge landscapes and work ravage. Or it may be actually misdirected. So with the energy naturally given us. Harness it to social, unselfish ends, and it will make a man and a blessing of you. Give it no outlet, and your powers will be perverted, with results how bad no one can predict. Direct it to actively anti-social, selfish purposes, and it will make an unscrupulous villain of you.

The Beauty of Ontario

I have been riding through Western Ontario during the last week. What a comfortable, beautiful land it is. In particular I have been at Guelph and Galt. Guelph is a fine stone-built old town. The landscape thereabout is not unworthy to be compared with that of England. Guelph and Galt lie on the banks or in the valleys of two English-like rivers, the Speed and the Grand. There is a residential portion of Galt, situated on a hill, overlooking the Grand River, which is just about equal to Crescentwood in Winnipeg for regularity and excellency of planning. And of course the natural situation is beyond comparison with the Winnipeg district. I could hardly believe that it had developed without skilled supervision. That is, it looks as if severe building restrictions had been insisted upon. I was told, though, that this had not been the case. These towns of course are superbly treed.

Canada's Stake in the World Conflict

How Canada is becoming, thanks to the skill and the heroism of her sons, linked up with the world conflict. The young man who brought down Baron Richthofen, Germany's premier airman, was Brown, a boy born in Carleton Place and educated, they say, in Alberta schools. There was a clash for you between Democracy and Autocracy, between peace and militarism. I read a few weeks ago of a certain young Rosevear, a Canadian boy who had crashed to the earth and been killed after bringing down twenty-three German aviators. Later I learned that he was a son of a college class-mate of mine, H. S. Rosevear of Port Hope, now living at Port Arthur. All honor to such sons and such fathers. I talked the other night with an honored school inspector at Guelph, William Tytler, who, as a teacher had had for a pupil McCrae, the author of the deservedly famous "In Flanders Fields the Poppies Grow." And so it was the air of Guelph, the soil of Guelph, the flowers and fruits and fields of Guelph that had ministered to the upbuilding of the man who was to write lines of such haunting beauty that the world will not let them die. How Canada, I repeat, is being bound into one—East and West, Catholic and Protestant, rich and poor, French and English—and brought into vital relation with world-movements, world, causes world-conflicts!

Theories with Respect to Peoples

One alleged clause of the recent convention between Germany and Austria is profoundly suggestive. But indeed it is putting it amiss to say "between Germany and Austria." The convention in question is not between the people of Austria and the people of Germany. The high contracting parties in this case are not the peoples. The pact is one between two men. His Majesty, the Emperor of Germany and King of Prussia, and his Exalted Majesty the Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary, are reported to have bound themselves to keep the two peoples in alliance for twenty-five years at the highest point of military efficiency. Here is a treaty signed by two men all but wholly irresponsible to any others save themselves. They regard their peoples as pawns, as the mute, docile stuff out of which, and by means of which they elect to carve out their personal purposes. The language of the clause is brazen in the extreme. It avows the theory of government that is behind it, unblushingly. It is the very embodiment of irresponsible absolutism. This is a theory of government in which free peoples will never acquiesce. It spells the negation of civilisation. To accept it would be to annihilate progress. Let this conception triumph and all is lost. As well never have started on the up-hill path that has led to such freedom as we know. This explains the resolution of the allied peoples. Here we have the explanation of the "force lying behind the wills of free men," is the superb and justified phrase of Mr. Asquith. We cannot make terms with such a conception of life and society. Existence cannot be accepted on these conditions. The French, British, and American and other allied peoples will dedicate themselves to slaughter before they will acquiesce in the triumph of this view of society.

England's New Education Bill

Even in the midst of the wreckage of war Great Britain is planning for the future. Destruction stalks abroad, causing the expenditure for Britain alone in two days of as large a sum as England before the war was spending on education in a year. It must not be forgotten that's in a broad and true sense education is the collective name for all constructive processes. Education and destruction are natural opposites. We are simply destroying now in order to have a chance to build. Germany in effect, says destruction shall be the pass-word of the world. To repeat, even in these circumstances England is planning for the future. The American Winston Spencer Churchill says Britain will emerge from the war by all odds the most progressive of modern democracies. Ninety committees on the work of reconstruction have been appointed. Eight of these are avowedly on education, though, as I have said, in the broad sense they all are that. Fisher, the first professional educator to be appointed Minister of Education, has evolved a great national education bill. The appointment of H. L. Fisher, in the first place, was a recognition of the principle of "every man to his trade." What an anomaly that he should have been the first avowed educationist to be put in charge of the Board of Education! This appointment illustrates the new scientific theory of government. Things must be done henceforth by the men who are trained to do them. The new English education bill provides for a vast enlargement of the funds to be expended on education. The government under it is to grant pound for pound with the local expenditure. I take this to mean that if a municipality expends ten thousand pounds on the local schools, the government grant will be ten thousand pounds. I heard the other day of a Canadian town that spends $50,000 on its schools. The government grant in that case is $1,300. I cite that simply to show what the provisions of the new English Bill will involve. This is an integral part of the attitude that promises to make Britain, in the words quoted above, "far and away the most progressive of modern democracies." Progress is impossible without education. Rapid progress is impossible without intensified education. No state can hope to keep up in the modern pace if it is stingy in its educational appropriations. Let the nation honor the teacher and pay him adequately, or the nation itself will suffer for it. On the lowest view, education is for the State Life-Insurance. The English bill makes attendance compulsory for all without exception to fourteen. It insists upon attendance for eight hours a week—320 hours for a year of 40 weeks—in continuation schools from 14 to 18, save in the cases where there is continuous attendance at school from 14 to 16. Here will be one of the great producing forces of the new, after-the-war England.

An American Educator on Religion

I had an illuminating interview at Worcester, Massachusetts, with G. Stanley Hall, President of Clark University. We were talking about the character aspects of education. He is, he said, a member of a committee that is studying the reading being done by the soldiers of the new American army in the various camps in the United States. He says they find the soldiers will not read the conventional religious books. And yet these men will be ready presently to die for an ideal—the ideal represented initially by their country's flag. Because the American flag, mark you, represents an ideal in life and government. I heard an amusing and significant thing in a French speech at Boston. A certain M. Baldensperger was speaking in the Copley-Plaza hotel. He told of the grotesque inability of the Germans to understand the spirit of America. Their failure to understand the real America is of a piece with their failure to understand the real British Empire. The British Empire hadn't a paper constitution. You could not refer to its chapters and verses, to clause this and sub-section that. And so the martinet German mind concluded there was really no British Empire, that it was a figment, that at the first rude touch it would disintegrate. What did they fail to reckon on? On spirit, which is the capital reality. Like all rank materialists they cannot see the wood for the trees. Their eyes are holden so that they cannot see. They failed, I say, to reckon on the spirit of the British Empire, on the fundamental affection and the fundamental passion for ordered freedom which is the life-blood and the cementing force of the British Empire. Similarly they misunderstand, or rather do not begin to comprehend, America. Baldensperger reported that a German in the early days of the war spoke slightingly of America. "Oh, America is the land of automobiles, and newly rich, why they have no flag even." "What about the stars and stripes?" queried the Frenchman. "C'est de la statisque." In other words the German spoke contemptuously of the presentation of the States in the, for him, so-called American flag, by stars. The Americans have a flag right enough. And American soldiers will die for that flag. That flag symbolises the faith of democracy in itself. These American soldiers of whom President Hall was speaking will die, not a few of them, in just the same spirit as marked a French boy of whom he told me. It appears a young French lad was found dead on a field where there had been heavy fighting. In one of his pockets was found a letter to his mother in which he said: "Oh, that I may be worthy to die for beloved France!" American soldiers will die in that spirit. And yet this American educator says they will not read the conventional religious books. He added: "Religion must be restated. Christianity must be interpreted anew. Christianity is simply self-subordination, subordination of self, to a purpose that is recognised by the individual as higher than himself, and indeed as for him the highest." Religion is ideality. Christianity itself is ideality as opposed to animality, as opposed to selfishness. Either to live or to die, for the highest that one knowsis christianity. Not all the technical theology in the world can henceforth fluid the eyes of men to that simple fact. Are there not words pronounced by a very authoritative person that run something like this: "They that will to do my will shall know of the doctrine?" Do the highest that you at this moment know-and, by the same token, you will know higher and be able to rise to that in its turn. Choosing the lower sends me down. Electing the higher leads me up.

Simple Beginnings

Things are very often much more and more significant than they seem to be. I have had a couple of interesting instances of that, lately. The other day in Toronto I visited the new Methodist Book and Publishing House, corner of John and Queen Streets. Outside it looks like a palace of business. It is so imposing that one would almost be constrained to think: it must always have been there. This place looks as if it must always have been metropolitan. But a surprise awaited me. A departmental head took me over the building. At last we went down into the "cellars" where the engines and repairing rooms are. Finally my escort showed me an iron or steel capped well. "We couldn't stop that well flowing, so we put that cap on it." "How do you account for that well?" I asked. Then he told me that this modern metropolitan home of business was located along the course of a humble creek which, in the old days, wound across the fields. And so this palace of business is linked with old and primitive days. The other instance is this: I had dinner in Cambridge a few weeks ago at the house of Professor Wiener, head of the Slavic department at Haruard. During dinner I learned that the stones in the foundation of the house had been taken in part from the foundation of a tiny barn from which Bell, the Canadian-born inventor of the telephone, strung the lines of his first trial telephone. The house stands on what was once the estate of the man whose daughter Bell married. There were two little barns on the property, and on these Bell strung his first wires. To-day the telephone has spread all over the civilised portions of the globe. You will agree that those were highly interesting stones that were beneath us as we sat at table. That house was not just what it seemed. I once looked, in the Black Forest, at the little spring of water that is the source of the mighty Danube. That spring was not just what it appeared to be. It was more and other. The Danube was implicit in it. So it is with a child, with a humble scientific experiment. Some little meeting which you thought at the time insignificant, may prove in the actual event to have been the fruitful origin of great things.

The Saskatchewan

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mrs. John J. Funk

THE Saskatchewan River is to Saskatchewan what the ocean is to the coast country. It can be both kind and cruel. It can smile and dimple. It can rush and roar.

When flowers bloom and birds sing, a party of young people gather on the river banks. They laugh and sing; they play games and lunch in truly picnic style. They gather joyously the vari-colored pebbles and skip them through the shining water. They rock in the pleasure boats and dabble daintily in the translucent blue. All is roseate with living and loving.

The scene changes.

Peaceful no longer, our Saskatchewan River. The waters rise and rage. They surge tumultuously and angrily onward. A settler's home is torn relentlessly from its mooring. In the fraction of a minute the toil of years is rendered as naught. A family is destitute. The picture is framed in gray.

And sadder yet.

A swimmer, caught in toll, disappears forever. Or treacherous quicksand sucks its victim to a lingering death. Black-robed mourners, weeping and the funeral knell.

Triumph and tragedy glide hand in hand on the bosom of the Saskatchewan. Yet triumph triumphs and year by year more people settle on the banks of our inland waterway; people who know full well the risk to be encountered. The spirit of adventure is but added fascination. The siren harp plays sweetly seducive be the outcome what it may—a triumph or a tragedy.

Not so many years ago a few brave hearts attracted by flower, fruit and fertile soil pitched their tents at a certain point on the banks of our South Saskatchewan. Indians roamed, the Riel Rebellion swept within a thrilling distance, supplies were few and difficult to get, rain deluged the occupants of sod-built shacks but, nothing daunted, these settlers remained. Others joined them. Far-sighted business men saw opportunities. Stores opened, church services were held, the "little stone schoolhouse" sheltered the children in pioneering A, B, C, and thus gradually the nucleus of community life was formed. The community thrived amazingly. It became a city and was christened Saskatoon.

The Saskatchewan river rolling through the very midst of Saskatoon city supplies the pulsing power so necessary to successful industry

When our river becomes fitful and fussy; when as a wilful child of Nature it tries some naughty prank; when its crashing ice jam breaks a bridge support or scoops a bank with unbecoming curves; then the citizens of Saskatoon forgive, thinking only of its usefulness, its times of sunshine and dimple and rippling rhythm.

In the northern haunts of the Saskatchewan where grow the luxuriant grasses, there roam the deer and drums the patridge. Here the rancher finds his ideal ground for grazing. Footpaths mark the hills and river banks as cattle come and go. The herds know well the deep-trodden trails of bygone buffalo days will lead to the most accessible drinking pools. The animals, at certain times, seem imbued with the wild spirit of their predecessors. An impending storm with electric thrills or a cooing call from the soft, sweet chinook and, if our rancher is inexperienced as to signs when the spirit of the air invokes, a regular old-time stampede will result.

Gradually the grain growers on the banks of the Saskatchewan River are pressing the rancher further north and many a homestead shows landmarks of the free range days—a broken fence or a well-worn corrall. Many farmers living on these river banks will tell that nowhere else in the province is Providence so kind; that nowhere else do crops yield so abundantly; that nowhere else are frost and hail less feared than on levels bordering the Sask River.

People planning to settle in Saskatchewan who hail from coast provinces or countries near the sea will settle if possible where our river can be seen. There they have in miniature all phases of ocean life. The smiling calm or turrulent tempest. Fishes can be seen in season. Boats and canoes can stem the currents. These people compare our ferry boats to the great ocean steamers ever coming and going in ocean transit.

There are forty-four ferries in operation this season in Saskatchewan and yet others are needed where people pioneer in protest, having to go "the long way round" for marketing, etc. Where ferries cross the river the people petition for traffic bridges and so the march of civilization progresses along our river region.

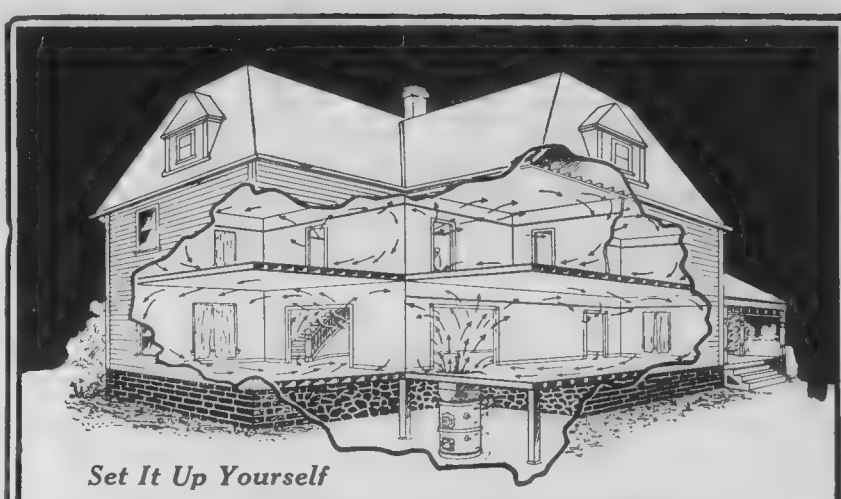
May opens the season fo riverside enjoyments. Hundreds of people daily auto to the Saskatchewan River. Some are crossing for business or visiting. Others, especially from the treeless tracts, come for mere pleasure of change of scene.

A homesick Eastern girl teaching where only rolling plain was visible could not express her joy when brought for a day by the riverside. It was the middle of May and everything in Nature was young and tender and sweet. She went back to her school with a new purpose. When loneliness again threatened she found a way to re-visit the river banks. She brought her pupils and taught them the beauty of the rolling water, the secrets of the trees and the melody of the birds' songs. In autumn, they gathered the colored leaves and pressed them for remembrance. They plucked the luscious raspberries, currants, gooseberries—and the wealth of beauty glimpsed by those children bore noble fruit in the young lives amply repaid the teacher for her trouble in managing such outings. Thus does the Saskatchewan River fulfil its mission to its people. For each it opens a vista of beauty or usefulness. For many a one it has proved a veritable oasis in the midst of endless grassy slopes.

The river is to Saskatchewan what the ocean is to the coast countries.

An army of women shipbuilders are shown in this British official photograph returning to work after lunch, on the Clyde, Scotland. The food situation has necessitated a big push in the construction of food carriers. Hundreds of women are employed daily in the yards along the Clyde.

Husband—"Mary, stop the pianola! Great Scott, woman, where is your appreciation? Don't you hear our half ton of coal rattling down the chute."



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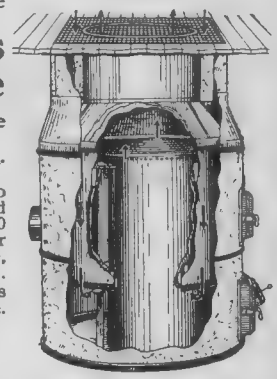

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Silver Spruce, Humble Tree, Through War Now Most Famous and Desired of the Forest

By Francis J. Dickie

(Much of Allied success in aerial warfare lies in the tree clothed wilderness of the Pacific slope, where grows the silver, or aeroplane spruce, now almost worth its weight in gold.)

TO-DAY the Silver Spruce tree is king. Growing upon the Pacific slope, in Washington, Oregon, Alaska, and, best of all, upon the Islands and the mainland of British Columbia, this tree, long a humble and obscure resident of the western forests, is now the most valued of woods. Mahogany, teak and ebony, all these rich and proud timbers of other times, step back, give place and doff their hats to the giant conifer, for aeroplane builders have found this tree the one and only from which can be produced lumber which best answers the most exacting demands of the man-made bird-machines of the air, which play so important a part in the war in Europe.

All in a few short months the silver spruce has leaped into the limelight of world publicity. In former years under the various names of Sitka,—tidewater,—and giant spruce, this tree, which scientists speak of as picea sitchensis, brought $15.00 a thousand feet board measure. In 1915 from British Columbia $12,000,000 worth of it was logged. It has long been in favor with box makers, particularly for ones intended for fruit carrying as the wood is light, odorless, resinless and tasteless. It was also largely used for cooperage work and in the construction of huge doors for freight sheds, docks and garages, where lightness of weight and strength of frame combined were a necessity. Under the name of silver spruce it was used much in building construction for framing, sheathing, joits, subflooring and shelving. But now through the warf all this is changed and it has probably forever passed out of this class, and for the present is the most desired timber on the face of the earth.

Military experts of all the allied countries have for some time now been laying particular stress on the importance of becoming superior to the enemy in the mastery of the air, for here upon the number, strength, speed and lasting qualities of their aeroplanes may victory ultimately depend. But in spite of the tremendous strides made in improving machines since the war began, the superiority of the silver spruce timber over all others for aeroplane construction has been a very recent discovery. When the immense importance of securing a large supply of this wood was finally realized quick action was taken. The British authorities made known the facts, and expert lumbermen began scouring the Pacific coast. Hundreds of the oldest and most experienced timber cruisers took their blanket rolls and disappeared into the forested wilderness of northern British Columbia. And following their reports, thousands of loggers, donkey engines and the rest of the equipment used in steam logging were hurried into various parts of British Columbia. For four months now two special trains a week have gone from the northern port of Prince Rupert to the aeroplane factories of Eastern Canada. And in February the working forces in the woods were augumented by several thousand men, a hundred donkey engines and dozens of diminutive locomotives and cars used in handling the big trees of this part of the world. The silver spruce, now new named aeroplane spruce is found also in Washington and Oregon and Alaska, but the finest of all grows on the Queen Charlotte Islands and the northern

Early January on the Coast of B.C.

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GRAY HAIR can easily be restored by using home simples. For 50 cents will mail two new receipts—black and brown; make up in your own kitchen; non-poisonous; will not stain the skin; gradual change. E. E. Stokes, Mohawk, Florida. 7-18

STRAWBERRY PLANTS—100, 70 cents; 1,000, $5.00. Currants, 10 cents; gooseberries, 15 cents; raspberries, 5 cents; loganberries, 25 cents; carriage paid. Catalogue free. Hares, goats, eggs, "Hatching," fruit and flowers. Chas. Provan. Langley Fort, B.C. 8-18

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mainland of British Columbia. Here is the world's greatest supply of high-grade material; and the Imperial Munitions Board of Canada has sent out a call for 150,000,000 feet. What this means may be in a little way appreciated when it is made known that the average aeroplane requires but 125 board feet of finished timber.

The tree grows to one hundred and fifty feet in height on the average, and is forty-eight inches in diameter, though large numbers go ten and fifteen feet in diameter with a height of two hundred feet and more. What makes the tree so valuable is that it grows so straight with hardly any tapering, as can be seen from the accompanying illustration. Thus from the lumber can be made the long wing beams and other parts of the aeroplane which require straight strong timber to the immense length of from 16 to 35 feet. And the silver spruce is the only tree that consistently answers this demand. Added to this it is extraordinarily even in the grain and long in the fibre, exceptionally clear, tough and strong for its weight of 25 pounds to the cubic foot. It does not warp or split and is non-resinous. There is also no difference between the sap and the hardwood. It is white in color, soft in spite of its toughness and thus easily worked. For generations it has supplied practically all the oars used in the British navy.

Before it became celebrated, the timber brought about fifteen dollars per thousand feet board measure. To-day it is worth fifty times that amount; or at least by the time the finished product soars in the air as part of a war machine it has cost more than a dollar a foot to manufacture. The Munition Board pays $125 per thousand feet. But this is only the beginning. There is a tremendous amount of the log useless. The sideboards are not used. In all only twenty per cent of the entire trunk on the average is finally made up. This is then shipped to the aeroplane factories in Eastern Canada at a cost of $100.00 per thousand feet. Out of 2500 feet the usual amount that usually passes the rigid inspection is 350 feet.

One of the interesting features in connection with the tremendous leap in values this timber took was the action of the British Columbia government taken to prevent profiteering out of limits where this timber was growing. When the demand became large for aeroplane spruce, many valuable tracts were held by big private interests. To prevent holding out for a huge profit, the government took over the handling of all tracts whether crown lands or otherwise; and so a fair price was set for all.

Thus to-day on the Pacific slope thousands of men, hundreds of donkey engines, logging trains and all the paraphernalia used in the wonderful industry of steam logging are at work in the silent depths of the dark ranked forests of spruce, working feverishly and long hours, racing to produce such an output of this most precious wood that aeroplanes may fly far away on the battle fronts of France, Belgium and Italy, and that these may be better, stronger, swifter and more enduring than those of the enemy.

New and Important

A teacher was trying to impress upon her pupils recently the fact that history repeats itself and that many things which happen to-day are the counterpart of similar things that happened years and years ago.

"Now, will any one tell me of anything new of importance that has happened during the last twenty-five years?" inquired the teacher.

"Me," answered one of the pupils.

Our subscribers will find a comfortable and interesting resting place at the Portage la Prairie, Brandon and Moose Jaw fairs in the Royal Crown Soaps Co. tent, where they are displaying a full line of their premiums; they are also putting on the market in an improved and attractive form—a nursery soap specially prepared to prevent the irritation of the children's tender skin, "so prevalent at this season." A sample will be given free.

Good News for Canadians

Health Specialist SPROULE

The Great Catarrh Specialist Explains

HIS METHOD OF TREATMENT

THE GREAT ENGLISH SPECIALIST

Graduate in Medicine and Surgery of Dublin University, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service.

Has Cured All Forms of Catarrh

Thirty years ago a young but highly honored surgeon in the British Royal Mail Naval Service astonished his friends by suddenly leaving, and entering on private practice. That surgeon was the now famous Catarrh Specialist Sproule. His keen brain had early seen in the then new disease, Catarrh, a menace to the life and happiness of the civilized world. While other physicians were neglecting it as unimportant, Specialist Sproule studied its nature and the means of cure. He labored in office, hospital and laboratory. He mastered the subject.

As Specialist Sproule had foreseen, Catarrh spread with frightful rapidity. Thirty years ago Catarrh was almost unknown. Now no age or sex is exempt from it. No climate or locality is a cure for it. It is in many cases the forerunner of Consumption. Vital statistics show **that deaths from Consumption** in this country **have increased** in the last five years in startling fashion. Altogether too many of these cases have been traced back to Catarrh as their starting point.

Catarrh Specialist Sproule, the first to make Catarrh a specialty, has perfected a scientific, constitutional treatment which has cured hundreds and hundreds of cases of Catarrh. Many hundreds of Canadian people, throughout the provinces, bless the day they saw his advertisement fifteen or twenty years ago.

The widely advertised so-called "Catarrh cures" often do more harm than good, by driving the Catarrh germs deeper into the system. Painful stomach disorders and even more serious troubles have thus originated.

Catarrh is a disease of the mucous membrane and is curable only through the blood, and by remedies prepared for each case. Medicine that will cure one will often harm another. Specialist Sproule's method drives every germ out of the body. It clears the head, stops the hawking and spitting, sweetens the breath, strengthens the eyes, restores the hearing. It purifies and enriches the blood. It invigorates and tones up the entire system. It gives new life, energy and ambition. The hardships of life seem easier to bear. Work becomes a pleasure. The man feels as if made over.

Catarrh Specialist Sproule's name is revered as that of a benefactor in thousands of homes. If you have any symptoms of Catarrh the Specialist earnestly invites you to write him and tell him all about it. It will cost you nothing. He will give you the most valuable

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE

He will diagnose your case without charge and tell you just what to do. Do not delay. In such cases every moment is precious. Do not neglect yourself. Above all do not give yourself wrong treatment. The results may be serious.

CATARRH of the HEAD and THROAT

The most prevalent form of Catarrh results from neglected colds.

1 *Do you spit up slime?*
2 *Are your eyes watery?*
3 *Does your nose feel full?*
4 *Does your nose discharge?*
5 *Do you sneeze a good deal?*
6 *Do crusts form in the nose?*
7 *Do you have pain across the eyes?*
8 *Does your breath smell offensive?*
9 *Is your hearing beginning to fail?*
10 *Are you losing your sense of smell?*
11 *Do you hawk up phlegm in the morning?*
12 *Are there buzzing noises in your ears?*
13 *Do you have pains across the front of your forehead?*
14 *Do you feel dropping in back part of throat?*

If you have some of the above symptoms your disease is Catarrh of the head and throat.

Answer the above questions, yes or no. Write your full name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out and send to

CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE
117 TRADE BUILDING, BOSTON

Be sure and write to-day.

DISEASES of BRONCHIAL TUBES

When Catarrh of the head and throat is left unchecked it extends down the wind-pipe into the bronchial tubes, and may in time attack the lungs and develop into Catarrhal Consumption.

1 *Do you take cold easily?*
2 *Is your breathing too quick?*
3 *Do you raise frothy material?*
4 *Is your voice hoarse and husky?*
5 *Have you a dry, hacking cough?*
6 *Do you feel worn out on rising?*
7 *Do you feel all stuffed up inside?*
8 *Are you gradually losing strength?*
9 *Have you a disgust for fatty foods?*
10 *Have you a sense of weight on chest?*
11 *Have you a scratchy feeling in throat?*
12 *Do you cough worse night and morning?*
13 *Do you get short of breath when walking?*

If you have some of these symptoms you have Catarrh of the bronchial tubes.

FULL NAME. . . . . .

ADDRESS . . . . . .

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6—It's economical

Keep the soldiers and sailors supplied!

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Women's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

I've Been Thinking

Some incidents of the past month have led me to ponder deeply how genuine is the patriotism of the average young woman of to-day? Some six months ago a young woman, whom I know well, was very anxious to go overseas as a V.A.D. She can drive a motor car, has a general knowledge of housework and cooking, is a good stenographer and all of this in addition to her chosen profession of journalism in which she is making good in the reportorial section, the only one she has tried up to the present. The opportunity to serve overseas did not come. According to her own account she yearned to even scrub hospital floors, if by so doing she could do something for the men who were doing so much for us. During the past month I learned that she is taking a whole month's holiday this summer, and has no intention of devoting one hour of it to lightening the burden of the war in any shape or form. She will take that holiday within easy reach of scores of women who are overdone and over-burdened because they can secure no help in their housework on farms. She has not been overworked during the past eleven months, she is in excellent health physically, she had two weeks' holiday last year, and it would be no great hardship if she had no holiday at all this year. Her work takes her out into the open air several hours daily, yet she is planning a whole month of idleness in a country painfully short of both man and woman power at the present time.

Also during the month a letter came to my desk from a young woman in Saskatchewan, anxious to get into the Woman's Reserve Corps of Winnipeg and go overseas. As in duty bound I directed her to the proper official, but suggested that as she was able, by her own showing, to do many things that were required on a farm why not stay at home and help on some Saskatchewan farm where help is urgently needed. This young woman was frank and honest for she stated that there was no romance in washing dishes three times a day on a farm or milking or helping with the chores. Personally I think she would find life overseas not only stripped of romance but of much of what she has considered hitherto the necessaries of life. These two cases are merely typical of hundreds all over the country both East and West.

I am not saying anything against the desire to go overseas and help, the instinct of women to follow after their men when they go to war is as old as the race itself, and will cease only when wars have ceased to be. But all who desire cannot go overseas for many reasons, but all can help at home and the help of every woman is needed and needed badly.

Who Has Most To Lose?

During the month it has been my privilege to address a number of meetings of women in Manitoba on the "Responsibilities of Women Towards the War," and if any of the women attending those meetings read this page they will recognize some things which I tried to say. There is no apology for repeating them here, they need to be iterated and reiterated until they are deep in the soul of every woman in the country. First then women have more at stake in this war than men. The condition of the women of every country over run by the Germans is an object lesson that should surely need no enlarging upon. The papers have teemed with well authenticated atrocities, while the members of the American Commission which returned so late as last April from France, and of which Mr. Trefz was the member who spoke throughout Western Canada, have brought first hand proof of the hideous things done to women that had not previously appeared in print. These men had personally interviewed the victims. There was no shadow of doubt as to what they had endured and from what they were dying. Their message to the women of the United States and Canada was: "What we are you will be if the Hun ever sets foot on your soil."

This is an especially pregnant message to the women of Canada for Germany set out to get Canada, wants it to-day, hates Canadian soldiers with an especial hatred because they have stood by Great Britain. Should the appalling disaster of an allied defeat occur on British and Canadian women would the worst horrors of the Hun fall. Long ago British women realized this and thousands of them are to-day going steadily and faithfully about their appointed tasks, carrying on them the means of instant death should such a

Plant selling—a feature in swelling the Manitoba Red Cross Fund.

thing as a German invasion become a fact, and there be danger of falling into the hands of the Huns.

It is the knowledge of these things which may befall their women which has been ever present with the men of the allied armies, it is the thought of them that carried thousands of our men into the ranks before conscription was thought of. Not democracy alone but the sanctity of womanhood is at stake on the west front and in the North Sea. The Germans have no regard for their own women, everything that comes through from that country indicates how completely they are held merely as beasts of burden, who in addition to laboring as few beasts could be driven to labor, must reproduce their kind by whatever fathers the state chooses to thrust upon them. The condition of the women of Germany to-day makes the position of women of the savage tribes of Africa a paradise in comparison.

To stem the tide of this Hunnish horde from sweeping over the whole earth, more and more men are needed and more and more food. How urgently men are needed has been proven beyond peradventure by the withdrawal from the farms of Great Britain within the last few weeks of more than 60,000 men, and the announcement that there will be still further withdrawals. Production in Britain is vital. The food supplies which it is possible to raise in those islands are the only supplies of which the population and the army can be absolutely sure. All other supplies are liable to loss at sea. How great, therefore, must be the need of men when the already greatly reduced numbers on the farms are being further depleted. Their places are being taken by women and Lord Balfour rightly said, "the women will not fail us." If the women of Great Britain can be relied upon for production, how about the women of Canada?

So far no great draft on their loyalty and patriotism has been made. I know the indignant reply to this is: "Haven't they given their sons and their husbands and their brothers to the war?" I want to say right here and now, "they have not," for, with the exception of the first year of the war when the consent of a wife was necessary and the consent of parents for boys under a certain age, the giving was the free gift of the men themselves. All honor to the women with children, and there were many of them, who put no straw in the way of their men going, all honor to the way they have borne their losses and are putting up a brave fight to bring up their children, but in the final analysis, until conscription came into force, a woman being willing for her men folk to go could not have made them go had they not themselves been willing to undertake the risk. What made them willing to go? Was it not the desire to make the world free and a safe place for women and children? With the exception of the heroic nurses on the west front, no woman has been called upon to make the supreme sacrifice in this war, while not only thousands but well nigh millions of men have made that sacrifice. Sometimes it comes over me like a wave to wonder "Are we worth all that has been sacrificed for us?" Certainly much, if not all of the sacrifice will have been in vain if the women of Canada do not rise to the present emergency and undertake the great task of production.

Up to the present there has been much excuse for the women not undertaking this work. There was no direct appeal made to them by the government, there has been no real opportunity for them to train for such work, furthermore, there has been, and there is a very strong prejudice in the minds of many farmers against the employment of women in outdoor work, and on the part of their wives a prejudice also against having women work in the fields with their husbands. But we are fast coming to a time when these prejudices will have to be forgotten. They existed in England probably more strongly than they do in Canada, but now they are a thing of the past.

All man and woman power in Canada is now registered, but the tabulation of that registration will hardly be ready in time to materially help in the present harvest. What the women can do is to show an increasing willingness and eagerness to help in that harvest. Not the women already on the farms, but the women in towns, villages and cities. The women who can tramp all afternoon after a golf ball, or play six or eight sets of tennis in a broiling sun on a Saturday afternoon, should be able to do a little stooking without injury to their health, and even if they undertook it for a short time without remuneration, just to show that they can do it, it might not be amiss, though I would not recommend to any woman to tackle more than one week of unpaid work.

Many of the organizations of women in the towns might well take up the task of physical training classes to get muscles in shape for heavier work or secure at some of the livery or sale barns for horses, opportunities for classes to learn how to harness, unharness and drive horses. Of course, the government should have undertaken this work last spring when the conference of women called to Ottawa asked them to do it, but the fact that the government has failed in its duty is no reason why the women should fail in theirs. The government will eventually have to call upon the women, happy the woman who is ready and willing when the call to production comes, as come it surely will.

Surely hard work, either indoor or out, that will increase the supply of food overseas is a small thing to sacrifice beside life and freedom. Think of all the fine young men now in their graves in France of whom it can so truthfully be said:

"Love was so new and life so sweet,
Yet at the call they left the wine,
And sprang full statured to their feet
Responsive to the touch divine,
Gripped the black peril as a vice,
And as they grappled saw
That life was one with sacrifice
And duty one with law."

then ask yourself if you are so little of soul and short of vision that the freedom of the world is less to you than it was to them.

The Wrong Shape

The scarcity of eggs this winter must have developed some peculiarity in the eggs themselves. A little girl went to the grocer's, says the New York Tribune, and asked the salesman if he had any fresh eggs.

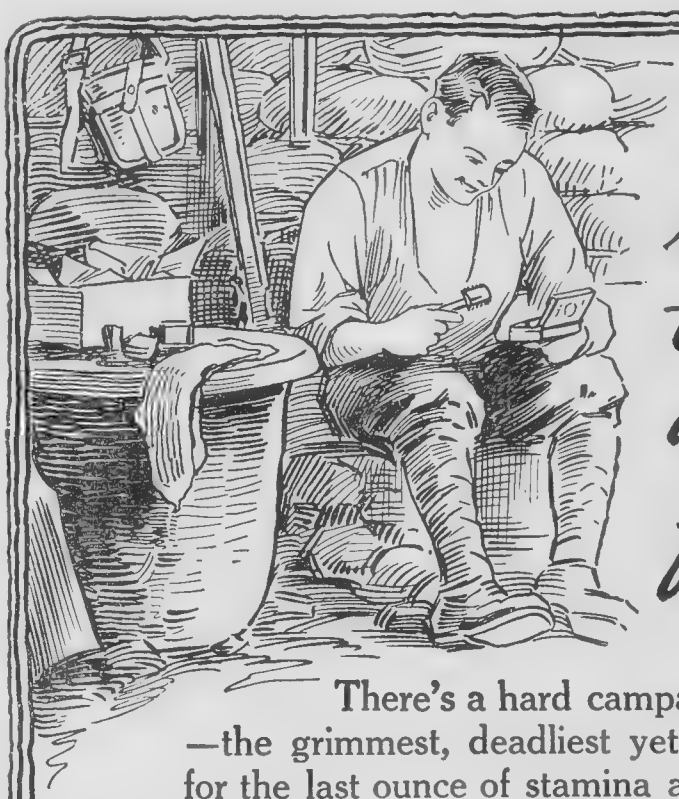
"Yes," answered the man. "How many do you want?"

She was viewing the eggs critically.

"Please, sir," said she, "these eggs isn't fresh."

"Certainly they are fresh, little girl."

"No, they isn't," she persisted. "I heard my papa tell my mama there's a corner on eggs, and these are all smooth."



Keep in touch with the men who are fighting for you!

There's a hard campaign under way "over there" —the grimmest, deadliest yet—a campaign that will call for the last ounce of stamina and morale. Let them know you are thinking of them, and appreciate what they are doing!

Nothing will help more than letters, cheery, hopeful and ***frequent.*** Reinforce them with sensible practical gifts, like the

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR

and once in a while, a few packages of Gillette Blades to replace those lost or given away.

Clean shaving has from the first been a matter of pride and discipline, as well as a comfort with our boys. You can imagine how it refreshes and braces them up after a long dusty march or a day of hot and desperate fighting. Now it's a matter of life or death as well, for on none but a clean-shaven face can a gas-mask fit close enough for safety in these days of intensive gas-attacks.

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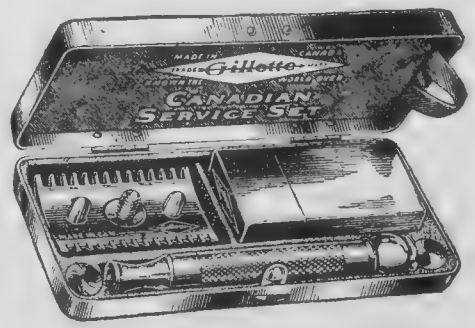

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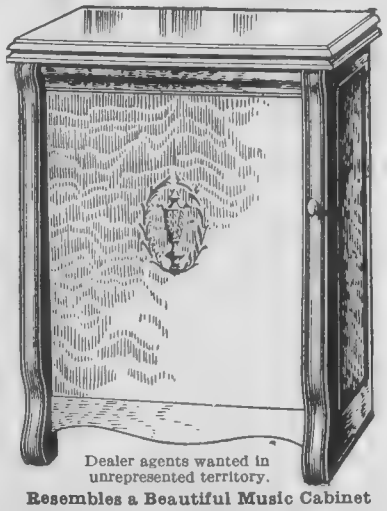

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Young Woman and Her Problem

To a Young Lady

On the shores of one of Manitoba's many beautiful lakes where heaven's reflection in the clear placid water reminds one of purity, loveliness, and restfulness, I am writing this message to our young women readers. A quotation from Cowper flashes through my mind as I reflect on the masterpiece of nature before me:

"Sweet stream, that winds through yonder glade,
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid—
Silent and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world's gay busy throng:
With gentle yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her destined course;
Graceful and useful as she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes,
Pure-bosom'd as that watery glass,
And Heaven reflected in her face."

There are so many young girls whose faces reflect heavenly beauty—but the moment the mind of a girl dwells on thoughts too dark for expression—the face becomes too clouded for beautiful reflection. The conscience must be clear for Heaven's reflection in the face.

Last week a young woman who had trusted man's promise too much and God's promise too little, looked into the face of my little one as she lay sleeping. She seemed lost in thoughtful remorse for a while, then turned to me saying: "To think we were all pure like that child in the beginning—why do we allow the bad to creep into our lives?"

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy" and what is more Heaven will create its atmosphere about us all throughout our lives if we are determined to allow no mean deceptive acts to cloud the light of purity.

So many girls come to me in trouble. Their story is ever the same. A girl's life is wrecked in one short moment of weakness and she spends long, long years of regret. This is the reason that every day we must build for character. To-morrow may be the day that we shall decide for a life of honour or shameful disgrace. Let us build that we may have sufficient strength to act well in the decisive moment. Our lives may be like a garden of flowers that will blossom into fragrance and beauty if properly cultivated.

Sacrifice? Of course we must. Sacrifice is soul-growth. In our garden of girlhood we must cultivate the plants of courage, good cheer, patience, steadfastness, confidence and economy. They are our life reserves.

There are times when something within us makes us restless. Every girl has these longings. I had. I wanted to follow the road past our home on and on and on to the rainbow of girlish fascinations—in my case it was the city where life seemed so full of gayety and all things wonderful. Now that I am older I realize that the rainbow was but a fancy—an illusion to the girl's mind. It simply did not exist.

The love to explore, to expand, to grow is indicative of a healthy mind, and should not be suppressed but directed in all that tends to make life rich and full. We must not allow anyone or any condition to poison our ambitions. Nothing can injure us but ourselves. Our thoughts become our burdens or our joys. Let us get out of the little petty, narrow paths into the broader highways of life. If our aim in life is noble we cannot be mean.

And now I want to urge every reader to bear well in mind the great duty of every girl in Canada. Every girl owes our country a pure character. Any girl who does not inspire our men to clean moral courageous living is a slacker.

Our duty is at the very least to create in men the desire to be strong and clean and honorable—and if we are lacking in strength of character, how can we expect men to be manly?

What is the strength of our present girlhood? Are we making men stronger or weaker? Every girl's life is a factor in the nation's building.

"The best preparation the future can ask
Is doing one's best with to-day and its task."

The Treasures of Individuality

A man more than seventy years young has written a little book on Personality that I have read many times and shall read it many more times.

There are girls who are so self absorbed that they cramp their possibilities for expansion. There are others who are so timid and self-conscious that they have little respect for themselves—they undervalue their worth. To all girls I want to quote from this little book on Personality written by Dr. Silcox for I believe every girl will be helped by these reflections from a man who in his seventies is keenly alive to the interests of the day, and is young in heart and mind—a part of eternal youth. In emphasizing the fact that every great movement began with one person he says:

"It was not a Ladies' Aid Society that went to Crimea. It was Florence Nightingale. It was not a company of suffragettes that founded Holyoke Seminary. It was Mary Lyon. It was not a Woman's Council that initiated humane reform in our insane asylums. It was Dorothea Dix. It was not a Dorcas Society that started and sustained Hull House. It was Jane Addams. It was not a Social Purity party that inaugurated the war against the White Slave Trade of the world. It was Josephine Butler. It was not a board of school trustees that conceived the kindergarten. It was Froebel. It was not an evangelical association that awakened England to moral and spiritual life. It was Wesley. It was not a monastic order that redeemed Italy from moral bankruptcy. It was St. Francis of Assissi. It was not a Presbyterian synod that protestantized Scotland. It was John Knox.

"It was not a Trade and Labor Union with an army of walking delegates that brought justice to the factory operatives and mine workers of England. It was Shaftesbury. As Lord Salisbury said in parliament: 'My lords the reforms of this century have been chiefly due to the presence here of one man—Lord Shaftesbury.' "

Dr. Silcox has in this book many other names of individuals who have created great movements and made discoveries. No committee ever painted a great picture, he states. In conclusion Dr. Silcox says: "Do not minimize your own possibilities. Stradivari, the great producer of fine violins said God needed him. God needs mighty personalities. Learn what Antonio Stradivari learned in Italy three hundred years ago, namely, that God cannot make best music without Stradivari's violins, and cannot make best violins without Antonio.

"When they chided him because he held that God needed him, and that there would be a lack in the world's music, if he did not give his best, he reminded them that God does not, cannot give His best except through best men, and so he says:

" 'When any master holds
'Twixt chin and hand a violin of mine,
He will be glad that Stradivari lived,
Made violins, and made them of the best.
The masters only know whose work is good;
They will choose mine, and while God gives them skill,
I give them instruments to play upon;
God choosing me to help them.

" 'My work is mine,
And heresy or not, if my hand slacked,
I should rob God
Leaving a blank instead of violins.
I say not God Himself can make God's best,
Without best men to help Him.
'Tis God gives skill,
But not without man's hand
He cannot make
Antonio Stradivari's violins without Antonio.' "

I wish I had space to quote more from this book written by Dr. J. B. Silcox because it is full of inspiration and makes one believe in her own possibilities.

35

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GEORGE S. HOUSTON, General Manager

The Home Doctor

The Beloved Physician

By Mary Applewhite Bacon

To watch from darkened chamber day by day
Spring's green wave climb the purple mountainside;
To know, with valleys garnished as a bride,
No foot of mine shall through their fairness stray,
Nor summer's louder challenges obey;
The play, the toil of men alike denied;
Days measured out in pain, and all life's pride
A driven leaf, clay hasting back to clay.

Yet still thou com'st, fresh courage to bestow,
Though with my ills, and more than mine, oppressed;
Recalling for me, when the night falls low,
One Who as Man of Sorrows stood confessed,
Who in His body bare our grievous woe;
And in thy care and His I sink to rest.

Quinsy

Quinsy is the common name for an abscess on the tonsil or the parts of the throat round the tonsil; and a severe case of quinsy is a very painful and exhausting affliction. The inflammation of the tonsil and throat fills up the entire passage, so that swallowing becomes an agony, and it is almost impossible to eat and drink. The jaw becomes rigid, so that the patient can op n his mouth only with difficulty, and the saliva is so tenacious that it can hardly be ejected.

The pain often spreads into the ear, and the attack is very exhausting since, as in most severe throat affections, it is complicated by the inability to sleep or take any nourishment.

The very first treatment that must be applied a: soon as quinsy threatens is intended to stop the abscess from forming. That is done by cold applications, continued without interruption until the physician decides that the abscess means to form anyhow, or until the improvement in the patient's symptoms is so obvious that the danger of suppuration is past. The cold is best applied externally by ice compresses on the throat and internally by letting the patient constantly suck small pieces of ice.

If at the end of twenty-four hours the inflammation has not begun to subside, it is certain that the abscess will form. In that case, it is best to apply heat in order to bring the suppuration to a head as soon as possible. The patient should keep a mouth wash, as hot as he can bear, back in the throat, or else inhale steam. Do not try gargling, for that causes too much pain. It is often helpful to apply hot compresses to the outside of the throat.

As soon as the abscess comes to a head the doctor will open it. That is better than permitting it to break, because in that case there is some danger that the patient may be suffocated in his sleep, and in any event he would be quite certain to swallow a quantity of pus.

People who have recurrences of this trouble should have their tonsils carefully examined and see to it that all sources of infection in throat, nose or teeth are removed.

Temperament and Disease

In a former article some facts were stated concerning the different temperaments or types of vital action into which mankind is divided. These are usually reckoned as five, although the classification is not very definitely fixed. Each of these types is distinugished by a predisposition to certain maladies and by a special mode of reaction to the poison of the infectious diseases. Those of the lymphatic or phlegmatic temperament are sluggish and disinclined to exercise, their muscles are soft and flabby, and there is a general absence of tone in the system. The diseases from which they suffer are usually those marked by debility, and they have often to be keyed up with tonics even when not really ill.

Those of the nervous type are of small frame, active in mind and body, light eaters and light sleepers. Their tendency is to diseases of the nervous system. They tire easily after a spurt of work or play, but above all things should resist the temptation to resort to "pick-me-ups," which have a fatally good effect for the time being. These people need sleep—but must not resort to drugs to get it—and restful vacations.

The jolly people of the sanguine temperament with their florid complexions, their hearty appetites and good digestions, enjoy life as it comes. The diseases to which they are most liable are gout and premature hardening of the arteries, with its consequent heart and kidney troubles and apoplexy. The regimen best adapted to ward off these maladies is a restricted diet, especially as regards flesh food, avoidance of alcoholic beverages, and the drinking of plenty of pure water to wash away waste materials.

Persons of the bilious temperament are prone to diseases of the liver, gall stones, intestinal indigestion and constipation. They are large consumers of food, but derive little enjoyment from eating. They are often much benefitted by a course of dieting and consumption of mineral waters, after the plan developed to a high degree by the German watering place physicians.

The strumous type is less distinctly a temperament than an actual tendency to disease. There is little reparative power here; wounds heal sluggishing, the glands in different parts of the body often swell and sometimes break down, the appetite is small and digestion poor. Persons of this type do not bear confinement well, and are prone to become consumptive unless they live much in the open air.

A Good Definition

"What is wisdom?" asked a teacher of a class of small girls. A bright-eyed little creature arose and answered: "Information of the brain."

These French women are carrying a length of camouflage burlap woven in mesh wire that is going to be shipped to the front. It is used as screens for machine guns and look-out posts in France.

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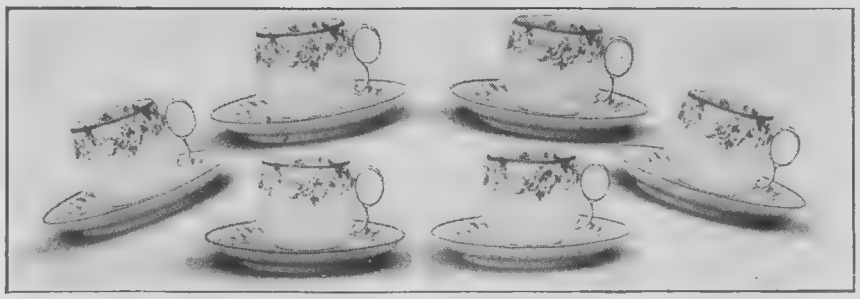

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Description

The cups and saucers are original Elite ***Limoges*** French China, with decoration of branches of small full blown pink roses, foliage and floral sprays. Irregular gold edge. Gold decorated handles.

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We will send you half a dozen guaranteed ***Limoges*** cups and saucers in return for three new subscriptions to *The Western Home Monthly* at $1.00 a year.

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containing 550 designs of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Patterns, a concise and comprehensive article on dressmaking, also some points for the needle (illustrating 30 of the various, simple stitches) all valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

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Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

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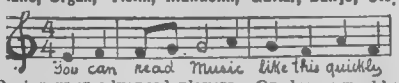

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Fashions and Patterns

Just the Style for Your New Dress of Silk or Cotton. 2512—The tunic may be omitted, or it may be of contrasting material. This model is good for foulard, taffeta, lawn, batiste, gingham, chambray, gabardine, serge, wool or silk Jersey cloth. The sleeve may be finished at elbow or wrist length. The pattern is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 yards of 40-inch material. The skirt measures about 2 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Model in Tunic Style. 2501—In this instance white voile was employed with Irish insertion and edging for trimming. The tunic portion is gathered to the waist in pointed outline. The fulness at the waistline is held in place by a belt. The two-piece skirt is finished separately. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 requires 4½ yards of 44-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical Design. 2508—This model will make a cool and comfortable dress. It is composed of a separate guimpe that may be buttoned to the skirt, which is finished with a suspender waist. Lawn, crepe and batiste are nice for the guimpe and the same materials may be used for the dress, which is good also for serge, gabardine, gingham, seersucker, chambray and linen. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material for the dress and 1¾ yards for the guimpe. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

For Afternoon or Calling. 2502—Here is a smart and pretty model, easy to develop, nice for soft batiste, crepe or foulard and just as good for satin, gabardine, serge or linen. As here shown, white voile was combined with cluny insertion. The girdle is of pale blue satin. The tunic is finished separate from the skirt, and could be made of contrasting material. White serge with braiding or embroidery would be nice for this model. The pattern is cut in three sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 will require 6¼ yards of 40-inch material. The skirt measures about 1⅞ yard at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical Apron. 2505—This style is excellent for drilling, percale, gingham, alpaca, lawn or galatea. The fulness at sides and back is held in place by a belt. The design is fitted by shoulder and underarm seams. The pattern is cut in four sizes: Small 32-34, medium 36-38, large 40-42, extra large 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires 5¾ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Good Sports Blouse. 2506—Washable satin, linen, drill, khaki, lawn, silk or wool Jersey cloth, gingham or taffeta could be used for this style. The closing is at the left side. Collar, cuffs and pocket could be of contrasting material. In white handkerchief linen, facings or trimming of blue or pink would be attractive. The pattern is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 4 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical Set of Short Clothes for a Little Girl. 2513—This outfit comprises a simple dress, a short-waisted petticoat, and a combination garment consisting of waist and drawers, which could also serve as a model for bloomers. The dress is a design good for lawn, batiste, gingham, chambray, voile or percale. For the undergarments muslin, cambric, long cloth and nainsook could be used. If the combination undergarment is used as rompers, it could be of galatea, gingham, drill, linen, repp or percale. The pattern is cut in five sizes: 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 4 requires for the dress, 2⅜ yards, for the petticoat 1⅝ yard; for the combination 1½ yard, of 36-inch material.

SOUR STOMACH

Specks Before the Eyes.

Sour stomach and biliousness are caused by a sluggish liver, for when the liver is not working properly, it holds back the bile, which is so essential to promote the movement of the bowels, and the bile gets into the blood instead of passing through the usual channel, thus causing many stomach and bowel troubles.

Floating specks before the eyes is also another indication that the liver is sluggish and requires stirring into action. This you can best do by taking Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills. They stir up the sluggish liver, clean the coated tongue, sweeten the breath, and do away with all stomach ills.

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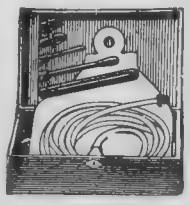

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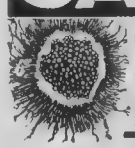

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A Comfortable Suit for the Small Boy. 2483—As here illustrated, striped gingham was used for the trousers, and madras for the blouse. The suit may be of one material. Serge, galatea, drill, corduroy, velvet, cheviot and khaki are nice for the trousers. The blouse may be of percale, linen, soisette or flannel. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 2⅛ yards of 40-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple House Dress. 2144—This model is splendid for gingham, chambray, linen, lawn or percale, and also nice for gabardine, flannel, cashmere or challie. The closing is at the centre front and the fulness is held at the waistline, over sides and back, by a belt. The pattern is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 6¼ yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures about 2½ yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Frock. 2496—Here is a simple, one-piece model, that may be finished with or without the jacket portion. Flouncing, embroidered batiste or voile crepe, challie, dimity, lawn, dotted Swiss, silk and gabardine could be used for this style. White organdie would be nice with tiny frills of pale blue or pink for decoration. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 6 requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

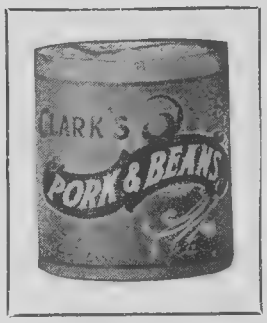
A Pretty Frock for Summer. 2488—In organdie, batiste, dotted Swiss, foulard or linen, this model will be very attractive. It is nice also for crepe, gabardine, serge and other wool fabrics. The bolero could be of contrasting material. The pattern is cut in three sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 18 requires 5 yards of 36-inch material The skirt measure about 1⅞ yard at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

Just the Style for Calling or Afternoon Wear. Waist 2500, skirt 2504. Comprising waist pattern 2500 and skirt pattern 2504. Foulard, taffeta, batiste, dimity, dotted Swiss, organdy, shantung, crepe and satin are desirable for its development. The skirt may be made without the trimming. The waist is finished with shaped vest portions. The sleeve may be made in wrist or elbow lenth. The skirt pattern 2504 is cut in seven sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. The waist 2500 in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It will require 6⅝ yards of 40-inch material for the entire dress in a 38-inch size. The skirt measures about 2 yards at the foot. This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

A Simple Comfortable Dress for Mother's Girl. 2507—Bordered goods, embroidered voile or batiste and flouncing are just the thing for this model. The dress slips over the head, but additional opening may be made at the yoke fronts. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 3¼ yards of 40-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

Just the Most Comfortable Model for a House Work Dress. 2485—The fulness of this dress is held in at the waistline by elastic or a drawstring, but it may be gathered under a belt if preferred. The sleeve may be finished in wrist or elbow length. The right front is shaped at the closing. Percale, drill, gingham, chambray, linen, lawn, repp, poplin and galatea may be used for this model. The pattern is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 7¾ yards of 27-inch material. The dress measures about 2⅜ yards at the lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Pretty Blouse. 2492—You could have this of batiste or lawn in flesh color,



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pink, blue or beige, or white with collar and cuffs of a pretty color. This style is also nice for crepe, taffeta and linen. The cuff has a pretty turnover. This pattern is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require 3 yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Comfortable Suit for the Little Boy. 2330—For this model the blouse could be of drill, madras, linen or flannel, and the trousers of serge, cheviot or of wash fabrics. The suspender portions are a new feature. They could be omitted. The pattern is cut in four sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 4 requires 1¼ yard of 44-inch material for the waist and 2⅛ yards for the trousers. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Simple Practical Apron. 2234—Gingham, seersucker, percale, drill, linen, and linene are good for this style. The apron is adjusted on the shoulder and the fulness at the waistline may be held by the belt, if desired. The pattern is cut in four sizes: Small 32-34, medium 36-38, large 40-42, and extra large 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires 4¾ yards of 36-inch material. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

A Practical Skirt. 2489—This is an excellent model for wash fabrics such as linen, gingham, chambray, voile and khaki. It is also good for serge, taffeta, foulard, poplin, corduroy, gabardine and broadcloth, for plaids, checks and mixed suiting. Th pattern is cut in seven sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 2 requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material. The skirt measures 2 yards at the foot. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 15 cents in silver or stamps.

Why Germany Wants Peace

(By Hilaire Belloc in "Land and Water.")

The central fact of the situation is the anxiety of Prussia, the master of the Central Group which we are fighting, to cry off while her army is still intact—to be left unhampered in her training of subject Slavs of her service. It is as simple as that.

In pursuing this end, Prussia relies upon forces in our western civilization vastly stronger than those of the numerically and intellectually insignificant pacifists. She relies chiefly upon something common to all human nature, which is the tendency to act unreasonably under a strain.

She also relies upon the contrast between her own knowledge of Slav problems (which is naturally extensive and accurate) and the general ignorance of them in the West. She further relies upon the necessarily diverse character of the several nations arrayed against her dominion. All these things are in her favor. But a statement of plain fact is not in her favor.

The facts now known to every one—though they have taken a long time getting known—are utterly against her moral claim—which is now that the war is but a sad misunderstanding. Those facts are also, happily, against the probability of her final victory. In other words, if Europe calls in its intelligence to correct its moods, Europe will win and barbarism will be defeated.

The position has, therefore, two clear elements:—

(1) Prussia and her dependents have gained a great and decisive victory against the Alliance on its isolated Eastern front; which victory, if it can be left undisturbed, will double her power in a generation.

But (2), he and they are perilously exhausted—far more exhausted than is the West; and Prussia sees little chance of any further accident which will relieve the growing pressure against her. She perceives that if the war is maintained in spite of the heavy strain on us, the strain on her will break her.

The Germans have now buried (killed, prematurely dead from disease and from wounds) something like three million of those drawing military rations; perhaps somewhat more. They have lost much more than three million males dead, over and above the average rate in peace time.

And there are other factors in the position which are sometimes forgotten. The German military system depended upon a caste of officers. That caste has been half destroyed by the war, and the gaps have been supplemented in various ways: by temporary commissions only granted after expressed limitations of rank and authority; by giving non-commissioned officers commissioned duties, by reducing the proportion of command to rank and file, etc. With all these supplementary methods rather grudgingly used, the handicap from which Germany suffers in a long war remains.

The jealous regard of the military caste for its position has prevented in Germany what France has done naturally for a century, and what England has successfully though experimentally, done in the last three years—the creation of a body of officers chosen and promoted almost without regard to social rank in peace.

The elements favorable to Prussia are fortuitous and incalculable. There may be a civilian breakdown in some one other country of the Alliance, such as that which has taken place under alien and cosmopolitan direction in the capital of what was once Russia. There may be quarrels among the Allies. There may be discovered an unexpectedly weak sector, such as that the collapse of which led to the enormous victory of Caporetto last October. It is such accidents as these which have on three separate occasions restored, when it seemed hopeless, the Prussian position.

But no soldier gambles upon continued luck. All soldiers calculate. And the calculation of the future is against Prussia. That is why Prussia continues and will continue to seek the earliest possible peace. Subject to the necessity she is under of holding all she can of what she has already grabbed and of remaining potentially a strong military power—and whatever scheme of disarmament were proposed on paper, a strong military power she will potentially remain, unless she is beaten in this war.

This element of exhaustion, which is the root cause of Germany's anxiety for peace, is accentuated by her rulers' perception of the necessary growth of superiority (for the third time, and probably for the last time) upon the side of civilization, and the corresponding decline upon the side of its enemies.

The Great War has seen three cusps or waves of the sort. First came the unprovoked, unexpected, treacherous and exceedingly rapid attack which took us all unawares. It was checked and broken at the Marne; held in front of Ypres and on the Yser; and in the succeeding six months, as Europe began to take breath and recover itself, the superiority of Europe against the barbarian became apparent. The rate of munitionment, the improvisation of armies from Britain the astonishing development of work in the air; the production of heavy artillery upon a quite unheard-of scale; in all these things civilization—which is always potentially superior to barbarism—drew rapidly up in the race and began to get ahead of the enemy.

The process by which the superior invariably dominates the inferior at last, in spite of any accident or any surprise, the process, but for which civilization would long ago have disappeared under the attacks of barbarism, is again at work. Again we find the process exasperating us by its slowness, but again, if we will regard it as a necessary inevitable growth, we can watch it in security. The production of machinery and of munitions, of offensive and defensive armament catches up.

And the enemy has those calculations before him just as we have; though we know our own figures more accurately and he his own. This third element in the situation is, even more than the rest, compelling him to seek a negotiated peace.

Woman and the Home

Our Victory

By M. W. Heald.

I am looking back over the seven years of my married life to-day. Seven years with self-denial, with struggle to live, with ideals cast down, with vanity crushed, pride hurt and courage almost gone; indelibly branded upon my heart.

To know the grandeur of living. To see the world of happiness pass by each year and not be a participant. To see pretty gowns in the shop windows, and know how shabby and queer I looked!

To see sumptuous equipages pass by while I must walk. To live near a great mansion and know of the peace, pride and self esteem that dwelt within. To watch all real life from the outside and know well the how and what it means to really live. To listen with a quickened heart and hands clenched, as a step was heard at the door and a key at the lock. To stop breathing as the footsteps of my husband approached, my lover who had promised so often to think of me, and resist temptation as he passed the hotel bar, the glittering cafe, the invitation of a convivial friend.

To have been forgotten always and, night after night, meet my husband who left me full of hope in the morning, now with glassy eyes, uncertain step, stuttering words from an unknown voice to guide a swaying form to an armchair by the hearth. Then to a dinner table where was offered food that had been lovingly and thoughtfully prepared.

The poor creature could not eat; after smoking several cigarettes, denying again and again having touched a drop, shuffle off to bed and I was alone. Ah, those innumerable evenings alone!

The next day is a new beginning. The repentant man wins my injured faith again. I know his weakness, his devotion to me always. The man a picture of an over-indulgent mother left a widow with two sons, whom she pampered and spoiled. The older of the two, my husband, she dominated completely; the other dominated her.

The poor woman, left with a large fortune, seemed to be bewildered with the responsibilities.

Ambitious for the oldest son, she set him up in business, without education, business experience and too much money —the usual result, they both learned a bitter lesson.

If she could only have taken the manly defeated young chap by the hand and said:

"Now, my boy, you failed; we will start over again. Be brave, work hard and you will win."

No, indeed; she was too blind! She reproached him; called him a failure, without business head; she was ashamed of him. Presented him with a board bill since his father's death. Never allowed the past to be forgotten a day.

Driven into the arena of travelling salesman, his career was sure and final. Not of strong constitution, his courage broken, pride annihilated; doubted and scorned by the one he loved most, he drowned it all in drink.

Then I appeared. He told me how he needed me, how I could help him; with me he could win all. Of course, this was fatal to me, and we struggled.

Ill fortune still pursued him. I was not the mate his mother would have chosen—an unknown woman, no social position and, greatest of all calamities—no money!

She immediately made a will disinheriting him, that the family home and fortune need not be spent, but saved for her grandchild and grand-niece.

How could I blame the wounded heart. and broken spirit? We have often watched from our cottage window the gay doings at the old home place, now owned by the younger brother; great feasts being spread, gay friends entertained, while he and I were hungry and cold. I know as we watched the life up there, he felt all the injustice done him more on my account, of what I was deprived, than his own grief.

"If it weren't for you, I would be six feet under the ground," he would say often to me.

Day after day, my faith and confidence in final victory renewed, the dear man searched for work. Business men of his class looked at his shiny blue suit, frayed and worn overcoat, and would say, "they had all the help they needed."

With no money to travel, no place to pass away a discouraged hour, the bright hospitable saloon invited him in—the son of a respected family, he was most welcome and indulged.

The past five years my earnings, thanks to vocational training, have kept our home. I am a failure (how the words of a mother do hold above all else). "I am a failure darling, no good to anyone."

"There is nothing a man of forty can do, too many young men in the business field full of hope and courage. A man must have backing in the world of competition nowadays."

Our friends were dropped; we made no calls and regretted invitations. My courage failed me, when our friends found my husband not his best self, I could not bear their pity. We found ourselves really alone in a great city; no one has time now in this complex social life for the uninteresting and those in misfortune.

The pitiful search for work went on more hopelessly day after day. It puzzled me, why he did not realize it was his weak habit that defeated his efforts. I often asked myself, would he ever see that no one can hurt you but yourself? With all my faith and encouragement, the poor man must help himself.

Seven years of hope, seven years of daily forgiving; seven years of listening to daily repentance. Repeating always the same advice as we separated for the day.

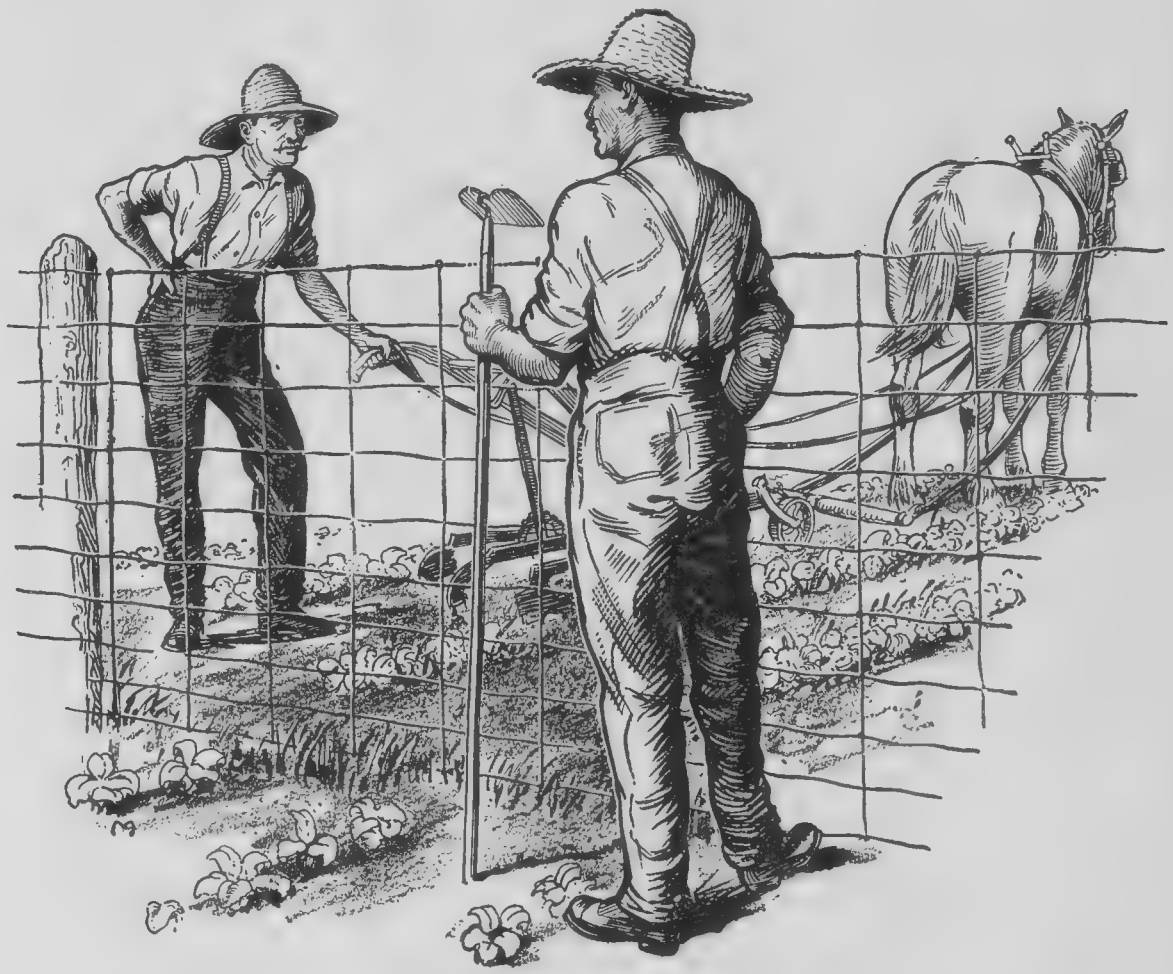
"Hold your head high; don't fear to say you're on the 'water-wagon.' Men admire courage—even when they banter."

I remember so well when we first met, his devotion won me in spite of myself. It seemed like fate. Try as I would to forget him, he made himself necessary to me, just by persistent, tender companionship.

"He drinks like an eel," a friend warned me who had known him some years. A gentleman drunk or sober—always. But my advice would be don't give up your good profession to save him. It cannot be done." My involuntary impulse then was to defend him. I did defend him then, and have ever since!

With a heart overflowing now, my faith and self-sacrifice justified, I write of his victory—won himself the greatest of all victories—it is written.

I have never failed him. I have trusted him and forgiven him, the ninety



How Do You Do It?

"How do you do it?"

"Do what?"

"Work all day long with back bent over your crops—and return from the fields apparently fresh and vigorous for your chores?"

"My father did it before me."

"I know that. But what is the secret? How do you do it? As for me, I go to bed tired out and after a few hours work in the morning, begin to wish I had never been born."

"Many years ago our family began to rely upon the advice of Dr. Chase. Away back in 1864 we managed to get a copy of his book. Since then we have had many copies. And each new book retaining all the virtues of the old, contains something new and valuable. Dr. Chase has kept our family posted on the progress of modern science as regards health."

"Humph! I have always looked upon Dr. Chase's remedies as patent medicines."

"The parts of your self-binder, of your mower, of your separator, and of all the machines you use on the farm, are patented. Does that make them less valuable? A thing is neither good nor bad because it is patented. USE ALONE PROVES VALUE. And thirty years of use has proven the worth of Dr. Chase's medicines to our household."

"There is something in what you say."

"There is more in what I am able to do, as a result of following Dr. Chase's advice. There was a time that my back bothered me so that I could not stand hoeing, pitching hay and such work, but by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills as a regulator of the kidneys, liver and bowels, I got rid of backache and back weakness."

"Well, that is just where my weak point is, in the back."

"Try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and if I don't miss my guess, you will soon be all right. We have found the occasional use of these pills the best means of keeping these organs regular and thereby avoiding pain and aches, as well as the development of serious disease."

"I will certainly give them a trial, for I have often wondered how you have kept so well and fit."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

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Mr. W. E. Grafton, 44 Davenport Road, Toronto, Ont., writes: "My wife underwent a very serious operation three years ago. After leaving the Toronto General Hospital she was in a weak, nervous condition. Having tried numerous medicines, from which she received practically no satisfaction, I decided to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I am very pleased to say that they proved very satisfactory. She slept and ate well, and her whole physical condition improved wonderfully. I have always kept a box in the house, and find them very useful in cases of nervousness, sleeplessness and fatigue."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. a box at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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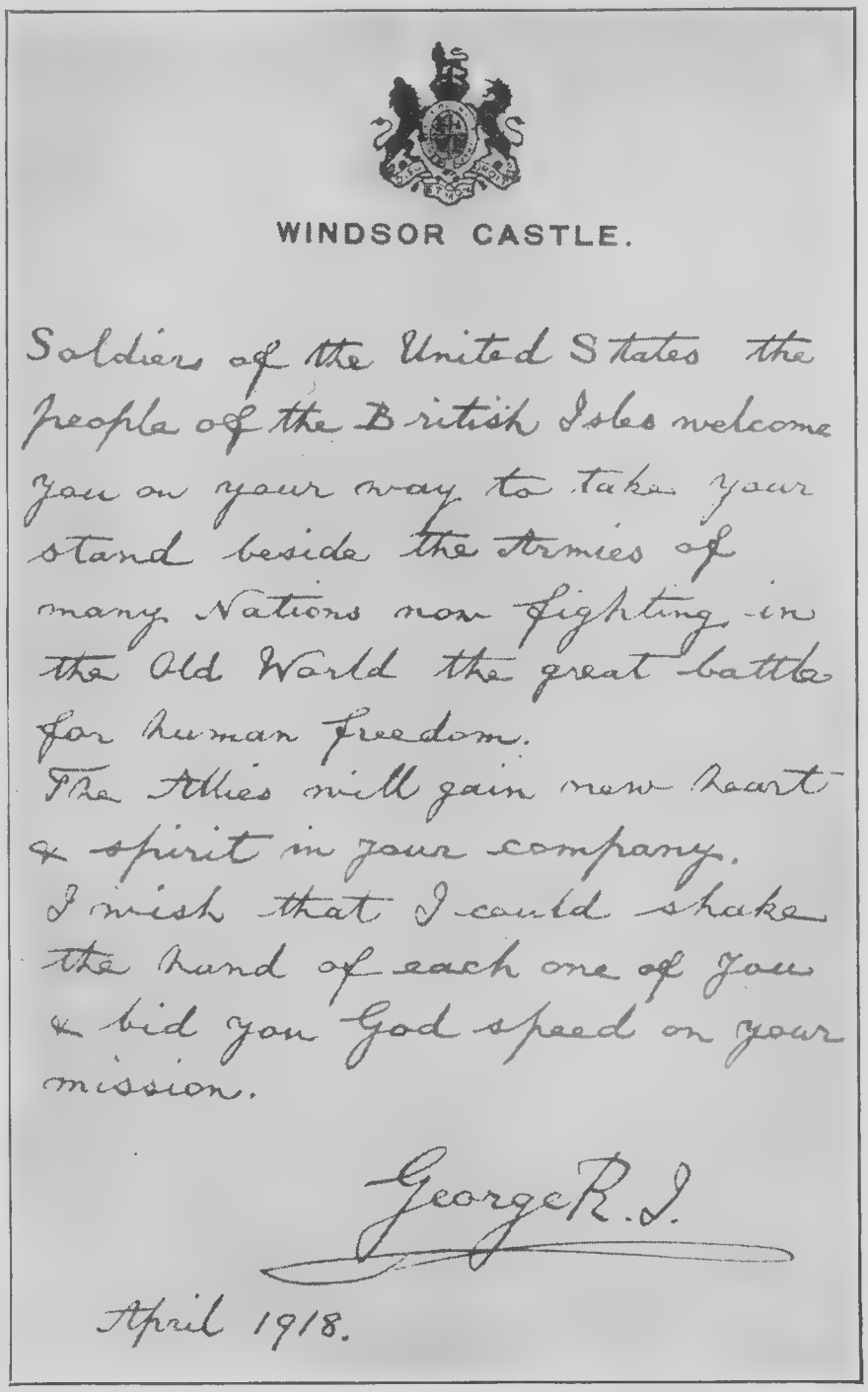
HORLICK'S
Malted Milk for Infants
A safe milk diet, better than cow's milk alone. Contains rich milk and malted grain extract

and nine times as we are told to do in the Book of Books. One day, like a miracle, he held his head high, walked into the office of a business house, shiny clothes, threadbare wrists, offered his services in the business he knew well. He dominated the situation, the firm could not refuse him. He insisted upon being taken in on trial, with manly humility.

He is now the manager. He is master of the whole concern, and himself. I am so happy there is no vocabulary with which to express myself.

The greatest work in the world for a woman is to help the man she loves, help himself, put him with the courage that finally wins. Love is the only reformer; the Master saved the world by loving the world, but He left heaven to do it.



WINDSOR CASTLE.

Soldiers of the United States the people of the British Isles welcome you on your way to take your stand beside the armies of many Nations now fighting in the Old World the great battle for human freedom.
The Allies will gain new heart & spirit in your company.
I wish that I could shake the hand of each one of you & bid you God speed on your mission.

George R.I.

April 1918.

This is a facsimile copy of the letter of welcome King George addressed to the American troops when they arrived in Great Britain. British official photo.

Unappreciated Benevolence

It happened early Sunday morning on one of the New York cross streets, where block after block of brown-faced dwellings with high steps daily present their row of heaping ash cans and garbage barrels upon the front pavement. A thin, sour-faced old man in a frayed and shiny alpaca coat was turning over the contents of one of these receptacles just as a plump, benevolent-looking woman chanced to be passing.

"My good man," she exclaimed in a voice full of pity and solicitude, "that is the trash-can you have there! You won't find anything to eat in it. Don't you know the ordinances compel separation? This is the food can, and here," poking a half-loaf of bread out of the heap with the point of her umbrella, "is a fine bit, hardly discolored even.

"Oh, don't think, I mind doing this in the least!" she rattled on, catching sight of an inexplicable expression on the old man's face. "I shall be only too glad if I can help you. I'm just on my way from church and I haven't any change or— Now here's something else," spearing a limp banana with the end of the umbrella. "Oh, yes, I haven't a bit of false pride!"

By this time the old man had found his voice. 'Madam," he sputtered, "madam," his excitement and indignation reducing him to voluble explanation, "I'm not looking for my breakfast, madam! And I'll have you to understand these are my own barrels you're poking your umbrella into. I own this house—and—and—"

"Then why—" began the good woman, in amazement.

"Because a fifty-dollar bill was swept up with some rubbish last night, and—'

"Oh, I beg your pardon," stammered the woman, with heightened color, as she withdrew. And then to herself, "That's just the way! When one tries to do a little good in the world it's so apt to turn out to be the wrong person!"

Pin Money

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Mrs. Nestor Noel

When a woman has been married for two or three years, she gets tired of always asking her husband for money. And so it was with me. My husband's work made just enough for necessities, and every time I wanted ever so little for extras, I felt I was using up money which ought to be put by. And so I conceived of a plan.

One evening, I startled my husband by saying: "I'm going to earn my own extras."

He was deep in his newspaper at the time, but, for once, my remark proved a real distraction.

"I don't see what you can possibly want," he said. "You've only to ask me, and I give you everything you need."

"That's just it," I answered back. "But I want money for a little more than I need."

I am not going to give the rest of our conversation that night; but, suffice it to say, I carried my point.

Only a woman will really understand how I felt about the matter; for, only a woman knows how absolutely necessary to her are those things which men call luxuries!

To begin with, my husband started a Joint Account at the bank; but it was settled from the first, that we each keep track of our own money in it, and never would his money be spent on extras, nor mine on necessities. John, as before, pays all household expenses, repairs, doctors' bills, taxes, etc. As he has to find cash for these, he still has an incentive to increase his salary. Indeed, he would resent me spending my money on his "department."

I found I could earn a considerable sum by doing typewriting at home, and, as I was an expert typist before I married, it was not long before I got several different people to give me work. Sometimes I offered to take care of children (having only one of my own) in the evenings. I got quite a good sum of money for this; but, gradually, I had more typewriting than I could manage, so I stuck to this alone, permanently.

There is one thing a woman loves to do with her own money, and that is to give her husband presents. I remember when I had to ask John for a few dollars, in order to give him a Christmas present! And the things I gave him in those days were not worth much. Now I have given him a first-class phonograph and a piano—all paid for out of my own earnings!

He can't say anything about extras now; for was not my money intended for them from the start?

I know a woman who was always complaining that life was so dull, because, though her husband earned as much as mine did, she never had the pleasure of really "shopping," for herself. Once I took her out and gave her a good time and she wondered how I could do it "on John's salary;" but when I had explained to her that I did it on "my salary" she grew interested. After talking matters over, she decided that she would "take in mending," as that is one thing which she does perfectly. I gave her her first order. From ordinary mending, she has worked up quite a connection, and now she undertakes to do "lace mending," which she does exquisitely, and for which she is often paid a very handsome sum. When we go "shopping" together now, I see a great change in her and I know she is happy—not merely because she has the money to spend, but because she has an interest outside herself.

We neither of us stop to think and hesitate as of yore, when we buy a piece of soap. We do not give ten cents for an inferior soap, to save money—and so suffer from rough hands ever after! And, as for books, books, books! O, who can tell the pleasure of reading first editions, exquisitely bound, instead of cheap reprints which are injurious to the eyes and rough to the touch!

Then my little girl comes in for her share of "mother's extra money," and many a toy long coveted before, is at last a real possession!

I must say that, since the war, I have cut out a great many of my very feminine luxuries; but I have substituted that greatest of all luxuries,—the luxury of giving away to the Red Cross, which really amounts to a duty, and I have bought quite a few Victory Bonds as well.

These are only some of the countless things I do with my own money. Women do not require to be told how to spend their money. As all men know, "they can do their spending all right." There is scarcely a woman, however stupid, who does not do one thing more perfectly than another. It is this one thing which must make her "pin money," and the more she specializes, the more chance she has, and the more she will make. If she chooses work which she likes naturally, then she will do that much better than anything else.

So, don't despair, you women whose husbands earn "just enough," get out, or stay at home, as the case may be; but hustle, and then you'll be sure that you'll be able to have your own way with "your own money."

Household Suggestions

Among the suggestions made in recent numbers of newspapers and magazines are the following, which have particular value for people of Western Canada. To the Winnipeg Press acknowledgment is made:

Bread

Rice Bread—1 cupful uncooked rice or 4½ cupfuls cooked rice, 4 cupfuls of flour, ½ cupful of water in which the rice was cooked, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter substitute, 1 teaspoonful salt, 1 yeast cake dissolved in 2 tablespoonfuls warm water.

Wash the rice through several waters, put it into two quarts of boiling water slowly, then boil it rapidly in an uncovered vessel for twenty-five minutes; drain, blanch with warm water, spread on a platter for fifteen minutes and put into a bowl; add the water, in which the butter substitute, sugar and salt have been dissolved; mix well, then add the dissolved yeast and the flour. Knead well. This makes a very stiff dough, but after it rises it gets quite soft. Grease pans, put in the soft dough and allow it to rise a second time. This makes a very white and soft bread and keeps moist a long time. It is best to bake it in three small loaves for from thirty-five to forty-five minutes.

Brown Bread—4 cups graham flour, 1 teaspoonful salt, 2 tablespoons brown sugar lukewarm, 1 yeast cake, 1 cup white flour, 2 tablespoons melted butter substitute, 2 cups scalded milk and water mixed.

Dissolve the yeast cake in lukewarm liquid, add sugar and butter substitute or lard gently, add flour and salt, cover and set aside in warm place. When light, mould into loaves and set to rise again. Bake an hour. Best results from Fleischman's yeast.

Rye Bread—5 cups rye flour, 1 tablespoon melted butter or substitute, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 yeast cake, 1½ cups flour, 3 cups scalded milk and water.

Dissolve yeast cake in lukewarm liquid, add half the rye flour. Beat well and set this sponge away in warm place until light. Then add remaining half of rye flour and white flour, salt and butter. Knead well and set aside to rise. Put in pans and let rise again. Brush over with white of egg and bake in moderate oven.

Cornmeal Bread—2½ cups cornmeal, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 2 eggs, 1 cup white flour, 4 tablespoons butter, substitute or lard, 2 cups scalded milk, 1 yeast cake.

Dissolve yeast cake and sugar in lukewarm water or milk, add butter, cornmeal, flour (egg beaten well) and salt. Set in warm place to rise. When light bake for 20 minutes in hot oven in shallow pans.

War Pancakes—2 cups rolled oats, 2 cups rye flour or white, 2 cups cornmeal, 3 heaping teaspoons baking powder sifted with rye flour, 1 teaspoon salt (level), milk to make batter.

One egg and a little sugar makes a nicer brown. The rolled oats seem to take away the strong taste of the cornmeal.

Apple and Corn Meal Pone—1 cupful of whole wheat flour, 1 cupful cornmeal, 2 cupfuls of finely chopped apples, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1½ cupfuls of milk, 4 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, 2 tablespoonfuls of sugar, 3 tablespoonfuls of melted shortening, 1 egg.

Put the cornmeal and flour into a bowl; add the milk, egg, salt, sugar, and shortening. Beat well, and add the apples and baking powder last. Brush a baking pan or pie tin with a little drippings, pour in the mixture half an inch thick, and bake in a moderate oven for from thirty-five to forty minutes, or until nice, brown and crisp. Cut into squares; serve hot.

Corn Meal Ginger Cookies—1½ cupfuls of whole wheat or white flour, 1½ cupfuls of corn meal, ½ cupful of brown sugar, a cupful of shortening, 1 teaspoonful salt, 2 teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, 2 teaspoonfuls of ginger, 1 teaspoonful of baking soda, 1 teaspoonful of grated nutmeg, 2 tablespoonfuls of hot water.

Put the sugar, molasses, shortening, spices and salt into a bowl; mix until smooth; add the soda, which has been dissolved in the hot water, and the corn meal and flour. Mix well. Roll out a quarter of an inch thick, cut with a cooky cutter and bake in a hot oven for from ten to twelve minutes. These are hard the first day, but get soft in twenty-four hours.

Oatmeal Brittle—1 egg beaten slightly, 1 tablespoonful of melted butter, 1 cup of granulated sugar, 1 teaspoonful of vanilla or almond flavoring, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder, 2 cups of rolled oats.

Drop in balls on a buttered sheet and bake.

Scotch Oatcakes—2 cups oatmeal, 2 tablespoons melted dripping (or other shortening), ½ teaspoon salt, pinch baking soda, ½ cup boiling water.

Mix oatmeal, salt and soda well, make hole in centre and pour in the melted fat mixed with the hot water. Stir briskly until all the dry meal is gathered in. If mixture seems crumbly, add a little more water, and if sticky to the hands, throw a dust of meal round to firm and work it in. Don't delay to knead quickly when warm. This is the secret to successful and shapely oatcakes.

This quantity of oat dough makes 8 oatcakes. To do this, divide the dough into two portions, roll out each round as thinly as possible if for oatcakes as made in the Lowlands, but ¼ inch thick if for bannocks of the Highlands.

Fire on a moderate hot griddle until edges begin to curl slightly, then either turn over on griddle or put (to get them the final curl) in a moderately hot oven. This latter process is more speedy than the other. Cool each cake separately, keep in a dry place, and, if necessary, recrisp before eating.

These can also be fired on a flat shelf in the oven, in which case they require no turning.

By substituting 1 cup cornmeal for the second cup of oatmeal, and not rolling so thin, a little variety can be made in the flavor of the cakes.

Fish

At the present time a large supply of fresh and salt varieties are available. The Pacific Coast products are especially advocated by the government, and they include plaice, soles, skate wing and red cod. All these fish retail at 10c a pound.

Other varieties on the market at the present time are:

Halibut	28c
Sliced salmon	30c
Sliced halibut	30c
Smelts	23c
Pickerel fillets	40c
Mackerel	18c
Lake Winnipeg whitefish	17c
Lake trout	14c
Perch	13c
Pickerel	14c
Bloaters, each	5c
Kippers, each	5c
Jack fish	10c
Haddock	12c
Fresh salmon	35c

Meat

Meat can only be perfectly stewed if the water is kept just below the boiling point.

Meat loses one-fifth and upward of its weight in cooking.

Cooking reduces the digestibility of meat—raw meat taking two and roasted meat four hours to digest.

It is claimed that the stolid and tolerant character of the British is due to much eating of beef.

Kean, the famous actor, varied his meat according to the part he had to play, choosing pork for tyrants, beef for murderers and mutton for lovers.

Meat is really nothing but muscular tissue, and its constituents are protein and water.

The tenderness of meat which has been hung is due to the development of certain acids—chiefly sarcolactic—which make the flesh tender and digestible.

The addition of apple sauce to pork, mint sauce to lamb, lemon juice to veal and horseradish to beef, are all dietetically sound, and check bad results.

Pacemaker and Peacemaker

Village Grocer—"What are you running so fast for, sonny?" Boy—"I'm trying to keep two fellows from fighting." Grocer (interested)—"Who are the fellows?" Boy (grimly)—"Bill Perkins and me."

The Beauty of a Clear Skin.—The condition of the liver regulates the condition of the blood. A disordered liver causes impurities in the blood and these show themselves in blemishes on the skin. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills in acting upon the liver act upon the blood and a clear, healthy skin will follow intelligent use of this standard medicine. Ladies, who will fully appreciate this prime quality of these pills, can use them with the certainty that the effect will be most gratifying.

Each Package Saves About $2

If Used to Displace Meat

Each large package of Quaker Oats contains 6220 calories of nutrition. In meats and eggs—on the average at this writing—that same food value costs 7 or 8 times as much.

Note the vast difference, measured by food units:

Calories Per Pound

Quaker Oats	1810	Veal Cutlets	705
Round Steak	895	Young Chicken	505
Eggs	720	Fresh Halibut	565

Then mark the great difference in cost. You can serve seven breakfasts of Quaker Oats for the cost of one meat or egg breakfast.

Yet the oat is the supreme food. It has twice the energy value of beef, and several times its minerals.

It is a complete food, supplying every needed element. And its flavor makes it wondrously inviting.

It is the advised food for the young, where cost is not considered. And the favorite morning cereal in mansion or in cottage.

The delightful way to reduce your food cost is to serve more Quaker Oats.

Quaker Oats

The Extra-Flavory Flakes

We use queen grains only in Quaker Oats—just the rich, plump oats. The small grains, which lack flavor, are discarded. Thus we get but 10 pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel. But those 10 pounds are the flavory oats. And they bring you these exquisite flakes without any extra price. Be sure you get them.

35c and 15c Per Package

Except in Far West (1921)

Quaker Oats Bread

1 ½ cups Quaker Oats (uncooked)
2 teaspoons salt
½ cup sugar
2 cups boiling water
1 cake yeast
¼ cup lukewarm water
5 cups flour

Mix together Quaker Oats, salt and sugar. Pour over two cups of boiling water. Let stand until lukewarm. Then add yeast which has been dissolved in ¼ cup lukewarm water, then add 5 cups of flour.

Knead slightly, set in a warm place, let rise until light (about 2 hours). Knead thoroughly, form into two loaves and put in pans. Let rise again and bake about 50 minutes. If dry yeast is used, a sponge should be made at night with the liquid, the yeast and a part of the white flour.

This recipe makes two loaves.

Quaker Oats Muffins

¾ cup uncooked Quaker Oats, 1 ½ cups flour, 1 cup scalded milk, 1 egg, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, 2 tablespoons melted butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 tablespoons sugar.

Turn scalded milk on Quaker Oats, let stand five minutes; add sugar, salt and melted butter; sift in flour and baking powder; mix thoroughly and add egg well beaten. Bake in buttered gem pans.

Quaker Oats Sweetbits

1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 ½ cups uncooked Quaker Oats.

Cream butter and sugar. Add yolks of eggs. Add Quaker Oats to which baking powder has been added, and add vanilla.

Beat whites of eggs stiff and add last. Drop on buttered tins with a teaspoon, but very few on each tin, as they spread. Bake in slow oven. Makes about 65 cookies.

The Quaker Oats Company

PETERBOROUGH, Canada *SASKATOON, Canada*

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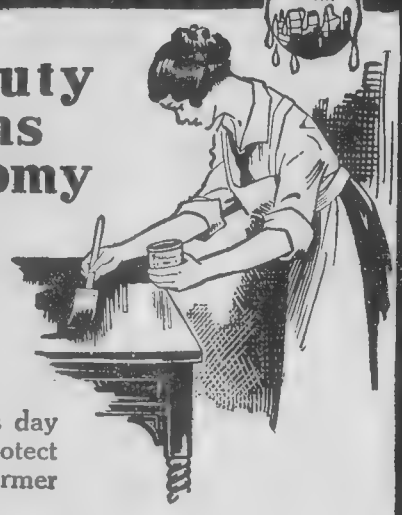

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VARNISH STAINS

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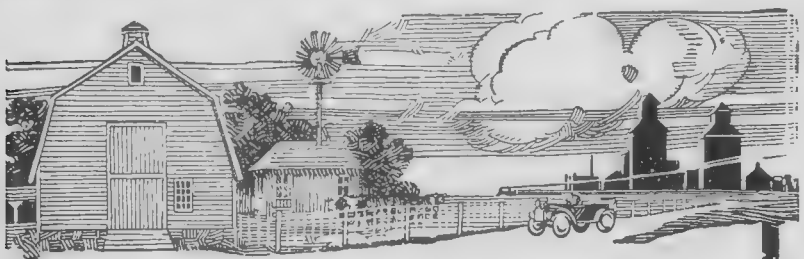

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52

About the Farm

Good Results

Here are two dairy herd records in 1917 that are worth careful note. First, a herd in the neighborhood of Oxford Mills, Ont., had an average yield of 9,008 lbs. milk and 281 lbs. fat, an increase from 1917 of 4,097 lbs. milk and 114 lbs. fat, or considerably more than twice as much. This is attributed to weeding out, better care and better feed. One cow produced as much milk as two of the best cows the year before simply by being better fed and cared for.

The second herd of six cows gave an average of 11,218 lbs. milk and 369 lbs. fat; the increase is from 6,338 lbs. milk and 199 lbs. fat in 1915, or nearly double. This is the result of feed and care and an A-1 sire. One cow in this herd in 1915 gave 8,817 lbs. milk and in 1916 her record was over 19,000 lbs.; she took a high standard at the Ottawa Winter Fair. Herd record work leads to good results.

It will evidently pay to keep track of what cows are doing now, and note then what they can be induced to do. Just write to the Dairy Division for milk record forms, they are free and get full satisfaction and better returns from improved cows. Test the herd, make each cow pay.—C. F. W.

Digestive Troubles with Horses

Why is it that the veterinary surgeon has more calls to treat digestive troubles in the spring time than he has at other seasons? The chief reason seems to be lack of judgment in feeding and yet this condition often happens with the best feeders. Indeed, we seldom find much trouble amongst horses excepting among the ones that are being kept fat and sleek.

The chief trouble at this time of year is caused by being over anxious about getting horses ready for market or for the season's work. Feeding them too heavy without sufficient exercise is a common cause of indigestion As soon as the extra feed is provided, extra work or exercise of some kind should also be provided, or trouble is very likely to crop up. The chief difficulty in the way seems to be in not starting soon enough, like the chap who ran to catch the train, but missed it, he said he ran fast enough but didn't start soon enough. If we would start sooner to get our horses fit, we could feed much lighter and the danger of causing indigestion would be reduced to a minimum.

Other causes for digestive troubles besides too much feed, is feed of poor quality, which should never be fed to the horse. In all cases where the horse is being hastily fitted, clean mixed hay or alfalfa should constitute the roughage. Salt should be within reach all the time. Bran should be a part of the grain ration, as constipation is often the fore-runner of indigestion. The bowels should be kept free and to this end, a small quantity of Glauber Salts in the grain should be sufficient, but when the above mentioned foods are fed, there should be no need of feeding any of the salts. Exposure to drafts or extreme changes of weather, causing the horse to catch cold, will sometimes cause indigestion. Blankets enough to keep the body warm, hot salt (in a bag) applied over the loin, a hot bran mash with ginger fed sparingly, should remedy any but very severe cases, in which it is wise to call in an expert veterinarian, If we would make haste slowly, some of the digestive troubles would disappear.—R. H. H.

Champion Highlanders.

Horses' Sore Shoulders and How They May Be Treated

By J. H. R., Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph

When a horse has been properly fitted for hard work, the collar fits properly, and the driver observes reasonable precautions to avoid trouble, it is seldom that shoulder trouble occurs, but where the horse has not been prepared for work, or the collar does not fit properly, or the driver is careless, trouble is very liable to occur. When the horse has a long coat of hair in the spring it is good practice to clip the parts with which the collar comes in contact, as a preventive measure. In fact, in many cases it is wise to clip the whole horse.

Shoulder troubles are usually caused by ill-fitting collars, but in horses not accustomed to work, may occur even when the collar fits properly.

The most common shoulder trouble is practically a form of scalding. The skin becomes inflamed and tender, the hair drops out, and, if work be continued, the parts become raw. This is often due to neglect in cleaning the face of the collar regularly, also thoroughly cleaning the shoulders regularly, and failure to remove the collar at meal times to allow the shoulders and collar face to become dry, and then clean them before putting the collar on again. For treatment a lotion made of 1 oz. each of acetate of lead and sulphate of zinc in a pint of cold water, is probably the best application. This should be applied three or four times daily, and the animal should be given rest or worked in a breast collar.

Abscesses or tumors may form on the shoulder as a result of pressure of the collar. One form of this trouble appears suddenly. A swelling of considerable size is noticed. It is not very tender or sore to pressure, and is found to be soft and fluctuating when handled. This is called a serous abscess. It contains a thin fluid, about the consistence of water called serum, which is situated just beneath the skin.

Another form appears more slowly. The horse evinces pain when pressure is put upon the shoulder. An examination reveals a swelling. The animal can work and evinces little pain except for a short time after he is put to work, until after he is allowed to stand for a few minutes. The soreness and enlargement increase, and while the swelling may not appear to the touch as solid and hard as at first, it has not the fluctuating condition of the serious abscess. The walls are thicker. This contains pus or matter, and is called a purulent abscess. Treatment in either case consists in making a free incision through the walls of the abscess, at the lowest part, to allow free escape of the contents, and then flushing out well three or four times daily until healed, with a five per cent solution in water, of one of the coal tar antiseptics

or carbolic acid. In this case the patient must have rest or be worked in a breast collar. Another condition from like causes is a fibrous tumor. This forms slowly, is more or less sore, in fact, acts much the same as a purulent abscess. In some cases it is not possible to diagnose definitely between a tumor and a purulent abscess with very thick walls, without exploring. A small incision is made right into the centre of the enlargement. If even a very little pus be present it will yield to the treatment for an abscess, but if no pus be present, the only treatment is dissection. The whole fibrous growth must be carefully dissected out, the wound stitched except a portion at the bottom to allow escape of pus, which forms during the healing process and treated as an abscess.

Garden for Every Home

Written for The Western Home Monthly
by Dell Grattan

Having a garden is wise and wholesome because it is a pleasure, because it is profitable, because you get from it vegetables far fresher and sweeter than you can buy, because the exercise of working in it is the most healthful thing possible and because the interest of planting things and nursing them to flowers and fruit adds new zest to life.

Do not let it go at vegetables only. Have flowers, have shrubs, have berry bushes and fruit trees. Have climbing vines for your porches.

No farm home can afford to be without vegetables. You do not need to be an expert to make a garden a source of revenue. Neither do you have to know anything about botany to begin raising flowers. If you cannot do anything better, put a nickle's worth of sunflower or cucumber seeds between the ash barrel and the fence. Then watch results. If you once begin gardening, even in this modest way, you are not likely to give it up. From things needing no care you will go to others needing a little, and by and by, you will have an up-to-date garden.

Vegetables should form a more important position in the daily food of the average farmer for they possess qualities which should ensure their use in much larger quantities than is the custom at the present time. There is a greater incentive for gardening this year than ever before.

In gardening it is well to start a year ahead so that the danger of encountering weeds will be lessened. However, that should not do away with the garden. Select a nice rich loam somewhere, one that is rich and has been well worked and in a location where it can be protected from stock and cared for at spare intervals. A site having a southern exposure or one having a windbreak on the north or west is to be recommended. I always have my garden about four times as long as it is wide, as such a piece of ground is much more convenient to plow and cultivate. When the work is to be done mainly by means of horse tools the arrangement is such as to give the longest possible rows, and straight outlines are followed. The garden should be free from paths across the rows, and turning spaces provided at the ends. When hand cultivation is to be used the garden may be laid off in sections, with transverse walks and the rows can be much closer for most vegetables. I recommend horse cultivation whenever possible, as it very materially lessens the labor and cost of caring for the crop.

Preparation

The fall is the time for plowing, as the action of the frost during the winter will break the soil into fine particles and render it suitable for planting. Sandy loams and soils that contain a large amount of humus may be plowed in the spring, but the work should be done early in order that the soil may settle before planting.

For garden crops there is no fertilizer that I know of that will compare with good, well rotted, barnyard manure. In selecting manure for the garden, care should be taken that it has passed through the fermenting stage before being used. The manure from fowls or sheep rank high as fertilizers and is especially adapted for dropping in hills or rows of plants. No definite rule can be given for the quantity of fertilizer to be applied, as this varies with the crop and the land.

It is not sufficient that the land be smooth and fine on top, but the pulverizing process should extend as deep as the harrowing. I always have the garden plowed to a greater depth than for the ordinary farm crop. If the soil is too dry and contains lumps it may be necessary to use some form of roller. If the soil be well prepared before planting, the work of caring for the crops will be very materially lessened.

I secure my seed sometime in advance of planting season and send direct to the seed house I prefer to deal with. Never wait until so late you have to rush to the grocery store and get from the ready made assortment supplied there. These are generally limited in their selection, and by a number of experimental tests have proved, as a rule, to be very low in power of germination.

Throughout this country it is desirable to start plants of tomatoes, celery, cabbage, cauliflower and brussels sprouts before the danger of frost has passed. I often start a limited number of the named plants in shallow boxes placed in a south window of the dwelling. When the plants appear, the boxes are turned each day to prevent the plants drawing toward the light. The city dweller or the farmer living within a certain distance of the city may secure the plants from professional gardeners. Strong, sturdy plants only should be purchased. I prefer to grow my own plants, however, and make use of an ordinary hot bed such as could easily be constructed on any farm.

I always sow the seeds in straight rows regardless of where the planting is made and group each kind together or in different lots of a number of rows each, and have the taller growing kinds at the back of the plot, and others in rotation as height decreases from this point outward. On the fences all around and on buildings I grow annual flowering vines, pole beans, scarlet runner bean, tomatoes trained to occupy all space. Sweet corn serves to hide a fence. It is just as easy to have a garden that will please the eye as well as the palate. Then all vegetables which will permit of close planting, where hand cultivation is to be used, are sown on one side of the garden, such as beets, carrots, beans, lettuce, radishes, onions, peas, parsnips, salsify, etc. Those which require more room like cabbage, cauliflower, turnips, cucumber, melons, squash and tomatoes, on the other side. To sow a row of seed quickly, evenly and thinly requires care and practice. Some 12 or 15 years ago when looking ahead for the care and cultivation of a good sized garden (one acre) every year I was wise enough to include with my order for seeds, a Planet Jr. combined seed drill and cultivator. This garden implement has paid for its self many times over and is still in first class running order. Never have I had to buy repairs for it, just a bit of oil occasionally. I would advise any one going in for a large garden, say an acre, to buy a seed drill and cultivator. Use it freely, yet take care of it, and you will consider it one of your best investments. I notice an implement called the Imperial advertised in Eaton's spring and summer catalogue. Any one having a small garden can manage very well without it.

Timely Advice

The Sunday school was about to be dismissed and the members of the younger classes were already in anticipation. They relaxed their cramped little limbs after the long confinement on straight-backed benches. Then to the dismay of all, the superintendent entered and, instead of the usual dismissal, announced: "And now, my children, let me introduce Mr. Plank, who will give us a short talk." The man introduced, after gazing impressively round the classroom, began, "Well, children, I hardly know what to say." He had no more than uttered the words when the school was convulsed to hear a small, girlish voice in the rear of the room slip out, "Tehy amen and sit down.

No Asthma Remedy Like It.—Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy is distinctly different from other so-called remedies. Were this not so it would not have continued its great work of relief until known from ocean to ocean for its wonderful value. Kellogg's, the foremost and best of all asthma remedies, stands upon a reputation founded in the hearts of thousands who have known its benefit.

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It Helps Nature to Heal and Cure. Penetrates, acts quickly, yet is perfectly harmless. Kills all Germs and prevents Blood Poison. Nothing so good known as an application for Sores, Wounds, Felons, Exterior Cancers, Burns, Carbuncles and Swellings.

"I had a bad hand with four running sores on it. The more I doctored the worse it got. I used Caustic Balsam and never needed a doctor after that." —Ed. Rosenburg, St. Ansgat, Ia.

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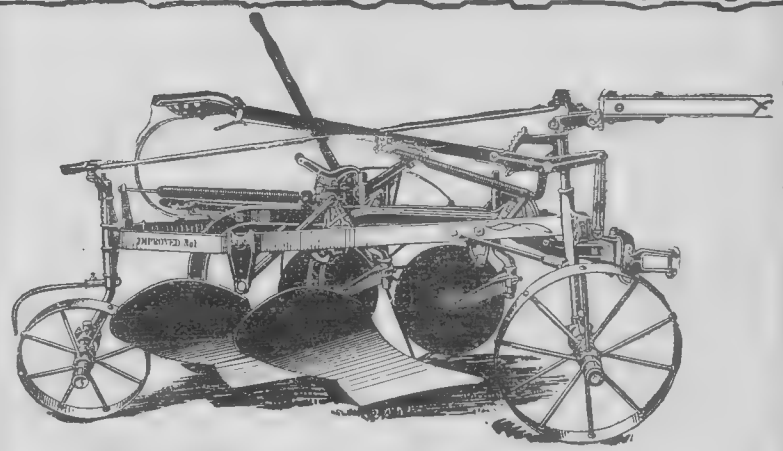

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In this same good **Oliver** plow line are tractor plows, sulkies, disk gangs, prairie and brush breakers, and walking plows to meet every possible plowing condition. See the local dealer for full information about any plow in the **Oliver** line, or write the nearest branch house below.

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THE FACT THAT AN ARTICLE IS ADVERTISED IN *THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY* MEANS THAT IT IS EXACTLY WHAT IT IS REPRESENTED TO BE.

Young People

How the Dwarfs Change Their Clothes

By Nancy Byrd Turner

Philip and May and Don sat on the rug by the bright fire in Cousin Annie's sitting room. None of them knew what to do with themselves. They had tried all their games and were tired of them.

"I wish I could see something wonderful," said May.

"There's the fire," said Cousin Annie, looking into the beautiful red and yellow flames.

"We see that every night," said Don.

"Well, the wonderful snow is falling outside," Cousin Annie went on. "See how it has filled the great garden vase and is piled up above the edge till it makes the vase look like a great dish of pop corn.

"We have seen the snow so often that it doesn't seem wonderful any more," said Phillip; "but what is pop corn?"

"What!" cried Cousin Annie. "Did you never see pop corn? I can hardly believe it!"

But the children all said that they had never seen pop corn, for in their far-away home there was no such thing. Then little May began to fret again. She did not know what pop corn was, and did not want to see any. "I wish fairies would come and dance here on the rug for us," she whispered.

"They shall," said Cousin Annie "Wait a minute till I come back."

When she came back and knelt on the rug again, she held in one hand three little ears of corn and in the other a funny thing that looked like a little cage made of wire and that had a long handle. To each child she gave an ear of corn—a yellow one to May, a red one to Philip, and one of brown and pale yellow to Don.

"This is only corn," Philip said, disappointed. "Just a little smaller than other corn, that's all."

"Yes," Cousin Annie answered gravely. "But it is something else, too. Each of these grains is a little dwarf. The dwarfs do not like to be so small, and they hate to wear such tight, stiff clothes; but they always try to be cheerful about it, and do their best. They are mostly little girl dwarfs, but all of them like to dress in white, fluffy clothes."

The children's eyes grew big. "And can't they have any fluffy clothes?" asked May.

"They can, but they have to do a very hard thing to get them," said Cousin Annie. "There is only one way for them to change their clothes. First, you must push them out of their little beds."

Philip and May and Don went to work in great haste, and soon had several handfuls of corn shelled from the cobs.

"Now," said Cousin Annie, "we will put them into this cage and lock them in, and then we will hold it out like this—"

The children shook the cage willingly;

IN JUNE

Words by Alix Thorn — Music by Grace H. Warner

Moderato

Ped. * *Ped.* *

1. Should you meet the laugh-ing brook, Sau-cy ev-ery bend and nook,
2. Rath-er heed the friend-ly road, With its dust and peb-bles sowed,

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

With the shin-ing rip-ples All read-y for a play, Don't lis-ten to its
With these words of greeting It al-ways seems to say: Oh lit-tle feet that

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

song; Come a-long, child, come a-long, It would lead you, It would lead you
roam, I will safe-ly lead you home. I will lead you, I will lead you

pp *f*

Ver-y, ver-y far a-stray.
On a gold-en sum-mer day.

(*To follow last verse*)

2nd ending

mp *rit.* *pp*

Ped.

their eyes were as bright and their cheeks as red as the fire itself. May had forgotten that she had been fretting a moment before. They were very quiet, for Cousin Annie had told them to listen, so that they might hear the first dwarf when he jumped out of his tight clothes into his beautiful white, fluffy suit.

Presently, pop! pop! pop! came from the cage; and Don, who was shaking the cage, almost dropped it, for where there had been only little yellow or red kernels of corn there were now three beautiful big white things that, at first glance, looked like some kind of lovely flower, but that, it was easy to see, were really the fluffy white dresses of three little dwarfs who had changed their clothes.

Then the pop! pop! pop! began to come so fast that you could not count the different pops, and all the little dwarfs in the cage seemed to be dancing up and down and pushing one another about. Even after Cousin Annie had taken the cage from the fire and had opened the door of it with a chip, some of the dark little dwarfs hopped up in the air before the children's very eyes, and, leaping over the top of the cage, changed into their white suits before they reached the floor. After a minute or two almost every dwarf had truned into a fairy—white and fluffy and beautiful.

"Nobody could want to see anything more wonderful than that!" said May. "Oh, look, Cousin Annie, look at Don—he's eating a fairy!"

"Yes," said Cousin Annie. "That is what they like. They will not be perfectly happy, now, until they're all eaten up."

And in a minute and a half all the fairies were perfectly happy.

The Scarecrow's Story

By Irving Palfrey

All summer long I stood in the cornfield and did my work as best I knew how. It was not hard. The farmer made me along in May, just after he planted the corn. He made me of two poles, an old coat, a hat, and enough straw to stuff the coat. The upright pole, which he stuck in the ground, held me up. The shorter pole, which he fastened crosswise on the tall pole near the top, gave me my two arms. Then when the coat was buttoned over the straw and the cap was in its place, I felt that I was a fine scarecrow.

My work was simply to stand there and frighteh away the crows by making them think I was a man. I could not move if I wanted to; but the crows, which are very wise in some things and very foolish in others, always seemed to be afraid of me. They pulled up hills of young corn on the far edge of the field, but they kept well away from me. Sometimes a whole flock of them gathered in a tree near the field and scolded me for an hour at a time. What a chatter they made. But I never let them worry me or turn me from my duty. The farmer trusted me to guard his corn, and there I stood at my post in rain and shine, day and night, through the long, hot summer months.

When the corn was well grown the crows could do no more mischief, but still I stayed at my post. It was pleasant, when the corn stood in long ranks up and down the field, to hear the light wind rustle in the leaves, and to watch the ears, soft and white at first and covered with long silk, grow full and yellow.

One moonlight night a family of raccoons came and had a feast on the corn. I tried to frighten them away, but they paid no attention to me. At last, when the nights were getting frosty, the farmer gathered the corn.

King Bluster

By Agnes Lewis Mitchill

King Bluster is a tyrant,
His voice is loud and bold,
His cloak sweeps out behind him,
His breath is bitter cold.
He bends the trees and shakes them,
Disturbs the mighty sea,
And everybody fears him,
And strives his wrath to flee.

King Bluster rose one morning,
His temper all awry,
Because the sun was smiling
Above him in the sky.
He swept the clouds together
To hide the beaming sun
And tore away in fury,
His mad day's work begun.

He raged across the city,
He howled across the plain,
He lashed the waves to billows,
And ordered out the rain.
He drove the ships before him,
And hurled them as in play,
But the sun smiled out in setting—
He'd stormed his breath away!

"Somebody Else"

Perhaps we think we are pretty busy people, but we are idle compared with a poor slave whose name is "Somebody Else." Whenever an awkward bit of work has to be done it is sure to be left for her.

At a meeting, if a speaker asks for a good collection, people hope that "Somebody Else" may be able to give more than they "can afford at present."

If collecting cards or missionary boxes is proposed, a hesitating voice says, "I am always glad to do what I can; but as for collecting, I must leave that for 'Somebody else.'"

Now and then, when a meeting is arranged for, so many persons stay at home "to leave a seat for 'Somebody Else,'" that the poor creature would need a thousand bodies to fill all the reserved seats.

If a ringing call to go to the perishing heathen is heard, ten to one "Somebody Else" is put forward as the very one for the work.

Just sit down for five minutes and think. Can you expect this unfortunate "Somebody Else" to do everything? How can she give and collect and deny self and attend meetings and go to the heathen for the hundreds of people who pass their duties on to her?

Now, no matter what others do, you let "Somebody Else" have a rest. Give her a well-earned holiday, and every time you feel inclined to leave anything for her to do, do it yourself.

Perseverance

A dear old country gentleman and his wife paid a visit to the seaside. While the simple pair were walking on the beach one evening, they suddenly noticed the revolving light of a lightship.

The old lady gazed at it with open eyes for some minutes, then she turned to her husband with a puzzled look. "Well," she exclaimed, "if the man in that ship hasn't lit that light forty times, and it has gone out every time!"

Wise mothers who know the virtues of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator always have it at hand, because it proves its value.

No Need of a Name

"What is your name, little boy?" inquired the kindergartner of her new pupil. "I don't know," said the little boy, bashfully. "Well, what does your father call you?" "I don't know," still more bashfully. "How does your mother call you when the griddle cakes are done?" She don't call me," beamed the new pupil, "I'm there already."

Nothing to Disturb Him

The limited express tore madly along through midnight darkness. Suddenly the alert engineer sprang to the lever and set the brakes. The sparks flew from the rails as the locked wheels slid along with a cry as of pain. The lights were extinguished as car after car toppled from the rail. Then came a shuddering silence more terrible than the harsh grating of iron on steel. Some passengers made torches from fragments of wreckage, and searched for dead and injured. A sound singularly like a snore issued from a pile of debris. Hastily removing several pieces of twisted iron, they dragged forth a slumbering porter "Great heavens!" they exclaimed. "Didn't you know there had been a wreck?" "Well, gemmun, I sho' felt somethin', but I done thought we was couplin' on de dinin' cah at Jackson."

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CROWN BRAND
CORN PURE SYRUP
for all Sweetening

In 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins and 3 lb. "Perfect Seal" Glass Jars.

for making homemade candy—for all baking—as a sauce for desserts—on griddle cakes and hot biscuits—use this delicious table syrup, made from corn—and thus save sugar. Ask your grocer.

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SUFFERED WITH KIDNEYS FOR THREE YEARS.

70 YEARS OLD AND CURED.

Late in life the body is likely to show signs of wear. Often the kidneys are the first organs to weaken. That's why many elderly folks suffer from backache, lame back, poor eyesight, rheumatic pains, gravel, dropsy and inability to control the urine.

Doan's Kidney Pills have made life more comfortable for thousands of old folks, as they stimulate the kidneys and tend to alleviate rheumatic joints, backache and too frequent urination. When past middle age it is a good plan to use Doan's Kidney Pills occasionally, just to keep the kidneys healthy.

Mr. John Cameron, Baldwin, Ont., writes: "I was troubled with my kidneys for three years and tried several doctors. I got better for a little while, but the same trouble came back. A friend told me to get a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, and before I had taken them I felt better and kept on until I had taken five boxes. I am seventy years old, and had given up that there was any help for me, but thanks to "Doan's" I have been cured."

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See that our trade mark a "Maple Leaf" appears on the wrapper.

WEAK, AILING BABY

No food agreed, and fast Wasting Away. But soon cured by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mrs. Jarvis, Box 286, Penetang P.O., Ont., says: "When only five months old my baby fell ill, and in spite of medical treatment wasted away till he seemed just skin and bone. I tried special foods, but none of them would stay on his stomach, and we never thought we should rear him. But one day I read about Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and got some for baby, and I am thankful I did, for they quite cured him. He is a bonny boy now."

A free sample of Dr. Cassell's Tablets will be sent to you on receipt of 5 cents for mailing and packing. Address Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., 10 McCaul Street, Toronto.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets are the supreme remedy for Dyspepsia, Kidney Troubles, Sleeplessness, Anæmia, Nervous ailments, and Nerve paralysis, and for weakness in children. Specially valuable for nursing mothers and during the critical periods of life. Price 50 cents per tube, six tubes for the price of five, from Druggists and Storekeepers throughout Canada. Don't waste your money on imitations; get the genuine Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

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Beware of Imitations Sold on the Merits of

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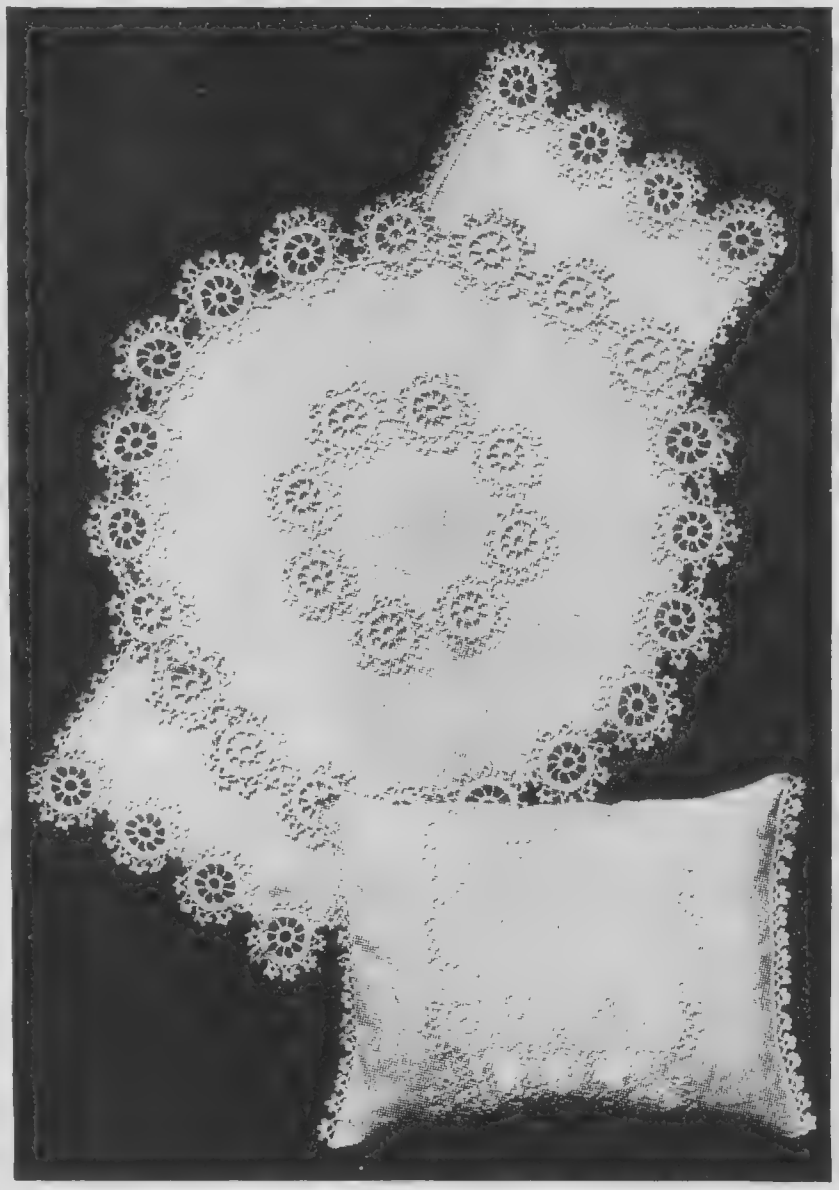
Work for Busy Fingers

Instructions for Illustration Below

Possibilities with this motif for covers, cushions, runners, etc., are infinite. Done in linen or ecru thread combined with scrim or linen to match, effective sets for summer use can be had.

The motif on the cover page can likewise be utilized.

Ch. 15, join. First row—make 30 s. c. in ring, join. Second row—Ch. 9 (1 tr. c. and ch. 5) in every 3rd s.c. around row, join in 4th ch. at beginning of row. Third row—6 s.c. in each loop and 1 s. c. in each tr. c. around row, join. Fourth row—1 s. c. in each s.c., using back loop, join. Fifth row—*Ch. 5, 1 s.c. in 4th s. c., ch. 7, turn, 1 s.c. in 3rd of ch. 5, turn, 2 s.c. in same loop, 1 p., 2 s. c. in same loop, 1 p., 2 s. c. in same loop, ch. 3, skip 2 s. c., 1 s. c. in next s. c. Repeat from * around motif. To give a pretty finish to the linen, make a row of s. c. in the edge and work 5th row of motif on it.



Another Idea

Linen and crochet squares suggest a handsome effect for a coverlet or table cover.

The same pattern, at regular intervals in a strip, set in white linen may be used with equally good effect for a bureau scarf.

For square, ch. 101, which includes 7 for turning. First row—32 open blocks. Second row—13 open, 6 closed, 13 open. Continue as in illustration.

For lace: Beginning at narrowest part, ch. 35, turn. First row—Skip 7, 1 d. c. in next, 7 open, 1 closed, 1 open, 1 closed, ch. 8, turn. Second row—1 sl. st. on 1st 3 ch., skip 3 ch., 1 d. c. on next 3 st. (this makes a closed block), 1 open, 1 closed, 3 open, 2 closed, 3 open, ch. 7, turn. Third row—Skip last d. c., 1 d. c. on next, 1 open, 3 closed, 4 open, 1 closed, 1 open, 1 d. c. each in top of 3 ch. and 3 sl. st., ch. 8, turn. Continue this way, following illustration for design.

Counterpane—Maltese Pattern

Knitting Cotton No. 6, and pins No. 16.

This is one of the handsomest patterns there are, but it must be knitted much tighter than ordinary work. Twist the cotton twice round the little finger, and you will thus be enabled to draw the stitches quite tight.

When your squares are done, sew them together at the plain part, at the beginning, where the increasings were made. They ought to make a perfect Maltese cross. Cast on 1 stitch and increase every row. Knit until you have 27 stitches on your needle. This completes the 1st division.

28th Row.—Make 1, purl the rest.

29th Row.—Make 1, knit the remainder.

30th Row.—Make 1, purl 1, *put thread before the needle, purl 2 together. Repeat from.*

31st Row.—Make 1, knit the rest.

32nd Row.—Make 1, purl the rest.

Do the 33rd and 34th rows like the 31st and now the 2nd division is done.

35th Row.—Make 1, *knit 2, purl 2. Repeat from *.

36th Row.—Make 1, *purl 2, knit 2. Repeat from*. Knit the last stitch.

37th Row.—Make 1, knit 1, *purl 2, knit 2. Repeat from*.

38th Row.—Make 1, purl 1, *knit 2, purl 2. Repeat from*.

39th Row.—Make 1, *purl 2, knit 2. Repeat from*.

40th Row.—Make 1, *knit 2, purl 2. Repeat from*. Purl the last stitch.

41st Row.—Make 1, purl the rest.

42nd Row.—Make 1, purl the rest.

43rd Row.—Now you begin to decrease. Knit 2 together, knit the rest.

44th Row.—Purl 2 together, purl.

45th Row.—Knit 2 together, put the cotton before the needle. Repeat alternately.

46th Row.—Purl 2 together, purl the rest.

47th Row.—Knit 2 together, knit the rest.

48th Row.—Purl 2 together, purl.

49th Row.—Like the 48th.

50th Row.—Now you do the 3rd division again of 2 plain, 2 purl, according to the pattern; always decreasing at the beginning. In the last row of this division you knit every stitch. You ought to have 27 stitches, and the rest of the square is plain knitting.

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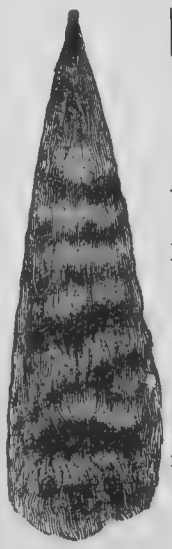

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Switches Made Up from your own Combings.

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WINNIPEG

Sunday Reading

The Long, Long Seam

O, many a day in the long ago—
So long it seems but a dream—
Have I bent with bitter, rebellious tears,
Over a long, long seam.
Ah me! how I longed to be outdoors,
Out with the wind and the sun,
How I hated the narrow, crowding walls
And a seam that was never done.

Ah, many and many a day since then
Has the long, long seam been mine,
And oft, as of old, have the bitter tears
Dropped down on the stitches fine;
The commonplace seam of a woman's day,
Stretching from sun to sun,
Tear-stained and tangled, with broken threads—
A seam that is never done.

O the long, long day and the long, long seam,
But O, for the evensong,
When we lay aside, with a tender touch,
The work that is not all wrong.
For a love as old as the world hath set
The stitches, one by one;
And that love will smooth out the tangled threads—
Of the seam that was never done.

—Florence Jones Hadley.

Clean Hands

"There, that's better," said John Burrill the teamster, as he made vigorous use of the towel. "George Allen asked me to-day if I ever washed my hands now-a-days," he added with a laugh.

"Well, that was impudent of him!" said Mrs. Burrill indignantly.

"Oh, it was only by way of a joke. But I guess I was a sight when I went into the treasurer's office to get my voucher cashed. Teaming is often dirty work—some different from his. Being town treasurer and administrator of estates ought not to soil the hands much; and I guess it pays better, too.

"George and I," he went on musingly, "were boys together; but George had a better head, and he's prosperous and influential. I've had to depend on my hands, and I've just scraped along."

"There isn't any better man in this town than you are!" declared Mrs. Burrill loyally.

"Well, there are richer," he replied with a sigh. "I shan't be able to make up the balance due on that note to-morrow, after all. I counted on collecting seventy-five dollars to-day, but all I got was the sixty that was due me from the town. The others put me off till next week."

He opened his pocketbook and mechanically counted his money. Presently he exclaimed in surprise, "George Allen has made a mistake for once in his life! He paid me with new ten-dollar bills, and here are seven instead of six. Two of them must have stuck together. I've certainly got seventy-eight dollars here—three more than enough to make up my payment."

"Why, John, you don't mean to keep that ten dollars, do you?" exclaimed his wife.

"Well, no; I hope I'm above actually stealing money. For a minute, though, I thought of something about as bad. But I'm not going to do it."

He ate his supper in unusual silence, and then put on his overcoat and hat.

"I'm going up to the Centre to get that ten dollars off my mind," he said. "The horses have done enough, and I'm going to walk."

Half an hour later he was ushered into a room, half office and half den, in Mr. Allen's pretentious house at the Centre. "Well, John," said Mr. Allen, after shaking hands, "I don't suppose it's a social call you are making on a rainy night like this. What can I do for you?"

"Nothing," was the reply, "but I thought I might do something for you. Fact is, I had an inkling that there was a shortage in your accounts."

The smile vanished from Mr. Allen's face as he asked sharply, "What do you mean, John?"

"Oh, it's only my little joke, to pay you for some that you've cracked on me. I found after I'd got home that you gave me one ten-dollar bill too many, and I have brought it back."

"Carelessness on my part and kindness on yours," said Mr. Allen. "So you came to my house in the rain for that. Didn't you have any use for an extra ten-dollar bill yourself—eh, John?"

"Well, yes, I did. I ought to make my last payment on a note. to Mr. Snell to-morrow, and I lack seven dollars of having enough. There is more than that owing me that I can get the first of the week. How would it have been if I had used this bill to-morrow and fixed it up with you when I came to the Centre, say next Wednesday?"

"That would have been all right as far as I am concerned, John."

"Maybe so. To tell the truth, it did come into my mind for a minute, and I have tramped up here to-night partly to punish myself for even thinking of such a thing. As I look at it, when a man has money in his possession that isn't his, it ought to be the same, as far as his own affairs are concerned, as if that money wasn't there."

"Well, John," said Mr. Allen slowly, "I can't say that you are wrong, although that principle isn't always acted on, I fear."

"So here's the ten," Burrill continued. "My work is kind of dirty, and I suppose I oftentimes look that way myself. But in one sense, at least, I want always to have clean hands."

After his visitor had gone, George Allen, trusted custodian of other people's funds, spent a very thoughtful half hour.

"No," he said at length, "I won't protect my interest in the deal that way, even if I lose all that I have put into it. It would be safe enough, and no harm done. But I want to feel that my hands are as clean as old John's."

Captain P. Foote, the third officer from the left in the second row, and the officers of the transport, President Lincoln, which was torpedoed and sunk on her return trip, are shown in this picture. The photograph was made on the last voyage to an Atlantic port from France.

Corns and warts disappear when treated with Holloway's Corn Cure without leaving a scar.

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the best. If you know it, you like it—if you don't know it, it will pay you to get acquainted.

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$10.00 only need be sent with order. Balance on receipt of goods. References: Bradstreet's and Dun's.

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DIARRHOEA

WAS SO BAD

Could Scarcely Do Work.

Mrs. O. Pritchard, Elora, Ont., writes: "About a year ago I was troubled very much for a whole week with diarrhœa. It was so bad some days I could scarcely do my housework. I took two or three different kinds of medicine, but got no relief, and was just at the point of going to see the doctor when I explained my case to a friend.

She put a half bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry in my hand and said: 'You take this and you won't need any doctor.' Before I had emptied the bottle I was cured, and have never had any return of the trouble. I can truly say that 'Dr. Fowler's' is the best medicine I have ever used for diarrhœa."

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is not a new or untried remedy, as it has a record of 72 years of cures to its credit, and is recognized on all hands as the only reliable remedy ever offered to the public as a safe and certain cure for diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, cramps, cholera, cholera morbus, cholera infantum, summer complaint and all looseness of the bowels, whether of children or adults.

It is particularly good for teething babies.

The price of Dr. "Fowler's" is 35c. a bottle, and we would warn you against accepting any substitute. Many of these are positively dangerous, and you are risking your life when to take them. The genuine is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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Correspondence

With the Belgian Army in the Field

Dear Editor:—A good friend of mine fighting here with us for freedom has handed me a volume of The Western Home Monthly and I was very much interested in its reading. I have been trying for a long time to learn the English language and to obtain a good knowledge of it and trust that some one of your readers may have time to correspond with me in that tongue. It would be a comfort and diversion for me in these monstrous war days. I hope to hear from some good Canadian people and with my heartiest wishes to your magazine, I am,

A Belgian Soldier.

N.B.—The name, address and military number of the writer of the above letter are with the editor who will be glad to forward any correspondence or any English literature that may be helpful to a soldier who has been fighting his country's battle for well nigh four years.

Helped to Stook

Dear Editor:—I have been an interested reader of your paper for over a year but never seemed to pick up courage enough to write to the correspondence page. In the May issue I noticed a letter from "Farmer's Son" and quite agree with him that there are a lot of young men taken from the farms. There are certainly not many left on the farms around here. Those who are, have exemption only until fall.

"A Western Bach" said he would like to hear some discussion on "Does Love Grow Less After Marriage." I am sure I would not like to venture my opinion on the subject. I will leave it to those more acquainted with it.

How many of the farmers' daughters like stooking? I helped last fall with ours. I found it a little hard at first but I soon got used to it. I made some overalls and thought them just fine. I don't think anyone who has done outside work would kick about wearing them. I must not make my letter too lengthy the first time, so I will close. Hoping to hear from "A Western Bach" again soon, I remain,

"Myosotis."

A Lover of Country Life

Dear Editor:—Although not a subscriber to The Western Home Monthly, still I have had the pleasure of reading it although only for a short time and must say have found it very interesting, especially the correspondence page.

In regard to "Western Bach's" letter on the subject "Does Marriage Kill Love," my opinion is, it very often does, yes too often, but it is not the case always, far from it, although I am sorry to say I have seen couples when only married but a short time, who seem to have forgotten the love and affections, they bestowed on one another before marriage. Then in other cases we see happy homes, where they love and cherish each other more as the years roll by, as indeed I think they should. The man or woman who forgets the vow he has taken, in a few years or so is not the right kind of material One should think the matter over very seriously before entering into such partnership. If everyone did that, there would be less unhappy marriages in our country. However I will leave the subject for a more experienced person than I to discuss as one being single cannot speak of things they know so little of.

I am a farmer's daughter and have only been in the West for a short time, but what I have seen of this country I like very much. I think all country is lovely in the spring. I have always lived in the country and wouldn't trade country life for town life. Why shouldn't one like it? It's God's make, while cities and towns are man's.

Will draw this to a close as this is my first letter, I must not take up too much of your valuable space. Will sign myself "Palustris"

P.S.—My address is with the editor.

Miller's Worm Powders are par excellence the medicine for children who are found suffering from the ravages of worms. They immediately alter the stomachic conditions under which the worms subsist and drive them from the system, and, at the same time, they are tonical in their effect upon the digestive organs, restoring them to healthful operation and ensuring immunity from further disorders from such a cause.

Likes the West

Dear Editor:—I have been an interested reader of your paper for some time. I like it fine, especially the correspondence column. I do not take it myself but my employer does. I came out here from the East to help on the farms. I like the West much better than the East, but being quite a distance from any place of amusement I find the evenings rather long and I would like some of the girls and boys to correspond with me. I'm fond of all kinds of sports but my favorite is riding horses. I like reading and prefer books of adventure. As my letter is getting long, I will sign myself,

"Storm-Cloud."

P.S.—My address is with the editor.

In Favor of Dancing

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter to your interesting paper. I have just been reading the April number and came to Miss Farmer's letter in which she asked the readers what they thought of having dances to raise money for patriotic purposes. Well, I don't see any harm in it and think it a good way to raise money. I have heard people say that they should not have dances when there are so many of the boys being killed at the war. I for one would not want to have them stop dancing if I went to war and I expect to be called soon. I would have been there before this but I thought that I was doing more good at home on the farm. However as soon as they call me I will give up farming and go. If it was not for the war I don't think I would stay on the farm, for I am a bachelor and it is pretty lonesome and a lot of work, but I should not kick in time of war, and I will do all I can to help my country. I would like to correspond with some of the readers if they would write first. I will answer all letters. My address is with the editor.

"Farmer Boy."

A Cow Girl

Dear Editor:—Although I am not a subscriber to your valuable paper it has come to my home for the last six years and I have the pleasure of being one of its readers. I like it very much and always read the correspondence column with great interest. I live on a farm sixteen miles from a city, five miles from a village and one mile and a half from a post office. I go after the cows every evening on horseback and enjoy it very much. How many of the readers like outdoor sports, such as horseback riding, skating and motoring. I love them all in the slack times. Could any one supply me with the words of "Good Luck to the Boys of the Allies." I am like most others wishing this dreadful war over. I have two brothers that will have to go yet. They tried to go when the war first started but they were turned down. As this is my first letter to your paper I had better stop for I will be taking up too much room. I wish some of the boys of my own age, 20, would write. I will answer all letters promptly. I would also like to exchange snaps. My address is with the editor. Wishing the W. H. M. every success.

"Esther."

A Happy Wife and Mother

Dear Editor:—I am a subscriber to "The Western Home Monthly" and an interested reader of the Correspondence Column. I see "A Western Bach" brings up the subject, "Does love grow less after marriage." I would say in some instances it does grow less and in others it grows more. I am a happy married woman and mother of two dear wee children. Now before I married my husband I could scarcely say I loved him. After we were married a few weeks our love began to grow towards each other and I can truly say it is still growing and we have been married several years. I know of many instances where love has ended soon after marriage. But I do not think you could call that real love. Many people love themselves much more than their life partner. Not so in my case. My husband is "my light and my life." Dearer to me than all else on earth. I would love to see the correspondents write more on this subject. As this is my first letter to your columns I had better stop and asking the editor to please forward the stamped envelope to the owner of the pen name on it, I am,

"Hubby's Darling."

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THIS WOMAN ESCAPED AN OPERATION

By Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Many Others Have Done the Same.

Troy, N. Y.—"I suffered for more than seven months from a displacement and three doctors told me I would have to have an operation. I had dragging down pains, backache and headaches and could not do my housework. My sister who had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound asked me to try it. I have taken several bottles and am now entirely well—so I do all my work—and not a trace of my old trouble. I have told many of my friends what wonderful results they will get from its use."—Mrs. S. J. SEMLER, 1650 5th Ave., Troy, N. Y.

Women who are in Mrs. Semler's condition should not give up hope or submit to such an ordeal until they have given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

For suggestions in regard to your condition write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of their 40 years experience is at your service.

Expresses Her Opinion

Dear Editor:—I have not written to your interesting paper for quite a while, but, nevertheless, I have been eagerly reading the orrespondence page every month. Now "A Western Bach" brings up an interesting subject for discussion, namely, "Does love grow less after marriage."

I don't think it does. He says that it seems that a couple before marriage can be madly in love with each other, but after about five years they very seldom even kiss one another. This may be true, but great men say that human beings are never satisfied, they long for and strive after one particular object and when they get it they want something else. So I suppose that before marriage they want each other desperately, for each is secretly afraid that the other may like some one else better. Then after they are married they wonder what all the rush was about. I don't know much about it but that's what I think. Of course, there are exceptions where one may find couples who love each other "till death do them part" and then some, and I sincerely hope in this case the exceptions are greater than the rule. Sincerely yours

"Irish Norah."

Likes Hospital Work

Dear Editor:—I am rather late in writing to you after my letter being printed in the April number of "The Western Home Monthly," 1917. But so many changes have come into my life since then I have hardly had time to think about it. I hope it is not too late to thank you for the space you allowed my letter. I have received a few very nice letters from correspondents. I think "Pocohantas" has some grit, but I don't agree with her in saying all boys should join the army because we do want food and girls cannot do every thing. In fact, this war will not be won with men alone, it will be a question of who can hold out the longest with food rations. Besides there are a lot of men who have been taken for the army, and they have been in hospital as long as they have been in the army. What benefit has the country got from them? Instead of being an expense to the government these men could have been earning their own living in civilian life and keeping their respective families.

You will see from my address I am in a hospital. I have been here six months and I like it too. I am fond of the work, although I would rather be on day duty than night duty, still, in five weeks I am due off night work. We have to do three months night duty at a stretch. It does seem rather a long time but we get quite used to it. I am at present on the female side. We have fifty patients and a nursery with five babies in it. I am alone except for the patients. All is very quiet between eleven and one o'clock, and in that time you get your midnight meal and do what you like if you are not interrupted by the cries of a baby. We come on duty at eight p.m. and go off at eight a.m., and we are not allowed to leave the ward between going on and coming off. If we have either a birth or a fdeath there is no time to sit down. We are on our feet all night. There is a military hospital here as well with about four hundred soldier patients. Now I must say good-bye or this letter will never end, and with every good wish for the W. H. M.

"A Little English Maid."

Waterways and Empire

(Continued from page 3)

As Germany Sees It

With this vast network of waterways in our mind, let us glance for a moment at Eastern Europe according to the German idea of the map. A landlocked Serbia and a practically landlocked Bulgaria, Roumania (having lost the Dobrudja) in almost the same helpless condition—all these countries, and, of course, Austria and Hungary as well, are by means of the Main-Danube connection to become the markets for the trade of the Rhineland. And now, by means of the new Baltic-Black Sea project, Ukrainia Bessarabia, Southern Russia (already with waterway connection to the huge basin of the Volga) are to be exploited in the same way. It is a grandiose scheme, but by no means unrealizable, for all great waterways ultimately pay for themselves many times over. The trouble is to find the money for their construction.

And lest, once again, the scheme should appear too big for realization, let me indicate by one example, out of a possible hundred, what inland water traffic in Germany really means. In England we do not often hear of the port of Ruhrort-Duisberg. Its annual total tonnage is swelled by no great ocean liners making many voyages in the year. Almost the whole of its trade is carried on in barges of 600 tons. It has (or had before the war) twenty-two miles of wharves fitted with every conceivable appliance for the handling of goods, and its traffic was equal to that of the port of Cardiff.

In view of these facts Germany's schemes assume a new aspect. Trade is mightier than the sword. Her military domination over Russia, Serbia and the rest of them may not continue, but when these great waterways are built she will at all events rule them economically.

The Lure of the Wilderness

By R. S. Morton

The mountains, the mighty Rockies, their sides green to the timber line, black and bold above, with here and there a snow-capped peak, which towers in majestic splendor, like a grim sentry over the others, fills me with awe and wonder.

The lone country: Oh what power thou hast to lure, to hold: Silently calling, fascinating, seeming to be conscious of thy power over man, nature, in this great lone, wild country, stretches out her graceful, powerful hand, and with unspeakable silent eloquence and beauty, draws all men who tarry with her to her heart.

The shadowy mountains are outlined against a background of crimson and gold, as the sun sinks behind the western mountain tops. The sun still shines upon a few peaks in the distance, as though loath to leave a scene of such splendor, as though lingering to give the dear old Rockies a last farewell, and pay homage to those mighty peaks, bathe them in light, in radiant changing colors, beautiful to behold, leaving me enchanted until reminded by the cool night wind of the oncoming darkness, blotting out a picture which no artist can truly paint.

Oh, the glory of the approaching night: A hush has fallen upon this land of paradise. Nature as though by a wave of her graceful hand, has silenced every living thing.

The birds have ceased their singing; even the flowers in the meadows seem to bow their heads as though in reverence to the infinite power of the wilderness, Queen Nature.

The western sky, crimsoned by the farewell caress of the sinking sun, is soon covered by the blue star decorated mantle of night.

I sit alone by the camp fire at night; I hear the howl of the hungry coyotte, the shrill cry of the mountain lion, and it fills me with wonder at the secrets and tragedies which the forest holds. The cool breeze of night sweeps away the drowsiness which is upon me, as I step back from the fire and behold the jewel bedecked dome of haven. I long to know the unknowable, the mystery of space. I long to fathom the secret, the mystery of the lure of the wilderness.

Is it the great plains, rolling as endless as the waves of the sea, that claim the world from the barren, frozen North; the great, ice-bound, mysterious North, whence comes into the night the sublime Aurora, far into the southern clime? Or is it the mighty mountains that tower in splendor towards heaven, sublime monuments, suggestive of strength, power and defiance, which with their loneliness and weirdness, their beauty and grace, in places fire devastated and desolate, with a gaunt, hungry, ferocious ominous look, that lure, that call, that beckon mankind, and carry him into realms of imagination? How many mysteries it embraces since the beginning of human life!

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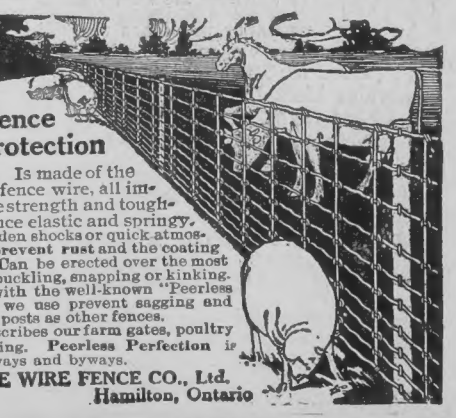

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What the World is Saying

A Deep-seated German Delusion

Is Germany still of opinion that everybody who doesn't love her and admire her can be converted by the bomb and the torch?—Paris Figaro. ... .

As If It Could Be Forgotten!

Hall Caine insists that the war must not be forgotten for a minute. Is there any danger of anybody's forgetting?—Edinburgh Scotsman.

The Need of Light in Spain

Even Spain has adopted the more-daylight movement. With a little more daylight still, Spain might become an ally.—Milan Corriere della Sera.

The Hohenzollern Point of View

The Kaiser's six sons must feel that with papa's armies gaining such glory, there is altogether too much talk in Germany about the casualties.—Toronto Telegram.

The Moral Leprosy of Germany

The lepers of Molokai bought $5,000 worth of Liberty Bonds, wishing to guard against the possibility of having to associate with Germans—Chicago Tribune.

The Main Reason

A number of good reasons why Germany will be defeated in the end are advanced, but the main one is that there's a God in heaven.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Not a Greeting with a Kiss

The commandant of the Boston Navy Yard has ordered the officers to salute the yeowomen, but not in the New Testament manner.—New York World.

Tempering Fine Metal

"Hammer blows harden good metal," says Lloyd George, who has stood a good deal of hammering himself.—Toronto Globe.

It Would Be Most Appropriate

Having struck a church and a foundling-asylum, the German long-range gun will now presumably be decorated with an iron cross—Calgary Herald.

Petrograd Should Be Boobville

We have great hopes of the Russian people as we look forward 2,000 years or so, but at present we favor changing the name of Petrograd to Boobville —New York Sun.

Hard Fact vs. Windy Theory

In Petrograd a ham costs $300, cheese and butter about $10 a pound, and eggs 75 cents apiece; and see how applied Socialism mitigates the lot of the poor! —Vancouver Province.

Chinless Willie

The Crown Prince has a strong devotion to the agricultural interests. For many years he was engaged in sowing wild oats.—Saskatoon Star.

German Chivarly!

Dead and mutilated nursing heroines will spur every red-blooded man in the Allied armies to exact an accounting from the barbarian Beast—Regina Leader.

Daylight Saving

Has anybody heard any complaints about the daylight saving measure? We have heard nothing but the warmest praise of it on all hands.—Toronto World.

Nothing New In This

A Swiss newspaper publishes the "discovery" that the Kaiser is a victim of hallucinations. Strange what passes for news in the press of Switzerland.—Lethbridge Herald.

After the War

There are now nineteen countries that are officially foes of Germany. After the war the Hun who desires to emigrate will experience some difficulty in finding a congenial place to which to alight—Topeka Capital.

A Coinage Proposal

We are opposed to the proposed new fifteen cent pieces. The temptation would be too strong to boost the few remaining articles that can be bought for a dime up to a dime and a half—Buffalo Express.

A Vision

If all the press clippings about the Kaiser were laid end to end they would reach from the centre of Hell to its circumference and back again—some day, perhaps, a ghost with blistered feet and turned-up mustaches will be laying them that way—Providence Journal.

Kultur

"When they lagged," the Boche sergeant boasted in telling of how he drove British war prisoners, "we shot them down. Out of 900 only 170 survived. That is war." No, Fritz, that is Kultur.—Minneapolis Journal.

Wild-eyed Bosh

And when it comes to the delirim tremens of optimism, what do you think of that Irishman who said that if the Germans win the Sinn Fein intend to turn in and lick the conquering Kaiser?—Boston Transcript.

Near-sightedness Needed, Too

"Far-sighted" statesmen are speculating over what may happen after the war, but the demand at present is for near-sighted statesmen who know what to do when the war is on.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Simple and Easy

It was desirable, of course, to inscribe the new Russian flag with something short, simple and easy to read at a distance. So after mature deliberation they settled upon this: "Rossiskaya Sotzialyitcheskaya Federativnaya Sovietskaya Respublika."—Ottawa Citizen.

A By-Product of Kultur

One million Russian prisoners have been sent home from Germany—hopeless invalids. Half of them are dying of tuberculosis. It is a by-product of Kultur to crown the kind of peace "Made in Germany."—Paris Matin.

Conquered, But Not Enslaved

How peoples subjected to the Kaiser's yoke manifest their appreciation is shown by the Ukrainians, who are burning their grain to help along the hunger campaign against Germany, thus proving once more that nations conquered are not always nations enslaved.—Brantford Expositor.

Blinkers in Germany

Germany has made an official appeal to all horse owners to give up the blinkers of their animals to make shoes for the troops. But the real showdown will come if the German people ever get their own blinkers off.—Ottawa Journal-Press.

Germany's Chief Trouble

From a German statement: "As a result of the stupid stubbornness of the Belgian people in continuing the struggle after their bloody and final defeat on the battlefield——" Germany's great trouble is to find that it is a good deal easier to start a war than to end one.—Toronto Star.

The Hun Efficiency

"It is time to abolish all that is foreign," said the Kaiser. Which would include the airplane, telegraph, telephone, submarine, quick-firing guns, automobile, anilin dyes, locomotives, gas and steam engines, and about everything connected with Germany's military and industrial life, except poison-gas and treachery. —New York Herald.

Quite So

And now The Berlin Zeitung talks contemptuously of the "American hordes" in France. But its German readers, who have been fed up on the "triumphs" of the von Tirpitz policy of underseas frightfulness, must be speculating on how they got there.—Victoria Colonist.

An Insult to Swine

In the Bernstorff code, a translation of which has just been constructed and handed over to the American government, Captain von Papen was called Hogson. The Huns are adepts in the use of the term "son of a pig," but this is an insult to the swine family just the same.—Edmonton Bulletin.

What It Sounds Like

A sentence from The Constructive Quarterly: "Expressed in language consonant with evolutionary ideas, it may be described as a continuous approximation towards communistic anarchism." The picture this brings up in our mind is that of a procession of tractors snorting up a long hill.—Toronto News.

Those Deep-sea Graves

Men who go down to the sea in ships will never forget the barbaric murders committed by commanders of German submarines who fired upon survivors helpless in open boats after the ships on which they worked had been destroyed. Such wanton murders in violation of international law cry to heaven for vengeance.—Dundee Courier.

A Treaty of Pieces

The treaty of peace between Germany and Roumania might better be called a treaty of pieces. Roumania is broken up into them, and Germany helps herself to whatever is most desirable. Yet there are still German subjects who swallow the blasphemous lie when William the Little tells them they are fighting for national self-defence.—London Opinion.

As To Germany's Allies

The next thing in national damage to being Germany's enemy is being Germany's ally. The Austrians, impoverished and hungry, threatened with the disintegration of their empire, shamed in the eyes and hated in the hearts of the world, know what that means. The Bulgarians are just finding it out in their turn.—Paris Gazette de France.

The Kaiser Picking Violets

Karl Rosner, the German writer, is now attached to the Kaiser's staff, his function being to supply the German newspapers with gushing praises of the Kaiser and adulatory descriptions of his doings, real and imagined. One of the latest efforts of Rosner is a description of the Kaiser picking a bunch of violets on a battlefield to send the Empress. If she ever gets them—for we suspect they are in Rosner's imagination—the Empress can reflect that the blood amid which they grew was none of it shed by any of her family—it was the blood of the sons of other German mothers.—London Opinion.

A Plain Lesson

Patriotism requires that we overcome the effort made by German leaders to keep masses of Germans in our country alien in ideas and sympathies. For years these leaders have inculcated the idea that the German language is all that German immigrants need in this English-speaking nation; that Germans must remain German and maintain their relation in a political sense with the fatherland from which they come. The result is that in certain sections of the country there are alien populations thriving on the prosperity of the land, but out of sympathy with its language and institutions, so that courts and public business cannot be carried on without interpreters. Anyone can see that the welfare of the Republic demands that this anomalous condition should cease.—New York Times.

The War Against the Gophers

Last year over half a billion gophers were destroyed in Saskatchewan. The objective this year is a round billion, and shields and medals are to be given school children in order to encourage them to assist in the enterprise. As the gopher is an enemy to wheat production it is indirectly an ally of Germany, and deserves the sentence which the government of Saskatchewan has imposed upon it.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

The Kaiser Ran Out of Cement

When the Kaiser in 1905 presented his gold cup to Wilson Marshall, owner of the Atlantic, winner of the transatlantic yacht race that year, he declared that he would devote the rest of his life to "cementing" the friendship between Germany and the United States, but he couldn't keep his word owing to the great demand for cement to be used, before the war, in constructing emplacements for German guns in France and Belgium.—Hamilton Herald.

The Criminal Pleads Guilty

In a speech delivered by the Kaiser on June 15, the anniversary of his accession to the German throne, he admits the preparation for the war and the deliberation with which it was chosen as the only course consistent with the "German standpoint." He pleads guilty to the charges made by his own and his opponents' diplomats. His laudation of the moral qualities in which Germany has shown itself conspicuously lacking, and his sneers at Anglo-Saxon principles, are but contributory evidences of his aberration. This speech will be of immense value when the inevitable settlement of the civilized world with the Hohenzollerns comes to be made.—Manitoba Free Press.

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